

THE



QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. LXIX..

PUBLISHED IN

DECEMBER, 1841, & MARCH, 1842.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1842.

AP4

Q2

v.69

LONDON:
Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS,
Stamford Street.

CONTENTS

OF

No. CXXXVII.

ART.	Page
I.—The Sonnets of William Wordsworth. Collected in One Volume - - - - -	1
II.—Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan. By John L. Stephens - - - - -	52
III.—Biography and Poetical Remains of the late Miss Margaret Miller Davidson. By Washington Irving - - -	91
IV.—1. An Historical Essay on Architecture. By the late Thomas Hope.	
2. A Glossary of Terms used in Grecian, Roman, Italian, and Gothic Architecture.	
3. Architectural Notes on German Churches. A new edition. By the Rev. W. Whewell, M.A.	
4. Remarks on the Architecture of the Middle Ages, especially of Italy. By R. Willis, M.A., F.R.S., late Fellow of Caius College.	
5. An Attempt to Discriminate the Styles of Architecture in England from the Conquest to the Reformation. By Thomas Rickman, Architect.	
6. The True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture set forth in Two Lectures delivered at St. Mary's, Oscott. By A. Welby Pugin.	
7. Report for 1841 of the Cambridge Cambrian Society.	
8. The Rules and Proceedings of the Oxford Society for Promoting the Study of Gothic Architecture - - -	111
V.—Biblical Researches in Palestine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petræa, &c. By Edward Robinson, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York - - - - -	150

57602

CONTENTS.

ART.	Page
VI.—1. <i>Traité des Droits d'Auteurs dans la Littérature, les Sciences, et les Beaux-Arts. Par Augustin-Charles Renouard, Conseiller à la Cour de Cassation.</i>	
2. <i>Three Speeches delivered in the House of Commons in favour of a Measure for an Extension of Copyright. By T. N. Talfourd, Sergeant-at-Law. To which are added, the Petitions in favour of the Bill, and Remarks on the present State of the Copyright Question.</i>	
3. <i>An Historical Sketch of the Law of Copyright. By J. Lowndes, Esq.</i>	
4. <i>A Plea for Authors. By an American.</i>	
5. <i>Brief Objections to Sergeant Talfourd's New Bill, &c. By W. and R. Chambers.</i>	
6. <i>Observations on the Law of Copyright, in reference to the Bill of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, in which it is attempted to be proved that the Provisions of the Bill are opposed to the Principles of English Law; that Authors require no additional Protection; and that such a Bill would inflict a heavy blow on Literature, and prove a great Discouragement to its Diffusion in this Country.</i>	
7. <i>Objections to and Remarks upon Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's Scheme.</i>	
8. <i>Speech of the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay on Mr. Talfourd's Bill. Mirror of Parliament, Feb. 5, 1841</i>	186
VII.—1. <i>Report from the Select Committee on British Channel Fisheries; with Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.</i>	
2. <i>A Treatise on the Management of Fresh-water Fish, with a View to making them a Source of Profit to Landed Proprietors. By Gottlieb Boccus</i>	228
VIII.— <i>Letters of John Adams, addressed to his Wife. Edited by his Grandson, Charles Francis Adams</i>	245
NOTE— <i>Concerning the Article on the Order of the Garter, &c., in No. CXXXVI.</i>	280

CONTENTS

OF

No. CXXXVIII.

ART.	Page
I.—1. Collection des Chroniques Nationales Françaises. Par M. Buchon. 36 vols.	
2. Collection Complete des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France. Par M. Petitot. Première Série, 52 vols. Seconde Série, par MM. Petitot et Monmerqué, 78 vols.	
3. Collection des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France. Par M. Guizot. 30 vols.	
4. Archives Curieuses de l'Histoire de France. Première Série, 15 vols. Seconde Série, 12 vols.	
5. Procès de Jeanne d'Arc. Par Jules Quicherat	- 281
II.—Organic Chemistry, in its applications to Agriculture and Physiology. By Justus Liebig, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen. Translated from the German MS. by Dr. Lyon Playfair	- - - - 329
III.—Cola di Rienzo und seine Zeit, besonders nach ungedruckten Quellen dargestellt, von Dr. Felix Papencordt. (Cola di Rienzo and his Times, chiefly from unpublished Documents)	- - - - - 346
IV.—1. Russia under Nicholas the First. Translated from a Supplement to the Conversations Lexicon, by Captain Anthony C. Sterling.	
2. Notes of a Half-pay in Search of Health; or, Russia, Circassia, and the Crimea in 1839-40. By Captain Jesse.	
3. Petersburg in Bildern und Skizzen. Von J. G. Kohl	- 380

CONTENTS.

ART.	Page
V.—1. An Account of the Improvements on the Estates of the Marquess of Stafford in the Counties of Stafford and Salop, and on the Estate of Sutherland; with Remarks. By James Loch, Esq.	
2. The New Statistical Account of Scotland. No. XXX.	
3. Report from the Select Committee of Salmon Fisheries, Scotland; together with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index	- 419
VI.—Arundines Cami. Collegit atque edidit Henricus Drury, A.M.	- 440
VII.—THE LIBRARY OF ANGLO-CATHOLIC THEOLOGY. Oxford, 1841.—Vols. I. II. III. Ninety-six Sermons. By the Right Honourable and Reverend Father in God, Lancelot Andrewes, some time Lord Bishop of Winchester	- 471

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*The Sonnets of William Wordsworth. Collected in One Volume.* London. 12mo. 1838.

IN our 104th Number we ventured upon the task of considering Mr. Wordsworth's poetry at large; but such a subject cannot be treated as it ought to be within such limits, and we are glad of the opportunity afforded by the publication of the 'Sonnets' in a separate volume to endeavour to do more justice to a part than we found it possible to do to the whole. Not that justice can be done to a part of Mr. Wordsworth's or of any great writer's works without having *reference* to the whole. Every portion of such a writer's works has a value beyond its intrinsic worth, as being part and lot of a great mind, and having correlations with every other part; and whether it be from the unity of spirit which is commonly found to pervade the works of a great writer whatever may be his variety of manner, or whether it be that there is nothing he has written but must tell us something of his mind (for even his commonplace remarks will tell us that upon occasion he was willing to be commonplace), it is certainly the attribute of such writers to give the coherency of one interest to everything that proceeds from them: and far be it from us to treat Mr. Wordsworth's Sonnets otherwise than as parcel of that great body of doctrine and moral sentiment which constitutes Mr. Wordsworth's mind extant in his works. But, by considering the Sonnets principally, and the other poems only in relation to them, we shall be enabled to keep our remarks within compass, and yet to allow ourselves in some instances to enter upon minute and verbal criticism, which is, more often than it is generally supposed to be, the only criticism that is of much value.

Of the many styles in which this poet has written, those of the Sonnets and of the Excursion may be regarded as the farthest apart; the Excursion being the most remarkable of his writings for breadth of style, the Sonnets for compactness. In a long philosophical poem which must necessarily tax the powers of attention, a current and almost colloquial manner was best fitted to keep the reader at ease, and a continued terseness of diction and condensation of thought, though apparently abridging his labours, in reality would have cost him more than it saved him. That the whole should

be flowingly connected, so as to be borne in upon the mind with the weight of one stream, was more for the interests of the subject than that pointed and striking passages should often occur. It was also perhaps expedient that the substance of what was to be said in the *Excursion* should be supported by its own solidity and truth, and that it should be recommended by the natural eloquence of a fervid mind delivering itself of what is strongly felt, rather than by any frequency of fanciful embellishment, or, as regards the rhythm, by any marked and salient melodies. These things were not to be excluded, but they were to come as they might happen to present themselves to a mind somewhat pre-occupied—they were to be merely occasional and incidental. The *Sonnets*, on the contrary, address the reader, each claiming to be considered for itself and by itself; and though, as we have said, not altogether irrespectively of its kindred with other works the issue of the same mind, yet mainly as a substantive poem. And for this kind of poem the style required was the very opposite of that employed in the *Excursion*, and perhaps also a good deal removed from what fell in with the natural fluency of the poet. Mr. Wordsworth's genius we imagine we have inclined naturally to an easy abundance both of thoughts and words; but art was to predominate over this inclination wheresoever it was not fit to be indulged, and the poetic mind which had been diffused widely with an easy fluctuation through the *Excursion*, though not changing its nature and spirit, was to take a different structure—was to be inspissated, as it were, and form itself into crystals in the *Sonnets*.

The critic of these *Sonnets* meets on the threshold of his task two which, being on the subject of this form of poetry, he is naturally called upon to notice first. The former of them is that picture-gallery in fourteen lines, which, though probably familiar to our readers, cannot but be quoted here:—

‘Scorn not the Sonnet: Critic! you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours: with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch’s wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camœns soothed an exile’s grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!’—p. 54.

How

How much of literary history is called up in the mind by these few vivid touches, and how much of biography and criticism is contained in them! Yet in this sonnet condensation occasions no obscurity—historical allusion, sentiment, imagery, exquisite music, distinctive portraiture—all find a place and yet nothing is crowded. And as a fit introduction to the other sonnet upon sonnets, which deals with some abstruser thoughts, we may beg those who complain of obscurity in Mr. Wordsworth's writings to bear in mind the clearness of his language when the subject is merely narrative or picturesque, and to ask themselves whether, when any difficulty occurs, it may not be owing to the subject-matter rather than to the treatment.

'Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room;
And hermits are contented with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels:
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground:
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.'—p. 5.

This is one of those doctrinal poems, abounding in Mr. Wordsworth's works, which we have heard some persons complain that they cannot understand, having read them probably as rapidly as they would read any erotic effusion of any glowing gentleman who writes verses. Let us take more time than such readers have to spare and more space than is permitted to a sonnet, and it will not be difficult to evolve the doctrine. We should say, then, that the leading doctrine suggested by this sonnet is, that no enlargement of a man's liberty of action can take place without a corresponding aggravation of his moral responsibility, and that there must needs be some souls which 'feel the weight of too much liberty,'—such, that is, whose liberty of action is disproportionate to their strength of judgment or of self-control, and must therefore either oppress their conscience, or vex them with the perplexities of an undetermined choice or the consequences of an ungoverned will. Many, indeed, are they who feel in one way or another this 'weight of too much liberty.' The youth who is free to choose a profession has a liberty disproportionate to his knowledge and experience, which is a burthen.

The heiress who is free to choose amongst many suitors, finds the difficulty of selection insuperable, and though perhaps any one of them might have been better than no husband, she lives and dies unmarried. The child who knows that obedience will not be enforced upon him, finds no peace for his soul; and the man who is too absolutely his own master, will find that he has got a troublesome servant. 'Heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee!' was a deep imprecation, though put into the mouth of the common railer Thersites.* For Shakspeare would often speak his deepest truths in his lightest moods. And by another and a graver poetical moralist, Obedience has been personified in the groom of the chambers who puts the Red-Cross Knight to bed when he is tired:—

'Then called she a groom that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and 'gan despoil
Of puissant arms, and laid in easy bed:
His name was meek OBEDIENCE rightfully ared.'

Fairy Queen, i. x. 17.

Assuming then that only so much liberty as can be steadily guided and readily subjected to the law of conscience will conduce to our ease—no other liberty in truth than the 'service which is perfect freedom'—the second conclusion which we draw from the sonnet is, that in parting with any excess of liberty beyond this quantum, our contentment is best secured when this is done spontaneously, and we are ourselves the choosers of the yoke to which we will submit:—

'In truth, the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is'—

For to have felt the weight of too much liberty is one assurance that we shall be contented with restraint, and when the choice of the species and quantum of restraint has been our own, we should be accusing ourselves if we should quarrel with it. This is the case of the nun, the hermit, and the student. But thirdly, there is noticed the case of those who have never felt the weight of too much liberty, and who have been spared the perplexities of choice by a necessity of circumstances born with them and rendering the restraint which it imposes easy because habitual—

'Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom.

And this restraint by habit and necessity comes nearest in contentment to—fourthly, restraint by instinct,—that of the bees which

'Murmur by the hour in foxglove bells.'

Such, then, are the views of moral restraint indicated in this poem;

* *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii. Scene 3.

and the drift of it is to bring this species of restraint into a comparison mutually illustrative with the restraint imposed by the laws of the sonnet upon an exuberant and discursive imagination. As of the moral will, so of the intellect: as in life, so in art. The law to which the sonneteer submits himself, substitutes the restraint of a mechanical limitation for restraint by effort of the judgment; and the 'steed of the pen,' to borrow from a Persian metaphor, is enclosed, and cannot 'get loose upon the plain of proximity.' The fence is, to a certain extent, a substitute for the bridle.

We must not quit the subject of this sonnet without adverting to some passages in Mr. Wordsworth's other works, which have a bearing upon the same doctrine.

In the ode entitled 'The Pass of Kirkstone' (which we wish it were our business to quote at length), the poet having by a toilsome ascent and somewhat against his inclination reached that Pass, describes the scene which presents itself, and addresses the road by which he had gained the summit of the mountain:—

'Aspiring road! that lov'st to hide
Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,
Not seldom may the hour return
When thou shalt be my guide;
And I (as often we find cause,
When life is at a weary pause,
And we have panted up the hill
Of duty with reluctant will)
Be thankful, even tho' tired and faint,
For the rich bounties of constraint;
Whence oft invigorating transports flow,
That choice lack'd courage to bestow!'

In other poems Mr. Wordsworth seems to have had in view the difficult question, whether there may not be some individuals, to whom, by a rare purity of moral constitution, Nature herself may afford a restraint adequate for the government of a life led under the influence of natural objects and a natural piety:—

'Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindle or restrain."

In the ode to Duty again, he speaks in the same sense as in the sonnet—

‘ Me this unchartered freedom tires,
I feel the weight of chance desires.’

But the spirit of a moral liberty as growing out of the spirit of duty or tempered by it, is, in truth, the subject of the whole of this ode, and we request the reader to refresh his remembrance of it in connexion with the Sonnet last quoted.

There are other passages in Mr. Wordsworth's works more or less bearing upon the subject; but we have quoted enough to exemplify the manner in which we would recommend that the doctrinal class of Mr. Wordsworth's sonnets should be studied—by the light, that is, of his works at large and of the moral views which pervade them.

‘ Is Mr. Wordsworth, then,’ it may be asked, ‘ so prone to repeat himself?’ We answer, undoubtedly he is; and we will venture to add that self-repetition is almost invariably incident to men of genius, and constitutes a great element of their power. The difference between such men and others is not only in the importance of the truths which occur to them, but in the impression which a truth makes. A great truth coming into the mind of a great man lives with him from that time forth, mixes itself with his thoughts in all moods of his mind, reproduces itself in many combinations, passes from him in sundry shapes, and, according as his own mind is multiform and cognizant of many varieties of mind and mood in others, this truth proceeding from it thus repeatedly and variously, finds access to one reader in the shape of a passage in an ethical poem, to another in that of a sonnet—to one in a form in which he can comprehend it in its entire scope and extent, to another, or to the same in another mood, in a form in which he can remember and quote it. The same truth may have entered a thousand minds before, but the ordinary mind grew tired of it and dismissed it, whilst to the other its value as a truth is more than its novelty as a thought, and gives it an eternal freshness. It has been our good fortune to have listened to the conversation of most of the great writers of the present age, and we have observed that they all repeated themselves more than other men, and that this did in no respect detract from the interest of their discourse, but rather enhanced it, as what recurred often was what we most wished to dwell upon.

The sonnet at page 48 is an exhortation to temperance in grief, on the ground that the gifts of genius are impaired by excess in it:—

‘ From the dark chambers of dejection freed,
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,

Rise,

Rise, GILLIES, rise: the gales of youth shall bear
 Thy genius forward like a winged steed.
 Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed
 In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,
 Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,
 If aught be in them of immortal seed,
 And reason govern that audacious flight
 Which heavenward they direct.—Then droop not thou,
 Erroneously renewing a sad vow
 In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove:
 A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
 A soaring spirit is their prime delight.'—p. 48.

To a mind of high intellectual aspirations, there is perhaps no earthly motive for conquering a sorrow so likely to be effective as that which is here suggested; for though earthly, it is not worldly; on the contrary, it harmonizes with a state of the feelings in which worldly pursuits are set aside. But we advert to it chiefly for the sake of placing the view expressed in the last two lines, in opposition to a belief almost universal in the zenith of Lord Byron's reputation and still somewhat prevalent, that a melancholy temperament is favourable to poetic genius; a belief from which the practical consequence followed that in our time, as in the days of Prince Arthur—

'Young gentlemen would be as sad as night
 Only for wantonness.'

We do not deny that a poetical mind will have its melancholy moods and seasons, and we would even admit that a pensive melancholy, as an occasional mood, may be more frequent with such a mind than with others. In these very sonnets of Mr. Wordsworth's, there is a strain of melancholy feeling to be met with in many a page: but Mr. Wordsworth's melancholy is not that of a languid self-occupied recluse; it is a melancholy which alternates with the spirit of enjoyment and carries with it the spirit of consolation, and is penetrating and rational,—'a melancholy compounded of many simples and the sundry contemplation of his travels.' We speak of Mr. Wordsworth therefore, as well as with him, when we say that a mind which is strong and elastic in its general texture, is as propitious to the highest order of poetic genius as to any other agency which is to be powerful over mankind. The reveries of a fantastic sadness or of a gloomy seclusion can yield but a meagre product in poetry, as compared with the meditations of a mind which is not only contemplative but vigorous and buoyant, and above all, active in its social sympathies. For the highest poetry must be founded in knowledge and wisdom, and informed by a spirit which, though clear and
 pure,

pure, is conversant with the ways of men, observant of their passions and transactions, and interested in all that concerns them. It is true that nothing can be more unpoetical than a strong and vivacious spirit which is also hard and selfish; and true also that this may be the more common combination: but it is the uncommon combination of great susceptibility and tenderness with not less of strength and vivacity, which makes the truly poetical temperament. And with regard to sympathy for suffering, though it is often supposed to belong more peculiarly to those who suffer in themselves, yet we are to distinguish between the occasional sufferings of a strong spirit bending, but not broken, and the absolute subjection of the mind to suffering as a permanent state. In the former case the recollection of past sufferings is keen enough to quicken the sympathies, whilst there is nothing to abate the courage or the genial freshness of the heart. In the latter, after the suffering has been for a long time unmixed and unintermitting, there will be hardly anything left alive in the heart except the desire to escape from pain; and if the sympathy with pain be not deadened (which it probably will be in the general prostration and self-involvement of the feelings), then there will be the desire to escape from that also. And here we must again bring the 'Excursion' to our assistance:—

'Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,
His heart lay open; and by Nature tuned
And constant disposition of his thoughts
To sympathy with man, he was alive
To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,
And all that was endured; for in himself
Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,
He had no painful pressure from without
That made him turn aside from wretchedness
With coward fears. He could *afford* to suffer
With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it came
That in our best experience he was rich
And in the wisdom of our daily life.'

Thus, to resume the sonnet, it is not from grief that the poet's friend is exhorted to free himself, not from grief the natural tribute to calamity, but from dejection and darkness, and as their necessary consequent, 'the unprofitable yoke of care.' For let no man suppose that he can surrender himself to an undue and interminable sorrow without becoming the slave of petty, fretful, miserable cares. To put on perpetual mourning is to put on the livery of a very abject servitude. And again the exhortation is addressed, not to one who was subjugated by some constitutional weakness or malady conspiring with circumstances to make sorrow
immedicable—

immedicable—for to such a man exhortation would be addressed in vain—but to one whose despondency was in some measure wilful, a mistaken man who was voluntarily devoting himself to sorrow, and whom to enlighten might be to reanimate; for that such was the case in question is clearly intimated in those two lines (so exquisitely musical) which precede the close of the sonnet—

‘ Droop not thou,
Erroneously renewing a sad vow
In the low dell ’mid Roslin’s faded grove.’

The principal aim of the sonnet having been this exhortation to the exercise of intellectual powers, the rewards and conditions of true genius are noticed incidentally. The rewards are promised to ‘minds that dare:’ but the courage is not to be that of temperament—for such courage is rash and presumptuous, and can expect only the rebuke of Bellerophon who fell headlong. It is to be a courage founded in faith and fortified by the judgment—intellectual, spiritual, reasonable—such as shall be attendant upon endeavours directed towards the highest objects: for when is it that a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare?—Only

‘ If aught be in them of immortal seed,
And reason govern that audacious flight
Which heavenward they direct.’

It is to the intrepidity of high and sacred thoughts and a genuine inspiration, that rewards are promised, and amongst them that restoration for an afflicted spirit which is not to be found in permanent seclusion, but only in the consecrating of active life to nobler purposes. And how much more is to be expected from an appeal like this, than from the exhortations to patience and fortitude which are so often employed with so little effect!—

‘ Consolatories writ
With studied argument,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude,’*

do not produce the patience they extol, precisely because they extol it to this false extent. For excellent and commendable though it be, there are few cases of affliction in which, so soon as the earliest stage is past, something better than patience may not be looked to with better hope, and patience be met with by the way. Active energies, high aspirations must be awakened; the resiliency of the heart must be called upon rather than its passive strength,—and oftentimes when the admonition to be patient would do little else than impose silence upon grief, such exhortations as are contained in this sonnet (and at greater length in the

* *Sampson Agonistes*.

Fourth Book of the 'Excursion') may—not in poetry merely, but in practice and in very deed, be found full of consolation—animating, exalting, invigorating, and

‘able to drive
All sadness but despair.’

This sonnet was addressed to a man of poetical talents* who had the world before him and the ‘gales of youth’ to bear him forward. Let us turn now to a tribute rendered in the same form to a great man whose career was rapidly drawing to a close:—In the autumn of 1831 Mr. Wordsworth paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, a few days before Sir Walter's departure for Naples; and that departure became the subject of a sonnet, which we are desirous to quote—not for the purposes of criticism, for indeed it needs no comment—but because the grace, and melody, and tenderness by which it is characterised, will say more to some readers than Mr. Wordsworth's abstruser inspirations:—

‘A trouble, not of clouds or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light,
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with Him goes;
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean and the midland sea,
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope!’—p. 213.

Let it be written in the literary annals of this age at least, if not of others, that the men who were greatest in intellect amongst us were also great in heart and spirit, and lived together delighting in each other's society and rejoicing in each other's fame. Nor was it the fellowship of a ‘school’ which united them. This has been supposed of Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Coleridge, and Mr. Southey, though never of Sir Walter Scott; and yet it could scarcely have been more absurd to class him with them as forming a school, than to class them with each other. The truth is that these four men came together merely because they were the men

* The tribute has been recently repaid by one who is (we believe) a relative, in another walk of art, Miss Gillies, the painter. Her portrait of Mr. Wordsworth is the only representation of him we have seen which presents us with the real man as he lives and breathes. It is engraved by M^r. Innis and published by Moon.

of the greatest literary genius in their generation, and because, being also men of large natures, any spirit of rivalry or jealousy was utterly foreign to their dispositions. Such men could not but be congenial associates, not owing to any peculiarity of genius common to them or any of them, but in spite of very great diversity. Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Coleridge are the two in whom most points of resemblance might be discerned, the genius of both being essentially philosophic; and yet how wide is the difference!—the one living, amongst books and amongst the wonderful creations of his own mind, a life of thinking for thinking's sake, led by the infirmities of his constitution to turn away from realities,

‘And haply by abstruse research to steal
From his own nature all the natural man’ *—

dealing therefore with thoughts untried in action, unverified by application, perpetual evolutions of the thinking faculty which revolved into themselves, and which, though governed by the curb of a severe logic, were not encountered by the checks and responsibilities of life—the other seeking rather the wisdom of philosophy than philosophy in itself, drawing from the well-spring of life and fact, to which books afforded merely tributary streams, acting as occasions arose, or giving or seeking advice as to what was to be done when this or that happened, living apart from that world which sees its own reflection in the newspapers, but for that very reason penetrating further into individual natures and transactions—

‘Sheltered, but not to social duties lost;
Secluded, but not buried.’ †

* Coleridge's ‘Ode to Dejection.’ One of the few profound writers of the present day has described with singular force and truth the intellectual characteristics of which this extraordinary man afforded (as we conceive) an example—an example illustrious, no doubt, and wonderful, but to our minds not less melancholy:—‘But the imagination is not the only interceptor of affections divinely destined to the purposes of action. The understanding may be excited simultaneously, and when set to work in reasoning upon the relations of any given phenomena, or upon reducing them into a system, it may thus, with speculative truth for its end, be so delighted with its own energies as to lead us into forgetfulness of action. Thus it absorbs in intellectual exercise the strength that ought to have been spent in practical exertion; and, while it seems to be doing the work of the affections, it diverts them from their own end, employing all the mental powers in the verification of terms instead of the execution of acts, and then applying them to its own work of classifying, comparing, concluding, or otherwise as the case may be. Thus again, when a religious creed is presented, say to a disputatious and subtle mind, in which the action of the critical faculty overbears and absorbs all other energies, that faculty regards the creed proposed polemically, considers it with reference to logical and technical precision, and not in respect to its moral characteristics and tendencies, and wastes upon this theoretic handling of sacred themes all the sedulity which ought to be employed in seeking to give effect to the proffered means of spiritual amelioration.’—*Gladstone's Church Principles*, 1840, p. 67.

† Excursion, book v.

and

and exercising his judgment in the only way which tends to its rectification—with the consciousness, namely, that according as it concludes there will follow joy or sorrow, loss or gain, injury, anger and resentment, or love and gratitude, on the part of some friend, neighbour, or well-known individual who is frequently met with face to face. From the judgment so exercised and the knowledge accruing with the exercise, comes practical wisdom, and by duly generalising from practical wisdom we advance to philosophic wisdom. But the principle which lies at the root of all is, that thoughts should either tend towards acts or issue out of them, in order to be justly determined.

'Give to no unproportioned thought his act,'*

is a negative injunction, to which may be appended an affirmative and a converse of equal truth. 'Give to each well-proportioned thought his act' is the affirmative: the converse (if it can be so called) is, 'Give your thoughts their acts, and they will have thereby the better chance to be well proportioned.' For when a thought is to have an act and a consequence, its justness will be the quality principally regarded by the thinker: whereas, if it is to be merely a meditative effort, to end in itself or in another thought, or in being written down in prose or rhyme, its novelty or brilliancy will have a principal instead of a secondary place in the estimation of the thinker; and by the habit of thus thinking without acting, and therefore without fear of consequences, the justness of the judgment will be impaired, and neither practical nor philosophic wisdom will be attained in their highest degrees. Of course we do not mean to say that, for the purposes of a writer, there must not be much thinking which neither begins nor ends in acting, nor perhaps has any *direct* reference to it; but what we do contend for is, that the *habits* of the mind must be formed by the thinking which has this reference, if there is to be any such 'gift of genuine insight' as may constitute a great ethical writer, whether in prose or poetry.

It is thus to the cultivation of Mr. Wordsworth's mind in real life that we attribute his pre-eminence as a philosophic poet; for with him the justness of the thought is always the first consideration: what is commonplace, so it be but true, has its due place and proportion in his mind; and the degree to which plain and acknowledged truth enters into his writings gives them their breadth, and perhaps, when they are regarded as a whole, even adds to their originality; for there is no mind so rare, nor consequently so original, as one which is intellectually capable of the most brilliant aberrations, and is yet so tempered by the love of

* Shakspeare, in *Hamlet*.

truth as to give old truths their place along with new, and so warmed by the same love as to make all truths impressive. And Mr. Wordsworth's example, if not his precepts, may suggest to the poetical aspirants who abound in our times, that poetry, in its highest kinds, is the result not merely of a talent or an art, nor even only of these combined with a capacious mind and an ardent imagination, but also of a life led in the love of truth—and if not in action as the word is ordinarily used, yet certainly in giving practical effect to right feelings and just judgments, and in communicating, by conscientiousness in conduct, an habitually conscientious justness to the operations of the reason and the understanding. 'Endeavour thus to live,'—we would say to such aspirants in Mr. Wordsworth's own words,—

'Endeavour thus to live; these rules regard;
These helps solicit; and a steadfast seat
Shall then be yours among the happy few
Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal air—
Sons of the morning.'*

The Sonnets (with the exception of the Ecclesiastical series) bear witness more directly perhaps than any of Mr. Wordsworth's other writings, to a principle which he has asserted of poetical, as strongly as Lord Bacon of physical philosophy—the principle that the Muse is to be the servant and interpreter of Nature. Some fact, transaction, or natural object, gives birth to almost every one of them. He does not search his mind for subjects; he goes forth into the world, and they present themselves. His mind lies open to nature with an ever wakeful susceptibility, and an impulse from without will send it far into the regions of thought; but it seldom goes to work upon itself. It is not celibate, but

'Wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion.'

Of which union poetry is the legitimate offspring; and it is owing to this love and passion that the most ordinary incidents and objects have inspired an interest in the poet, and that so soon as the impassioned character of his mind had made itself felt and understood, he was enabled to convey the same interest with wonderful success to his readers.

It is true that it was many years before this success was brought about to the extent of a popular acceptance, and also that to this day there are readers to whom his poems convey nothing; and we have to acknowledge that amongst this number, rapidly diminishing as it is, there are still some men of distinguished abilities. It is not difficult to account for the general neglect of Mr. Words-

* Excursion, book iv.

worth's poetry during the first quarter of the present century. That was a period when the poetry of reflection was so much out of fashion that verse had almost ceased to be regarded as a vehicle for thought, and even thoughtful men had recourse to it as if the very intention were to divert themselves from thinking—hung over a stitched pamphlet of rhyme with the sort of charmed ear with which they would have listened to a first-rate performer at the Opera—waited impatiently for another stitched pamphlet to come upon the stage three months afterwards—and being hurried away by their enthusiasm as one stitched pamphlet came out after another, almost mistook the 'primi cantatori' in this line for the lights of the age, and their 'lean and flashy songs' for divine illuminations. Such was the bewilderment of those times: nor is it difficult to conceive that some intelligent men, whose intellectual constitution was not strong, may have had their taste so vitiated during the prevalence of this fashion as never to have recovered a natural appetite. But there are men of a very different order from these, who are still unconverted, and whose case it is not so easy to understand—men too robust in their frame of mind to have been debilitated by the errors of youth, too free and generous in their temper to feel bound by past commitments, and who nevertheless do in all sincerity fail to make anything out from Mr. Wordsworth's poetry.

Had the value of the poetry consisted in some peculiar vein of fancy, had it been a matter of versification, or had it resolved itself into a particular strain of sentiment or opinion, we should have said—'This is not for the universal ear; it will naturally hit some minds and miss others:' and of many of Mr. Wordsworth's poems this may be said fairly; and we know very well that some of those which make the strongest impression on one reader will make none whatever upon another. But when we look to the main body of Mr. Wordsworth's works, and perceive that they are addressed to the mind of man at large, and that with a great variety of manner and verse they deal for the most part with matters of universal interest, we do feel at a loss to explain the existence of that remnant of intellectual men who are still inaccessible. We should have thought that, verse and all embellishment apart, when one considerable understanding was brought to bear upon another, in subject-matter to which all understandings apply themselves, nothing but the curse of Cassandra could have prevented some result from being obtained. So it is, however; and it is chiefly for the sake of meeting this remnant on what appears to us to be the best ground, that we have undertaken to review the 'Sonnets';—meeting them,—not in the spirit of 'compelling them to come in,' but for a fair trial whether it be not possible to get rid of such an intellectual

intellectual anomaly as their standing out seems to us to be, and to bring together minds which are worthy of each other. And we imagine that the *Sonnets* may answer this purpose best: they have not, like many of the other poems, peculiarities of manner which whilst they charm one reader will baulk another; they are highly-finished compositions, distinguished, as regards the diction, only by an aptitude which can hardly fail to be approved, whatever may be the particular taste of the reader; and they are at the same time so varied in subject and sentiment, that specimens might be adduced from them of almost every kind of serious poetry to which the sonnet can lend itself.

We have quoted hitherto one sonnet in art, two that are doctrinal, and one which may be called occasional. The majority of the four hundred and forty-four which have been published are of a mixed character, in which the doctrinal predominates; it is on these principally that we should wish to dwell, and we shall revert to them presently: but, in the mean time, we will make room for some of lighter kinds; and first for two which are linked together in the series on the River Duddon—the former of them descriptive, the latter pastoral—both (as usual) suggested by a natural object—the stepping-stones in a stream—and both connecting it with the circumstances of human life which are incident to it:—

‘The struggling rill insensibly is grown
 Into a brook of loud and stately march,
 Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch;
 And, for like use, lo! what might seem a zone
 Chosen for ornament—stone matched with stone
 In studied symmetry, with interspace
 For the clear waters to pursue their race
 Without restraint. How swiftly have they flown,
 Succeeding—still succeeding! Here the child
 Puts, when the high-swollen flood runs fierce and wild,
 His budding courage to the proof; and here
 Declining manhood learns to note the sly
 And sure encroachments of infirmity,
 Thinking how fast time runs, life’s end how near!

Not so that pair whose youthful spirits dance
 With prompt emotion, urging them to pass;
 A sweet confusion checks the shepherd-lass;
 Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance;
 To stop ashamed—too timid to advance;
 She ventures once again—another pause!
 His outstretched hand he tauntingly withdraws—
 She sues for help with piteous utterance!
 Chidden, she chides again; the thrilling touch

Both

Both feel, when he renews the wished-for aid :
 Ah ! if their fluttering hearts should stir too much,
 Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.
 The frolic Loves, who from yon high rock see
 The struggle, clap their wings for victory !'—pp. 293, 294

This series on the River Duddon is a register of the thoughts which may be suggested to a poet in tracking this stream from its source in the mountains to its junction with the sea. We have seen what may occur when it flows in human society, and Childhood, Youth, and Age step across it. But there is a previous stage of its course in which it flows through a remote and untrodden solitude, and then everything that is to be seen being what it had been from time immemorial, the poet's fancy is carried far back into the past :—

' What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,
 First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who first
 In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst ?
 What hopes came with him ? what designs were spread
 Along his path ? His unprotected bed
 What dreams encompassed ? Was the intruder nursed
 In hideous usages, and rites accursed,
 That thinned the living and disturbed the dead ?
 No voice replies ;—both air and earth are mute ;
 And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'st no more
 Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit
 Of ignorance thou might'st witness heretofore,
 Thy function was to heal and to restore,
 To sooth and cleanse, not madden and pollute !'—p. 292.

How simple and yet how full is the diction of this sonnet ! How much of the wildness and insecurity of savage life is in those words ' roved or fled,' and in the presentation to the fancy of the one sole man wandering or fugitive ! Then the darkness and cruelty of Druidical superstition and barbarian warfare are alluded to in a tone of almost fearful inquiry ; and after the pause of silence in the ninth line, how beautifully and with what an expressive change of the music is the mind turned to the perennial influences of Nature as healing, soothing, and restorative in all times, whatever be the condition of Man ! This sonnet is a study in versification throughout, and observe especially the use of duplicate, triplicate, and even quadruplicate consonants in our language,—how admirably they may be made to serve the purposes of rhythmical melody which they are often supposed to thwart—

' And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'st no more,' &c.

How the slight check, delay, and resistance of the fourfold consonant

sonant makes the flow of the verse to be still more musically felt! The Northern languages have often been reproached for their excess in consonants, guttural, sibilant, or mute, and it has been concluded, as a matter of course, that languages in which vowels and liquids predominate must be better adapted to poetry, and that the most mellifluous language must be also the most melodious. We must be allowed to think, however, that this is but a rash and ill-considered condemnation of our native tongue. Poetry has been often compared to embroidery, and when a language is all of one texture, and that texture nothing but silk and satin, the skilful hand will have but little advantage, and the workmanship of finer art will not stand out so distinctly from ordinary fabrics. Nor indeed will such a language supply adequate materials to the hand of art. In dramatic verse more particularly, our English combinations of consonants are invaluable, not only for the purpose of reflecting grace and softness by contrast, or accelerating the verse by a momentary detention, but also in giving expression to the harsher passions, and in imparting keenness and significancy to the language of discrimination, and especially to that of scorn. In Shakspeare, for instance, what a blast of sarcasm whistles through that word, '*Thrift, thrift, Horatio!*' with its one vowel and five consonants, and then how the verse runs on with a low, confidential smoothness, as if to give effect to the outbreak by the subsequent suppression—

——' the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.'

We are not, be it observed, insisting, as some philologists have done of late years, on a preference for the Saxon element of our language as affording a purer and better English than any other; on the contrary, we hold that English is essentially a highly composite language; that it derives its force, as well as its richness, from the great variety and diversity of its constituents, and that it will be best written by him who avails himself of all its elements in their natural proportion, tempering one with another. And when we say their *natural* proportion, we mean that which comes naturally to the individual writer; for, after all, art and instruction can do little more in this matter than to remove theories of style out of the way, and leave a writer to his own intuitive ear and perceptions to find him the better or worse style which is suitable to him. Mr. Wordsworth's diction appears to us to be neither Saxon nor Latin particularly, but abounding in all the treasures of our vocabulary, and making the music which no man can make who has but one string to his fiddle.

To return to the Sonnets.—‘What is a spinning-wheel?’ is a question which may now be asked by a full-grown person who cannot recollect to have seen one; and it might be answered by a person twenty years older, that in his youth such an implement was seen in every cottage and in many houses of somewhat higher pretensions—that it was a wheel mounted two or three feet above the ground, to which the spinner’s foot, by means of a sort of pedal, communicated a uniform rotatory motion, whilst her fingers were busy in manipulating the line of flax drawn from it,—that the motion was just not so rapid but that it could be distinctly discerned by the eye, and that the sound which accompanied it was something between the humming of a top and the purring of a cat. But if, having explained the mechanism of the spinning-wheel and its direct use and purpose, he were asked to give some account of its moral influences, he might require the aid of the poet:—

‘Grief, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend
Now that the cottage Spinning-wheel is mute;
And Care—a comforter that best could suit
Her froward mood, and softliest reprehend;
And Love—a charmer’s voice, that used to lend,
More efficaciously than aught that flows
From harp or lute, kind influence to compose
The throbbing pulse—else troubled without end:
Even Joy could tell, Joy craving truce and rest
From her own overflow, what power sedate
On those revolving motions did await
Assiduously—to sooth her aching breast,
And, to a point of just relief, abate
The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.’—p. 23.

Mechanical employment, even without these peculiar charms of the spinning-wheel, has no doubt a tendency to alleviate suffering and subdue excitability, and this truth has a political as well as a moral bearing; for in seasons of commercial or agricultural difficulty, the political disturbances which arise amongst the lower orders of the people may be attributed, not to distress and destitution only—for it has often been observed that they extend to many who are under no immediate pressure of want—but also to the concurrent deprivation of that great sedative to the human mind which is found in the employment of the body. Neither hunger nor full feeding act alike upon all men—the one will not invariably produce irritability, still less will the other be unfailingly attended with contentment—but steady labour or manual employment will always promote composure of mind. And this may add one more to the many considerations which lead the politician,

politician, as well as the moralist, to insist that a high rate of wages is less to be desired for a country, than work which is regular, even though ill paid.

But whilst Mr. Wordsworth appreciates the moral influence of mechanical labour in abating excitement to '*a point of just relief*,' we might refer to many passages in the '*Excursion*' to show that its benefits become more than questionable in his eyes, when it is carried so far as to suppress the activity of the understanding, and render the mind callous and insensible. We have not room for quotations; nor need we multiply references; but the subject is discussed at length in the eighth book, with no pseudo-poetical partiality—no preference of previous and ancient evils to those of the manufacturing system—but philosophically and fairly; and it is resumed in the ninth book in its natural connexion with the subject of national education. If reference be made to these two books, it will be seen by those who are practically acquainted with the subject, that the experience and parliamentary inquiries of the seven-and-twenty years which have elapsed since the *Excursion* was published, have only shown more conclusively the justness of the poet's views and feelings as to the evils which are, perhaps to a certain extent unavoidably, but at all events most unhappily and fatally to many of the lower classes, mixed up with the unsteady and inordinate activities of our manufacturing system. In the course of those years other eminent writers joined in denouncing these evils with all the fervour of the poetical temperament (one great man, Mr. Southey, we need scarcely name), and more recently public men have been found in the House of Commons, of an ardent and indefatigable benevolence, to suggest remedies; whilst there has remained for political economists the ungracious but indispensable task of determining which of these were practicable and which were not. Some progress—much, we trust—has been made in the matter; and by a kindly alliance and concurrence of all the lights and powers which are requisite for the treatment of this difficult problem—by philanthropical, philosophical, economical, and practical efforts, and by eloquence poetical and parliamentary, and by the press and by the pulpit, it may be hoped that much more progress will be made in no long time, and that the country will owe to Lord Ashley, as a legislator, the consummation of a work, of which Mr. Wordsworth, as poet and ethical philosopher, so ardently urged the commencement.

We turn to the series of *Sonnets* '*dedicated to Liberty*,' with peculiar interest. They were so entitled in previous editions, though in the volume before us they are included with others under the title of '*Political Sonnets*.' They are, for the most

part, suggested by public occurrences which took place within the eventful and instructive period of the history of liberty extending from the French Revolution to the battle of Waterloo; with some few upon subjects belonging to remoter times. They should be read along with those passages in the third book of the *Excursion*, wherein the Solitary comments on the rise and progress of the French Revolution, and with the admirable ode beginning 'Who rises on the banks of Seine?' and not without reference to many other passages too numerous and scattered to be specifically mentioned. In these will be found Mr. Wordsworth's sentiments respecting liberty in the various senses in which the word is used, as applying to national independence, to civil liberty, and to individual freedom; and it will appear that his sentiments are everywhere pervaded by a deep sense of the truth that liberty is essentially of a moral and spiritual nature, and that however closely connected with political forms and organisations, and dictating and requiring them for her conservation, yet that these forms do not constitute, and cannot of themselves impart, the spirit of liberty—that the forms must result from the spirit, otherwise the spirit will not result from the forms—a doctrine which has a constant application to practical politics. A celebrated event in ancient history is made the occasion of delivering this doctrine in reference both to civil liberty and national independence:—

'A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground;
And to the people at the Isthmian games
Assembled, He, by a herald's voice, proclaims
THE LIBERTY OF GREECE:—the words rebound
Until all voices in one voice are drowned;
Glad acclamation by which air is rent!
And birds, high flying in the element,
Drop to the earth, astonished at the sound!
Yet were the thoughtful grieved; and still that voice
Haunts, with sad echoes, musing Fancy's ear:
Ah! that a *Conqueror's* words should be so dear!
Ah! that a *boon* should shed such rapturous joys!
A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.'—p. 146.

Again, in a sonnet written when Bonaparte was threatening the independence of this country, the poet, being at that time on the coast near Dover, contemplates the 'span of waters' which divides England from France, and admitting the mighty power of the physical barrier, yet regards it as merely subordinate and instrumental, and still insists upon the higher agency as the vital protection:—

'Even

' Even so doth God protect us if we be
 Virtuous and wise. Winds blow and waters roll,
 Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity;
 Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
 Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul
 Only, the nations shall be great and free.'—p. 129.

The same strain of sentiment will be found to recur repeatedly in the sonnets which relate to the events of Bonaparte's wars, and the subjugation or resistance of the several states whose independence he invaded; and at the close of the series, which ends in 1811, a censure is pronounced upon a deplorable infirmity of man's nature which at that time came in aid of Bonaparte's power, sapping the hearts of many weak brethren in this country as well as in his own and others,—the tendency to lose all sense of right and wrong, and all sense of horror at cruelties and crimes, in an effeminate admiration of talents, achievements, and power. This admiration, thus counteracting the heart's better nature, was in truth, wheresoever it prevailed, an index of the absence or decay of the virtues which are essential to liberty. We have said an *effeminate* admiration; for it prevailed, we believe, chiefly amongst women, who are more prone than men to feel, concerning things at a distance, according to their effect in story, and not according to their reality in life. Casca, in Shakspeare's play, says of the women who forgave Cæsar, that 'if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.' We would not assert so much of the admirers of Bonaparte, whether women or effeminate men. Facts, which are brought before the bodily eyes, or come home to the individual feelings of such persons, will set them right in their sentiments concerning an ambitious conqueror;—the women of Zaragoza were under no mistake;—but that nothing else may have power to do so, there was many a pitiable proof in this country during Bonaparte's career, and to such cases the latter part of the following sonnet adverts, in the strongest language of reprehension which we recollect to have met with in Mr. Wordsworth's writings:—

' Here pause: the poet claims at least this praise,
 That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
 Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope
 In the worst moment of these evil days;
 From hope, the paramount duty that Heaven lays,
 For its own honour, on man's suffering heart.
 Never may from our souls one truth depart—
 That an accursed thing it is to gaze
 On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye;
 Nor—touched with due abhorrence of *their* guilt
 For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,

And

And justice labours in extremity—
 Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
 O wretched man, the throne of tyranny!—p. 178.

The corollary from this sonnet is, that when the admiration of anything opposed to virtue is stronger than virtue itself in a people, that people is unfit for liberty, and the vital spirit of liberty is not in them. Through how much of political theory and practice ought this doctrine to be carried! Is there in this country any constituency to which what are called popular talents will recommend a representative notoriously profligate and reprobate? That constituency is unfit for its franchise; and whatever specious pretences may be made of supporting a public principle, and distinguishing between public and private conduct—as if the support of virtue was *not* a public principle—such an exercise of the franchise is tainting the very sources of liberty in the land. For to suppose that liberty can be promoted whilst virtue is overlooked, is nothing else than to suppose that the consequence can be produced without having regard to the cause.

That liberty must rest upon a moral rather than a political basis, and that the attempt is vain to push it forward by merely political impulses, is a truth which has always been before the eyes of our great poets, though often lost to those of our politicians. Coleridge saw it in his youth, instructed by the events that were occurring in France, and expressed it with characteristic force:—

‘The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
 Slaves by their own compulsion.’*

Milton saw it, ardently political as he was; or perhaps he saw it only when the ardour of his political mind had been informed by experience and tempered by adversity. He asks in the ‘*Paradise Regained*’ (iv. 145) what wise man would seek to free a people ‘by themselves enslaved,’

‘Or could of inward slaves make outward free?’

And in the ‘*Paradise Lost*’ (xii. 79) Michael explains to Adam that perfect liberty could only exist in paradise, being inseparable from virtue, which again is identical with right reason. These great men knew the nature of liberty; and those who may study, along with their writings, Mr. Wordsworth’s political sonnets and the large portion of his other works which bear upon the state and prospects of society, can hardly fail to increase and refresh their knowledge of these subjects, and to appreciate more justly the connexion between true liberty and the mere political

* France, an Ode.

outworks which often take its name, without by any means comprising its substance.

For in what does the worth and gloriousness of liberty consist? Not in charters, statutes, and franchises: these are merely the documents and conveyances of liberty. Not in the political powers and functions which they authenticate: these, indeed, may constitute liberty *as a means*; but the end and sanctifying principle of liberty consists in the peace and happiness, the independence and elevation of the minds of individual men. Let us pursue the principle, therefore, into practical life, and observe how far political institutions succeed, and wherein they fail, to produce personal independence. Take, for instance, an Austrian or Prussian tradesman, and place him side by side with the London shopkeeper, obsequious behind his counter—which is the free man? The Austrian or Prussian will generally be found to wear a countenance and manner of independent courtesy, confident of meeting the same in return, but not much more bent upon conciliating his customer than he expects his customer to be on conciliating him. The relations between them are marked by no other desire to please on the part of the tradesman, than belongs to the goodwill which ought to subsist between fellow-creatures. True, he is legally liable to be watched by a spy or imprisoned without a warrant; but he lives in no fear that such a thing will happen, and there is no sign that the degradation of his political state enters into his daily feelings, his transactions in business, or his habits in social intercourse. Turn, then, to the London shopkeeper. Of the signs and tokens to be observed in *his* manners we are unwilling to speak. It is enough to say that they are tinged with a courtesy which is *not* independent. And whence comes this? It is not for want of statutes, charters, privileges, and immunities; it is for want of an independence which these gross instrumentalities can neither give nor take away; it is because his mind has been reached by a far more penetrating influence than any which is thus derived—because his *will* is enslaved; because his heart is venal, and he is ready to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. It is true that he shouts for liberty at the hustings; but though the voice is Jacob's voice, the hands are the hands of Esau; what he values in what he calls liberty is chiefly protection from a tax; money is still the tyrant of his mind; and the very colours of his political liberty may very often be nothing else than the badge of his inward servitude.

Do we, then, adduce this class, this minority, this mere feature in our society, as impeaching the value of our free institutions in their general results? Far from it. We value those institutions
beyond

beyond everything except the spirit which produced them, and the ends which they are to serve. But what we do aim at is to insist, with Mr. Wordsworth, that political liberty is good and glorious only so far as it conduces to moral and spiritual liberty, and to personal independence—that it is pure and righteous only in so far as it is

‘Subservient still to moral purposes,
Auxiliar to divine.’*

And the practical conclusion is—not that any lover of liberty is to be in any one act or thought of his heart less ardent or strenuous in the love of liberty—but that for the very sake and in the spirit of that love, he is diligently to consider the mixed and contrarious effects to which merely political proceedings give birth; and if he supports measures which are brought forward in the name of political liberty, he is to see at least that they may be expected to promote personal independence, and so far as may be possible, not independence only and of itself, but an independence virtuous, enlightened, and founded in humility.

Having these principles in view, and taking the 8th Book of the ‘Excursion’ for a connecting commentary, the reader may be led by the Sonnets to trace the course of political liberty through some of its leading consequences in our own country. Its earliest and most assured result is *wealth*. From wealth is derived national power and independence, and a numerous population: but seeking for its effects within and amongst that population, we find them to be of a mixed and multifarious character, with perhaps only one characteristic common to all, whether good or bad,—that of *activity*. And believing, as it would be impious to disbelieve—believing with a deep trust and assurance that the good elements in human nature are more powerful than the bad and are continually gaining upon them, it follows that an increase of activity to all, will impart an increase of preponderance to the good. Thus wealth and activity, whilst adding largely to the ignorant and bedarkened part of the population, produce a more than proportionate addition to those parts which are in some degree instructed; and have a yet more important result in carrying the instruction of those who were already instructed to a higher point, and along with greater enlightenment, communicating to those classes greater power and efficacy in good works. Hence we have a race of clergymen and country gentlemen far superior to their predecessors.

But whilst we never forget that the results of our institutions are good in the main, and whilst we hope that there will accrue

* Excursion, book iv.

under them an incalculable accession of good in the end, it is fit that we should also look the evil results fairly in the face. Wealth and commercial activity, whilst they make the life of man in general a life of progress, make it also a life of vicissitude as regards worldly condition. By vicissitude the minds of men are exercised in worldly hopes and fears, the passions connected with gain and loss are unduly excited, and the industry of the trading classes (which are perhaps the most important classes as regards the stamp given to the national character) is no longer the industry of necessity or duty, but an inordinate and greedy industry, carrying with it often a taint of gambling speculation, and resembling that vice in its wasting effect upon the heart. This species of industry, if it intermits at all, is of too excited a nature to leave the heart to repose even in its intervals; it may possibly not be altogether absorbing and engrossing, but in that case the excitement of getting will alternate—not with rest, but with excitement of another kind—the excitement of spending:—

'The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.'—p. 39.*

* The latter part of this sonnet has been misapprehended by some persons, who have supposed that Pagan superstitions were commended absolutely, and not merely as being better than a total absence of devotional and natural sentiment. All that Mr. Wordsworth contends for, is a preference of Triton or Proteus to Mammon. To those who have not considered that, in our imperfect natures, the apprehension of religious truth is merely relative, and that superstition may be often by no means the worst of our imperfections, we would recommend the study of some passages in the 21st chapter of 'The Light of Nature and Gospel Lights blended.' An intellect at once more exact and more discursive than that of Abraham Tucker, was never exercised in theology; and his fancy, if not as abundant as Jeremy Taylor's, is not less aptly and happily illustrative. He warns us against the hasty rooting out of superstition (or what we take to be superstition) wherever it may be found, and at all risks: 'for it is not uncommon that the same plants deserve cultivation in one place, but require weeding out from another. We sow fields of oats with care and cost, but are very sorry to see them among our wheat; the scarlet poppy and sun-resembling marigold, which burn up our corn, are esteemed ornaments in our gardens; the carpet-woven grass that beautifies our lawns must be extirpated from our fallows by frequent and toilsome ploughings. But superstition is not always a distinct plant; it is sometimes like the green leaves of corn, which protect and assist to draw up nourishment into the spire, and will wither away of themselves as that grows towards maturity.'

We have borrowed this from the *Miscellaneous* series; but the next we shall quote is in the same strain, and it was no doubt from seeing a moral slavery in all this, that Mr. Wordsworth placed it in the *Political* series in the present volume, and in the former editions amongst the 'Sonnets dedicated to Liberty.'

'O thou proud City! which way shall I look
 For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
 To think that now our life is only drest
 For show; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
 Or groom?—We must run glittering like a brook
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
 The wealthiest man among us is the best:
 No grandeur now in nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry; and these we adore:
 Plain living and high thinking are no more:
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws.'—p. 131.

Again in the sonnet at page 138, riches are denounced for the fears which they generate. In October 1803, at the approach of the great conflict with Bonaparte, Mr. Wordsworth had remarked that whilst other classes were hopeful and manful, it was the rich who were fearful and desponding:—

'What do we gather hence but firmer faith
 That every gift of noble origin
 Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath;
 That virtue and the faculties within
 Are vital,—and that riches are akin
 To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death?'—p. 138.

But though Mr. Wordsworth, in these and other Poems, animadverts upon riches or the love of riches as working against the freedom of the heart, he nowhere advocates equality of station as fostering either independence or any other virtue. Yet it may be asked, do not riches lie at the root of all worldly inequalities? Undoubtedly they do, and riches are as undoubtedly the basis of many social virtues. But in order to be so, they must not be thrown up suddenly by commercial vicissitude; they must be stable and permanent, and give birth to permanent social relations. Riches which are stable and permanent are overgrown in the course of time with many associations and imaginative colourings, until they seem to be rather the adjuncts of a social preeminence than the substance and essence of it. This equable and settled wealth neither agitates the mind of the possessor nor provokes others to a jealous emulation; and without the differences of social rank which spring from it, it may well be questioned whether

whether some of the best parts of our nature would not remain uncultivated. Two kinds of humility at least would cease—that which in a superior forgets superiority, that which in an inferior remembers inferiority; and if it be said that this latter humility is incompatible with freedom of spirit, we answer that on the contrary it is the greatest support to it. For no spirit is *less* free than that which is jealously unwilling to acknowledge adventitious advantages in others—none is *more* free or more generous than that which forgets itself in the respect which, through the influence of imaginative sentiments and established manners, it feels for what is by itself (as it were) placed above itself. Observe the difference between the condition of mind of a domestic servant in the times when such service was almost hereditary, and that of a footman of the present day. In the one case authority was softened, the value of kindness enhanced, attachment might take place, the better affections might be exercised, and the spirit of a servant might be as free as the spirit of a child, though like a child he was dependent. There are examples of this still, though they are rare unhappily; and it is commonly the case in the present times that the relation of master and servant resolves itself into the contract that so much servility shall be given for such and such wages, and the independence of the menial is bought and sold. And even where there are no relations of servitude, money intrudes itself into all the intercourse between the upper and lower classes of society, and enters into the most casual and trivial transactions. Any little service rendered by an inferior, which in another country would be repaid by a smile and a cordial word, the English gentleman remunerates by the tossing of his miserable sixpence—creating the mercenary spirit that he feeds, and checking the growth of the independent good-will in which he places no trust.

The truth is, that there is nothing so uninteresting to man, nothing so ungenial and unfruitful, as social equality. Man's nature and the wants of his imagination call for the contrary, and where institutions are ostensibly calculated to remove the sense of inequality, they will in reality remove only so much of it as is connected with our better nature, and bring into strong and naked operation the inequalities of a monied scale. This is no doubt one of the tendencies of our institutions at the present time—a tendency which will be counteracted and conquered, as we trust—one tendency only amongst many; but one against which those who value the true liberty of their country, the liberty of its individual minds and hearts, should strenuously contend: and it is not a tendency as regards the lower classes only. Social distinction is an object to high and low, and is open to every one
of

of us through money, and money will procure for every one consideration, service, and what is equally indispensable to mankind, civility; and in this state of society the liberty of the higher classes is not less in danger than that of the lower. For with the restless activity, the ambition, the importance attached to money, the pecuniary taint which infects all the relations between the upper and lower classes, the absence of the disinterested courtesies and unpaid good offices of life, which inspire confidence between those classes and seem to place them in a relation of human brotherhood with each other—with all these elements of our society, there arises naturally its chief characteristic on the evil side of the account, pride, or a pusillanimous fear of opinion—pride which,

‘ Howe’er disguised
In its own majesty, is littleness—’*

and invariably undermines the strength and independence of the heart. The study of Mr. Wordsworth’s writings will assist more than any other literary influence that is now abroad to abate the spirit of pride and cherish the spirit of independence; and in closing our remarks upon the Political series of his *Sonnets*, we will sum up the doctrine to be derived from them as teaching, that in so far as the political institutions of a country place any man in such circumstances as to give avarice, ambition, or pride the dominion over his heart, whatever may be the name given or the virtue ascribed to those institutions, they cost that man his liberty.

We now come to the series which Mr. Wordsworth has entitled ‘Itinerary,’ and which we have already alluded to as ‘the sundry contemplation of his travels.’ Scenery, cities, manners, local traditions, recorded events, incidents of the moment, remains of antiquity, products of modern taste, abodes, sites and occupants, viaducts, railways and steam-boats, names, clouds, and echoes,—nothing comes amiss to Mr. Wordsworth on his travels, and sonnets spring up in his path wherever he goes. And amidst the multitude of objects which attract his attention, it is difficult to say that any one class has more power over him than another. Natural objects have undoubtedly had the greatest influence originally, as we may learn from the celebrated lines written on visiting Tintern Abbey, and from many other passages, and amongst these ‘the family of floods’ are mentioned by the poet as standing first in his regard, and many members of that family are celebrated in the *Sonnets*, from ‘the stately Eden’ in his own country, to

* Mr. Wordsworth’s lines left under a Yew-tree seat.

‘—that

'—that young stream that smites the throbbing rocks
Of Viamala.'

But natural objects are so vividly recalled to his memory when others are presented to his eyes, the colours of them are so interwoven with the whole tissue of his mind, that hardly any subject is treated separately from them. And on the other hand, his sense of the beauty of external nature is seldom merely passive; the activities of his intellect are excited by it rather than merged in it, and his poetry is not often purely descriptive. We will quote the sonnet we can find which is the most so,—a description of the plain between Namur and Liege, in which the effect of nature's tranquillity is heightened by allusion to the frequent warfare of which that plain has been the theatre:—

'What lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?
Is this the Stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,
War's favourite playground, are with crimson stains
Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dew?
The Morn, that now, along the silver Meuse,
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrewn
The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
With its grey rocks clustering in pensive shade—
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still!'

Sonnets, p. 197.

This seems pure description; yet what a serious satire is expressed in one word, 'War's favourite playground!' In the following sonnet, entitled 'The Trosachs,' the moral is blended with the description throughout:—

'There's not a nook within this solemn Pass,
But were an apt confessional for One
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass
Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May)
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!'

Ibid., p. 217. How

How skilfully does that suggestion in the parenthesis, of the sunshiny colouring of the aspen in October, adumbrate the cheerfulness to be bestowed by natural piety upon the decline of life! preparing for the principal illustration of the same idea in the song of the red-breast, which only begins to sing when other birds have ceased. We will annex to this a sonnet, congenial in sentiment and imagery, written at Bala-sala, Isle of Man, in the person of a friend of the author. The convent spoken of is Rushen Abbey:—

‘Broken in fortune, but in mind entire
And sound in principle, I seek repose
Where ancient trees this convent-pile enclose
In ruin beautiful. When vain desire
Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire
To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,
A grey-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee;
A shade—but with some sparks of heavenly fire
Once to these cells vouchsafed. And when I note
The old Tower’s brow yellowed as with the beams
Of sunset ever there, albeit streams
Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,
I thank the silent Monitor, and say
“Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day!”’

Ibid., p. 256.

When Mr. Wordsworth is upon his travels, the very modes of conveyance ‘have their authentic comment,’ and suggest thoughts, recollections, and feelings. We find him, in 1820, in a carriage on the banks of the Rhine, travelling with a speed which cheats him of half his enjoyment, and wishing to be on foot as in the days of his youth:—

‘Amid this dance of objects sadness steals
O’er the defrauded heart—while sweeping by,
As in a fit of Thespian jollity,
Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green Earth reels:
Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels
The venerable pageantry of Time,
Each beetling rampart, and each tower sublime,
And what the Dell unwillingly reveals
Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees espied
Near the bright River’s edge. Yet why repine?
To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze—
Such sweet wayfaring—of life’s spring the pride,
Her summer’s faithful joy—*that* still is mine,
And in fit measure cheers autumnal days.’—*Ibid.*, p. 200.

We are happy to know that the ‘fit measure’ of pedestrian strength which remained to Mr. Wordsworth in the year 1820 is yet

yet with him in 1841, and that the fainting London tourist may still meet with him, robust and fresh, on the top of Helvellyn or other 'cloud-sequestered heights,' exercising his functions as one of 'Nature's Privy Council.'

If Mr. Wordsworth was not quite content to be whirled along the banks of the Rhine in a carriage, it was to be expected that he should betray more impatience in a steam-boat:—

'Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff
Built for the air, or winged Hippogriff?
That he might fly, where no one could pursue,
From this dull Monster and her sooty crew.'—*Ibid.*, p. 260.

But what some persons would consider the poetic or romantic view of things never shuts out from Mr. Wordsworth's mind the contemplation of the whole truth. For the whole truth received into a poetic mind of the highest, that is, of the philosophic order, may always take a poetical shape, and cannot but be more fruitful than half-truths. And thus we have a notice, in a sonnet on steam-boats, viaducts, and railways, that Mr. Wordsworth is not to be misled by any false lights into regarding with other feelings than those of hope and gratulation the victories of mind over matter:—

'Motions and Means, on land and sea at war
With old poetic feeling, not for this
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss!
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision, whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in Man's art; and Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.'—*Ibid.*, p. 277.

Twenty years ago our readers may remember that there was a literary controversy of some celebrity, in which Lord Byron, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Bowles were the principal performers, on the subject of the comparative merits of nature and art in supplying subjects for poetry. A little of Mr. Wordsworth's philosophy, or a little of Shakspeare's, would have taught the disputants either not to distinguish at all between these subjects, or to distinguish more clearly. There are a few words in the 'Winter's Tale' which say more than anything which we can recollect to have been said then:—

'Perdita.

' *Perdita*. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Nor yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilliflowers,
Which some call Nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

' *Polixenes*. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

' *Perdita*. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating Nature.

' *Polixenes*. Say there be;
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes.'—(Act iv., sc. 3.)

This is the philosophical view of the matter, and Mr. Wordsworth's taste is as universal as philosophy itself; and his philosophy and his poetry are never found in collision with each other, but always in an easy alliance.

We are aware, however, that it has sometimes been said that Mr. Wordsworth has written in disparagement of science. How incapable he is of doing so, our readers have had some means of judging. The charge has been brought, we believe, by two very different classes of persons,—by those who mistake certain scientific nomenclatures and classifications for sciences themselves, and, on the other hand, by those who have a genuine comprehension of science, but are led, from the want of other knowledge, faculties, or feelings, to think that the material sciences are the highest walks of human contemplation. Yet in reality neither the sciolist nor the adept has any reason to complain. For the former Mr. Wordsworth has not perhaps absolute respect, but certainly a genuine indulgence,—witness the sketches, in the 'Excursion,' of 'the Wandering Herbalist' and his fellow-wanderer—

'He who with pocket-hammer smites the edge
Of luckless rock or prominent stone, disguised
In weather-stains or crusted o'er by Nature
With her first growths—detaching by the stroke
A chip or splinter to resolve his doubts;'

He finds no fault with either of these gentlemen:—

'Intrusted safely each to his pursuit,
Earnest alike, let both from hill to hill
Range; if it please them speed from clime to clime;
The mind is full—no pain is in their sport.'

Thus

Thus gently does Mr. Wordsworth, even when speaking by the mouth of the least gentle of his *poëmaticis personæ*, deal with the dabblers in science. Shakspeare also was a good-natured observer; yet these men of nomenclatures did not escape so easily in his hands :—

‘These earthly godfathers of heaven’s lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.’*

So much for the sciolist. And next for the complaint of the adept. We do not desire to maintain that Mr. Wordsworth pays knee-worship even to *his* idol, or that he reverences as the highest knowledge that which, however consummate in its kind, is limited to the purely material sciences. All that we contend for is, that, as in the sonnets heretofore quoted, so in his other writings, Mr. Wordsworth invariably treats the material sciences with the respect which is due to their place amongst the powers and instrumentalities of nature. He would not deny that they are powers of stupendous importance in their results, but neither would he admit that they are on that account entitled, when standing alone, to confer the highest rank upon the intellects through which those results are brought about. He would not deny, certainly, that stupendous moral as well as material results are the offspring of the purely material sciences; for as matter is always acting upon spirit with prodigious force throughout the portion of the universe which is known to man, so there can be no doubt that the material products of science operate incalculable changes in the moral condition of mankind. But neither would he admit that that which acts upon spirit through matter, however important the agency may be in its consequences, can be regarded as an agency of an equally high order with that which acts upon spirit through spirit.

Thus, in the eighth book of the *Excursion*, he rejoices and exults in the mastery exercised by science over the elements, but rejoices in it hoping that the time will come when man, ‘strengthened yet not dazzled’ by his scientific conquests,

‘Shall learn, though late, that all true glory rests,
All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law.’

And he proceeds to show that even the sciences themselves must have the same support, in order to ensure them against decay and oblivion :—

‘Egyptian Thebes,
Tyre, by the margin of the sounding waves,

* *Love’s Labour’s Lost*.

Palmyra, central in the desert, fell;
 And the arts died by which they had been raised.
 Call Archimedes from his buried tomb
 Upon the plain of vanished Syracuse,
 And feelingly the sage shall make report
 How insecure, how baseless in itself,
 Is the philosophy whose sway depends
 On mere material instruments; how weak
 Those arts and high inventions, if unpropped
 By Virtue! He, with sighs of pensive grief
 Amid his calm abstractions, would admit
 That not the slender privilege is theirs
 To save themselves from blank forgetfulness!'

If, therefore, we are to separate what we cannot wish to see separated—if we *must* separate knowledge and intellectual power into degrees and orders of precedency—we should concur with Mr. Wordsworth in giving the first place to the kind which lives in the hearts of men and fortifies the imaginative faith, which kindles the affections, animates the belief in things unseen, and multiplies

'The spiritual presences of absent things.'

This kind of knowledge and power, depending immediately upon the imagination, but not to be cast loose from scientific laws, may, we think, without wrong to any other, be placed in the first rank of human intelligences. In the Celestial Hierarchy, according to Dionysius Areopagita, the Angels of Love hold the first place, the Angels of Light the second, and Thrones and Dominations the third. Amongst Terrestrials, the intellects which act through the imagination upon the heart of man, may be accounted the first in order, the merely scientific intellects the second, and the merely ruling intellects—those which apply themselves to the government of mankind without the aid of either science or imagination—will not be disparaged if they are placed last.

But Mr. Wordsworth, as we collect, would be better pleased to contemplate the conjunction, than the subordinated separation of these powers, and he anticipates the time when science, allying itself with the imaginative faculty, and through this reaching and inspiring the heart, shall be exalted into philosophy:—

'Science then
 Shall be a precious visitant; and then,
 And only then, be worthy of her name.
 For then her heart shall kindle; her dull eye,
 Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
 Chained to its object in brute slavery;

But

But taught with patient interest to watch
 The processes of things, and serve the cause
 Of order and distinctness, not for this
 Shall it forget that its most noble use,
 Its most illustrious province, must be found
 In furnishing clear guidance, a support
 Not treacherous, to the mind's *excursive* power.*

Nor does Mr. Wordsworth regard the advances of science with any jealousy, as if it were possible that they could tend to limit the province of the imagination. That province he knows to be boundless;—and though many of the secrets of nature may be discovered, and the pride of man may for the moment exult inordinately, forgetting what mysteries remain which Science can never penetrate and Faith can but see darkly as in a glass, yet he is assured that man is and always will be an imaginative being; and that, whatever he may search out and lay open, he must still come to the unseen and the inscrutable at last, and be recalled to the awe and humility which befits his condition:—

'Desire we past illusions to recal?
 To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide
 Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside?
 No,—let this Age, high as she may, instal
 In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,
 The universe is infinitely wide;
 And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
 Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall
 Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
 Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,
 In progress toward the fount of Love,—the throne
 Of Power, whose ministers the records keep
 Of periods fixed, and laws established, less
 Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness.'—*Sonnets*, p. 250.

It was in no other spirit—it was in the profound humility of his own nature, and with a deep insight into man's nature, that the great founder of modern material philosophy offered up his 'Students' Prayer':—

'This also we humbly and earnestly beg, that human things may not prejudice such as are divine, neither that from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater natural light, anything of incredulity or intellectual night may arise in our minds towards divine mysteries. But rather that, by our mind thoroughly cleansed and purged from fancy and vanities, and yet subject and perfectly given up to the divine oracles, there may be given unto Faith the things which are Faith's.'

* Excursion, book iv.

Devoutly is it to be wished that, along with the principles of material philosophy which have been as the light of day to the natural world in the generations succeeding Lord Bacon, there could have been communicated to all of his disciples, as it has been in degree to some, the greatness of that man's religious heart.

But we are to proceed with the Itinerant. Manners are regarded by him, no less than arts and sciences, with an inquisitive eye, and pondered in a spirit of comprehensive appreciation. He observes the decay of ancient manners and the progress of innovation, reaching even to the Scotch Highlands,—but he observes them with no predisposition to prefer what is old to what is modern on any other than just and reasonable grounds: his desire is only to examine into the different effects of changes, to weigh losses against gains, and to 'have a right judgment in all things.' When, indeed, he sees

'the umbrella spread
To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head'—

there arise in his mind some doubts and misgivings, and he pauses before he can regard the superior comforts of the Celtic herdsman with unmixed satisfaction. Still it is but a doubt and an inquiry, not a decision; and he does not fail to intimate that there is another side to the question:—

'The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute;
The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy
Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy;
The target, mouldering like ungathered fruit;
The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit,
As eagerly pursued; the umbrella spread
To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head—
All speak of manners withering to the root,
And some old honours, too, and passions high:
Then may we ask, though pleased that thought should range
Among the conquests of civility,
Survives Imagination—to the change
Superior? Help to Virtue does it give?
If not, O Mortals, better cease to live!'—*Ibid.*, p. 218.

The last we shall quote from this itinerary series shall be an historical recollection—the sonnet entitled 'Mary Queen of Scots (landing at the mouth of the Derwent, Workington).'

'Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,
The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore;
While to the throng that on the Cumbrian shore
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed!
And like a star (that, from a sombre cloud

Of

Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
 When a soft summer gale at evening parts
 The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
 She smiled: but Time, the old Saturnian Seer,
 Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,
 With step prelusive to a long array
 Of woes and degradations hand in hand;
 Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear—
 Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay?’

Ibid., p. 247.

In the series of ecclesiastical sonnets we find Mr. Wordsworth, for the first time, planning a work in which his inspiration and his themes were to be drawn more immediately from books than from Nature or from his own experience and observation. The first which we shall quote represents the recovery of the Church after the persecution under Diocletian:—

‘As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain
 Their cheerfulness, and busily re-trim
 Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn
 To the blue ether and bespangled plain;
 Even so, in many a reconstructed fane,
 Have the survivors of this storm renewed
 Their holy rites with vocal gratitude:
 And solemn ceremonials they ordain
 To celebrate their great deliverance;
 Most feelingly instructed ’mid their fear—
 That persecution, blind with rage extreme,
 May not the less, through Heaven’s mild countenance,
 Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer;
 For all things are less dreadful than they seem.’

Ibid., p. 329.

The last line expresses one of those truths which present themselves with peculiar force to an imaginative mind, owing to its individual experience. For to such a mind the absent and the distant appear with a vividness of colouring which realities when present will generally be found to fall short of; and when fear is the passion by which such a mind is seized, it will be apt to lose sight, in the liveliness of its prospective emotions, of the resources with which its imaginative and susceptible nature abounds, and which might enable it to deal victoriously with the actual presence of the thing feared, or even with the nearer approach of danger. For fear itself is not more the characteristic of a highly imaginative mind than faith; and the love which casteth out fear will grow in power, and all the antagonist emotions will be awakened, as the thing apprehended becomes less matter of imagination and more matter of distinct perception and knowledge.

knowledge. Poets, therefore, have perpetual occasion to remind themselves that

‘...all things are less dreadful than they seem,’

and thereby to apply the consolations of the imaginative reason as a corrective to the excesses of imaginative passion. ‘Present fears,’ says Shakspeare,

‘...are less than horrible imaginings.’*

And Milton may have been thinking less of the Devil than of what he had himself experienced, when he gave expression, in the person of Satan, to a similar sentiment :—

‘ If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can ;
I would be at the worst ; worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose,
The end I would attain, my final good.’†

To our minds the most interesting portion of this series is that which relates to the offices of the Church. We select the two Sonnets upon Confirmation :—

‘ The young ones gathered in from hill and dale,
With holiday delight on every brow.
’Tis passed away : far other thoughts prevail ;
For they are taking the baptismal vow
Upon their conscious selves ; their own lips speak
The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail,
And many a blooming, many a lovely cheek,
Under the holy fear of God, turns pale ;
While on each head His lawn-robed servant lays
An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
The covenant. The Omnipotent will raise
Their feeble souls ; and bear with *his* regrets,
Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels
That ere the sun goes down their childhood sets.

‘ I saw a mother’s eye intensely bent
Upon a maiden trembling as she knelt ;
In and for whom the pious mother felt
Things that we judge of by a light too faint.
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned muse or saint !
Tell what rushed in, from what she was relieved—
Then, when her child the hallowing touch received,
And such vibration through the mother went
That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams appear ?
Opened a vision of that blissful place
Where dwells a sister-child ? And was power given
Part of her lost one’s glory back to trace

* *Macbeth*, Act i, Sc. iii.

† *Paradise Regained*, book iii. l. 209.

Even to this rite? For thus *she* knelt, and, ere
The summer leaf had faded, passed to heaven.'—pp. 422, 423.

We had purposed to quote the three Sonnets on Monastic Life at pp. 343, 4, and 5, and those on the Dissolution of the Monasteries at p. 379, and on the execution of Laud and Charles I. at p. 403; but our limits are closing in upon us, and not the least important part of our task is yet to be performed. There is a short series written two years ago, which we have been favoured with a permission to present to the public for the first time. It was suggested by the recent discussions in parliament and elsewhere on the subject of Punishment by Death.

It will be proper to remind our readers of the state to which this question has been brought by the proceedings of the last few years.

In the session of 1836 an able and elaborate report by the Commissioners on Criminal Law, of which the second part was on this subject, was laid before Parliament.* In the ensuing session this was followed by papers presented to Parliament by her Majesty's command, and consisting of a correspondence between the Commissioners, Lord John Russell, and Lord Denman. Upon the foundation afforded by these documents, the bills (7th Gul. IV. and 1st Vict. cap. 84 to 89 and 91) of the 17th July, 1837, were brought in and passed. These Acts removed the punishment of death from about 200 offences, and left it applicable to high treason—murder and attempts at murder—rape—arson with danger to life—and to piracies, burglaries, and robberies, when aggravated by cruelty and violence.

The great majority of the offences which were exempted from capital punishment by these Acts had not been visited with it in practice for many years, and there could be no doubt that the dead letter of the law which remained could do nothing but harm. There were some others which had been visited with capital punishment occasionally, though rarely, and with regard to these the great and prevailing argument was, that the feeling of the public was against capital punishment in such cases, and that the law by awarding it did in effect promote the total impunity of the offences by deterring prosecutions, and by inducing witnesses, juries, and sometimes judges, to violate their duty and conspire in producing a false verdict of acquittal,—insomuch that in these cases practised offenders would prefer to be tried on a capital charge as a sure means of getting off.

These arguments were founded upon a large body of statistical and other evidence taken by the Commissioners, and we are of opinion that the bills of 1837 were proper to be enacted as an

* Papers of 1836, 343.

experiment. The experience of their operation in 1839 and 1840 has been supposed to be in their favour, though we cannot make out by what treatment of the criminal statistics of those years that result is obtained. The valuable tables constructed by Mr. Redgrave of the Home Office, and annually presented to Parliament, show a considerable increase of the offences from which death has been removed,—an increase of no less than 38 per cent. Mr. Redgrave, indeed, states that offences generally have increased 25 per cent., and seems to infer that 25 of the 38 per cent. is therefore chargeable to general causes. So far as direct causation is concerned the inference is just. But it may be a question whether the general sense of restraint be not affected by important relaxations of the law as regards particular crimes, and whether some portion of the 25 per cent., as well as the greater part of the 38 per cent., be not chargeable on the Acts of 1837. The whole question of the operation of these Acts is a matter for watchful attention during the next two or three years, though, we will admit, not a matter for immediate conclusions. The experience and evidence which preceded the enactment of the bills of 1837 were so strong against the law as it then stood, that it would require a longer experience and still stronger evidence than any which can be now adduced, to bring us to the conviction that the operation of these Acts is not beneficial, even though removing the punishment of death from some great crimes.

But there were some gentlemen in the House of Commons who thought that the punishment should be removed from greater crimes still, and they appealed to the bills of 1837, the motives which had dictated them, and the supposed benefits which had flowed from them, in favour of going further,—as if the whole question in such matters were not—where to stop? This was indeed no question with Mr. Fitzroy Kelly, who, in common with Mr. Ewart and some others, openly avowed that he had conscientious objections to the infliction of death at all. The truth, as it appears to us, is, that the more the success up to a certain point in a career of this kind, the greater is the danger of a popular assembly being hurried into errors and extremes. But, as we have said, we find no proof of any particular success hitherto. There is a remarkable return moved for by Mr. Ewart (No. 48, dated 28th Sept., 1841), which shows that a considerable reduction in the number of executions for murder may take place, and be attended with a decrease in the number of commitments for murder. We have sought in vain for any link in reason to connect these two concomitant phenomena as cause and effect; but, even if they were to be so connected, they would be an argument, not for altering the law, but for relaxing its execution.

However,

However, Mr. Kelly, though aiming at the abolition of punishment by death, brought in a bill upon the instalment principle, taking it away from all offences except treason and murder; which bill obtained no inconsiderable support in the House, and at one time even a majority, but was ultimately defeated by Sir Robert Peel. The only measure which took effect was a bill (brought in by the government with a view to avert the enactment of Mr. Kelly's) by which, besides the correction of some oversights in the Acts of 1837, the crime of rape was taken out of the list of those which had continued to be punishable with death.

Thus the broad question which is left for the country to look at, in respect to the punishment by death, is in effect its *abolition*. It is to this question that Mr. Wordsworth's Sonnets refer; and the general drift of the sentiments which they express is that there is a deeper charity and a more enlarged view of religious obligations than that which would dictate such a measure in this country in the present state of society. Our belief is that the great body of opinion in the country on this subject is sound, and that the argument of inefficacy from unpopularity, which was justly employed to effect the mitigation of the penal code in 1837, would be altogether unfounded as an argument for the removal of capital punishments from the crimes of violence and blood, to which alone it is awarded by the law as it now stands. But even if this plea of unpopularity were to be regarded as still extant, it is beside the purpose of one who, like Mr. Wordsworth, addresses himself to the public mind, and aims at the amendment of that very state of public sentiment which is the ground of the argument, and who regards legislative concessions to such a state of sentiment as affording an apparent sanction and an actual accession of strength to those errors, whether generally or (as we believe) only partially prevalent, which he desires to correct.

This part of the controversy it was not within the scope of Mr. Wordsworth's purposes to deal with, and there are of course other parts which are insusceptible of poetical treatment. But the main subject, being a subject for deep feelings, large views, and high argumentation, is essentially a subject for poetry, and especially so in the hands of one who has been accustomed, during a life which has now reached to threescore years and ten, to consider the sentiments and judgments which he utters in poetry with as deep a solicitude as to their justness as if they were delivered from the bench or the pulpit.

The first of the series is suggested by a view of Lancaster Castle, seen from an eminence called 'Weeping Hill,' being the spot from which criminals on their way to the Castle first have it in sight:—

'This

'This spot—at once unfolding sight so fair
 Of sea and land, with yon grey towers that still
 Rise up as if to lord it over air—
 Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,
 Or charm it out of memory; yea, might fill
 The heart with joy and gratitude to God
 For all his bounties upon man bestowed:
 Why bears it then the name of "Weeping Hill?"
 Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian towers,
 A prison's crown, along this way they pass'd
 For lingering durance or quick death with shame,
 From this bare eminence thereon have cast
 Their first look—blinded, as tears fell in showers
 Shed on their chains; and hence that doleful name.'

This sonnet prepares the reader to sympathise with the sufferings of the culprits: the next cautions him as to the limits within which his sympathies are to be restrained:—

'Tenderly do we feel by Nature's law
 For worst offenders: tho' the heart will heave
 With indignation, deeply moved we grieve
 In after-thought for him who stood in awe
 Neither of God nor Man, and only saw,
 Lost wretch! a horrible device enthroned
 On proud temptations, till the victim groaned
 Under the steel his hand had dared to draw.
 But oh! restrain compassion, if its course,
 As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside
 Judgments and aims and acts whose higher source
 Is sympathy with the unforewarned that died
 Blameless—with them who shuddered o'er *his* grave—
 And all who from the Law firm safety crave.'

In the third and fourth sonnets the reader is prepared to regard as low and effeminate the views which would estimate life and death as the most important of all sublunary considerations.

'The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die
 Who had betrayed their country. The stern Word
 Afforded (may it thro' all time afford!)
 A theme for praise and admiration high.
 Upon the surface of humanity
 He rested not, its depths his mind explored;
 He felt; but his parental bosom's Lord
 Was Duty,—Duty calmed his agony.
 And some, we know, when they by wilful act
 A single human life have wrongly taken,
 Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact,
 And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken
 Kneel at the feet of Justice, and for faith
 Broken with all mankind solicit Death.'

'Is *Death*, when evil against good has fought
 With such fell mastery that a Man could dare
 By deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare,—
 Is *Death*, for One to that condition brought,
 For him or any One, the thing that ought
 To be *most* dreaded? Lawgivers! beware
 Lest capital pains remitting till ye spare
 The Murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought
 Seemingly given, debase the general mind;
 Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown;
 Nor only palpable restraints unbind,
 But upon Honour's head disturb the crown,
 Whose absolute rule permits not to withstand
 In the weak love of life his least command.'

In the fifth, the poet rejects the notion that the State has no *right* to exact the forfeiture of life, and repudiates a repeal of capital punishment on any such ground, as being not only of evil consequence in its effect upon crime, but as striking at all the public benefits which flow from a reverence on the part of the People for the authority of the State. This view is adduced, of course, not as in itself an argument in favour of punishment by death, but as bearing against that particular argument for its abolition which alleges a defect of authority on the part of the State:—

'Not to the object specially designed,
 Howe'er momentous in itself it be,
 Good to promote or curb depravity,
 Is the wise Legislator's view confined.
 His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most kind:
 As all authority in earth depends
 On Love and Fear, their several powers he blends,
 Copying with awe the one Paternal Mind.
 Uncaught by processes in show humane,
 He feels how far the act would derogate
 From even the humblest functions of the State,
 If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain
 That never more shall hang upon her breath
 The last alternative of Life or Death.'

The sixth sonnet adverts to the effects of the law in preventing the crime of murder, not merely by fear, but by horror; not only by exciting a practical apprehension of the doom of death, but by investing the crime itself with the colouring of dark and terrible imaginations:—

'Ye brood of conscience, Spectres! that frequent
 The bad Man's restless walk and haunt his bed,
 Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent
 In act as hovering Angels when they spread
 Their wings to guard the unconscious Innocent,

Slow be the statutes of the land to share
 A laxity that could not but impair
 Your power to punish crime, and so prevent.
 And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like about
 The adage on all tongues, *Murder will out*,
 How shall your ancient warnings work for good
 In the full might they hitherto have shown,
 If for deliberate Shedder of Man's blood
 Survive not Judgment that requires his own?'

With the seventh sonnet Mr. Wordsworth commences the consideration of the subject in reference to religious views. That has always appeared to us to be far from a religious view, though commonly advanced under the name of religion, which objects to what is called 'cutting a man off in his sins,' on the ground that it is taking into the hands of man issues which ought to be left in the hands of God, and which it belongs to God alone to dispose; as if man and man's hands, and all the issues that come out of man's hands, were not equally in the disposal of God's providence, and as if man were not ordained by that providence to be the minister of God's justice upon earth. The only really religious view of the subject in our minds, is that which recognises the responsibilities of man in respect of all the agencies and issues which human judgment can reach, and teaches that man must, as he would answer before God, do all that in him lies to prevent crime, and exercise the best of his human judgment to discover wherein that all consists, being assured that, in doing his best to prevent crime upon earth, he is doing the part which belongs to him in regard to issues beyond the grave. It is manifest that the sudden death of sinners enters into the dispensations of Providence; and whenever it appears to be good for mankind, according to the arrangements of Providence, that such death should be inflicted by human ministration, it is as false a humility, as it is a false humanity and a false piety, for man to refuse to be the instrument.

But when this argument is extended to the abolition of the punishment by death even for Murder, it appears to us to be still more imperfect. Those by whom it is used consider it as overriding all other questions, and the inquiry whether the punishment is or is not efficacious for the prevention of the crime, is one which they will not entertain, because that, they say, is a question of mere human expediency, whereas the other is a point of religious obligation. Yet they admit that the religious obligation turns upon a sinner being cut off in his sins. Now, assuming that we are all sinners, and assuming also the efficiency of the punishment for prevention—say to the extent of preventing one half of the murders which would be committed without it—it follows

lows that the State, by sparing to cut off A who murdered B, would be the occasion of C murdering D, and E murdering F;—that is, of two persons being cut off in their sins by the hand of the murderer, instead of one by the hand of the executioner. This is an issue which human judgment can distinctly reach and take account of, and in respect of which, therefore, God has devolved upon man a responsible agency.

The religious view of the subject is thus introduced :—

‘ Before the world had pass’d her time of youth,
While polity and discipline were weak,
The precept, *Eye for eye and tooth for tooth*,
Came forth—a light, tho’ but as of day-break,
Strong as could then be borne. A Master meek
Proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule,
Patience *his* law, long-suffering *his* school,
And Love the end, which all thro’ peace must seek.
But lamentably do they err who strain
His mandates, given rash impulse to control
And keep vindictive thirstings from the soul,
So far that, if consistent in their scheme,
They must forbid the State to inflict a pain,
Making of social order a mere dream.’

In the eighth sonnet Mr. Wordsworth disavows the doctrine—sometimes fallaciously employed on his own side of the question—which would strive to measure out the punishments awarded by the law in proportion to the degrees of moral turpitude. Legislative enactments can be but rough and general, either in their admeasurements or in their definitions, and the jurisdiction which they create must be limited to subject-matter for which it is in their power to provide means of adequate inquiry and adjudication—that is, for crime, as distinguished both from guilt and from sin. This limitation is admitted by Mr. Wordsworth; but at the same time he does not allow that prevention of crime is the sole end of punishment. On the contrary, he considers the State as representing, guiding, and supporting the moral sense of the community, and only abstaining from giving effect to that sense by penal law, in so far as it may labour under an incapacity for doing so :—

‘ Fit retribution by the moral code
Determined, lies beyond the State’s embrace ;
Yet, as she may for each peculiar case,
She plants well-measured terrors in the road
Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and broad,
And the main fear once doomed to banishment,
Far oftener then, bad ushering worse event,
Blood would be spilt, that in his dark abode
Crime might lie better hid. And should the change

Take

Take from the horror due to a foul deed,
Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,
And Guilt escaping, Passion then might plead
In angry spirits for her old free range,
And the "wild justice of Revenge" prevail.'

' Though to give timely warning and deter
Is one great aim of penalty, extend
Thy mental vision farther, and ascend
Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err.
What is a State? The wise behold in her
A creature born of Time, that keeps one eye
Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,
To which her judgments reverently defer :
Speaking through Law's dispassionate voice, the State
Indues her conscience with external life
And being—to preclude or quell the strife
Of individual will, to elevate
The grovelling mind, the erring to recall,
And fortify the moral sense of all.'

In the tenth, the religious view is resumed :—

' Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine
Of an immortal spirit, is a gift
So sacred, so informed with light divine,
That no tribunal, though most wise to sift
Deed and intent, should turn the being adrift
Into that world where penitential tear
May not avail, nor prayer have for God's ear
A voice—that world whose veil no hand can lift
For earthly sight. "Eternity and time,"
They urge, "have interwoven claims and rights,
Not to be jeopardized through foulest crime :
The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born lights."
Even so ; but measuring not by finite sense
Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.'

In the eleventh and twelfth the alternatives of secondary punishment are adverted to—solitary imprisonment and transportation. One-half of the question respecting punishment by death turns, no doubt, upon a comparison of it with other punishments ; but these must be punishments of which we have experience in this country, or in some country in a similar social state. For as to American experience, which was often referred to a few years ago, we believe it is now acknowledged to be inapplicable ; and as to mere visions of a preventive and reformatory efficacy in untried methods of punishing crime, they may lead to inventions or experiments, and the result may *possibly* be the discovery of a preferable substitute for punishment by death : but, until the disco-
very

very shall have been made, and shall have been tried and proved by an adequate experience, to say that methods *ought to be discovered* which no man has yet succeeded in discovering, is no argument for the precedent abolition of the method which exists: yet this was the whole drift of the argumentation of Mr. Kelly and his friends on this part of the subject.

With regard to imprisonment, the "Silent System" may be considered as justly renounced by all competent authorities on the subject.* Nature is too strong for it, and the attempt to permit society, yet forbid communication, results in perpetual endeavours at evasion on the part of the prisoners, by which their minds are kept in a fraudulent state, and which can be met only by such incessant severities on the part of the prison officers as must keep *their minds* in a state almost equally to be avoided. The "Separation System" will be tried more fully than it has yet been, by the model prison now in course of construction. It will produce, we conceive, as many different results as there are differences in men. Our impression is, that in the majority of cases violent passions will be tamed by it, some vicious propensities subdued, and the mind reduced to a weak, blank, and negative condition. But this, though good as far it goes, is in truth merely a work of destruction; the work of reformation is yet to be begun; and towards this, though books, tracts, and chaplains may do much for the moment (and we are far from undervaluing even a transitory moral impression), yet the dispositions of the mind which are thus nurtured must not be accounted for virtues. It is only by the *exercise* of virtue that virtue can be cultivated; and virtue can have no exercise in solitude—in the absence of all social relations, of all transactions, of all temptations, and even of the power and opportunity of doing evil. 'That which purifies us is trial,' says Milton,* 'and trial is by what is contrary.' This is yet to come when the solitary imprisonment ends; and when that term arrives, the prisoner is sent forth into a world of which the wicked portion only will receive him, in the infancy of his virtue—a moral weakling.

With regard to the alternative of transportation, the Archbishop of Dublin's pamphlet, in 1832, seems to have been fatal to the system as it was then conducted, and at the same time to have raised the most serious doubts whether it could ever be conducted in a manner to give it preventive efficacy. Lord John Russell appears by his instructions to the Commissioners on Criminal Law to have been persuaded that these doubts might be set aside; but even admitting that it may be or has been made a formidable punishment, there remain objections of great force derived from

* See the Reports of the Home Inspectors of Prisons for 1837-8.

† *Arsopagitica*.

the consequences brought upon the countries to which convicts are transported.

Independently, however, of these considerations, and on the ground of a moral preference in respect of the criminal, Mr. Wordsworth would inflict death rather than transportation or imprisonment for life :—

‘ Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide
 Locked in a dungeon, needs must eat the heart
 Out of his own humanity, and part
 With every hope that mutual cares provide ;
 And should a less unnatural doom confide
 In life-long exile on a savage coast,
 Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
 Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride.
 Hence thoughtful mercy, mercy sage and pure,
 Sanctions the forfeiture that law demands,
 Leaving the final issue in His hands
 Whose goodness knows no change, whose love is sure,
 Who sees, foresees ; who cannot judge amiss ;
 And wafers at will the contrite soul to bliss.’

‘ See the Condemned alone within his cell,
 And prostrate at some moment when remorse
 Stings to the quick, and with resistless force
 Assaults the pride she strove in vain to quell.
 Then mark him, him who could so long rebel,
 The crime confessed, a kneeling penitent
 Before the altar, where the sacrament
 Softens his heart, till from his eyes outwell
 Tears of salvation. Welcome, death ! while Heaven
 Does in this change exceedingly rejoice ;
 While yet the solemn heed the State hath given
 Helps him to meet the last tribunal’s voice
 In faith, which fresh offences, were he cast
 On old temptations, might for ever blast.’

In the thirteenth sonnet Mr. Wordsworth anticipates that a time may come when the punishment of death will be needed no longer ; but he wishes that the disuse of it should grow out of the absence of the need, not be imposed by legislation. We have stated already what is our own belief, and the tenour of the evidence taken in 1836, as to the state of feeling in the country. But if we are in error, or if a change shall take place, and public sentiment shall bear strongly against punishment by death, there will be an amply sufficient, if not an undue, leaning on the part of Judges and Secretaries of State towards a conformity with it, and Juries will in general have a sufficient reliance upon that leaning to encourage them to convict where they ought. And, on the other hand, if the consequence of a premature legislative abolition should

should be to multiply crimes to a fearful extent and place life in unusual jeopardy, public opinion might be thrown violently to the other side—the legislation of a weak and short-sighted benevolence might be reversed in the natural course of things by the legislation of passion, or at least by a severe legislation passionately administered—and then our last state would be worse than the first.

‘ Yes, though he well may tremble at the sound
Of his own voice, who from the judgment-seat
Sends the pale convict to his last retreat
In death ; though listeners shudder all around,
They know the dread requital’s source profound ;
Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete—
Would that it were !—the sacrifice unmeet
For Christian faith. But hopeful signs abound :
The social rights of man breathe purer air ;
Religion deepens her preventive care :
Then, moved by needless fear of past abuse,
Strike not from law’s firm hand that awful rod,
But leave it thence to drop for lack of use.
O speed the blessed hour, Almighty God !’

This sonnet is entitled ‘ Conclusion,’ though it is followed by another, entitled ‘ Apology,’ with the transcription of which we terminate the grave and responsible but welcome task, of bringing before the public opinions of such high authority upon such a momentous theme :—

‘ The formal world relaxes her cold chain
For one who speaks in numbers ; ampler scope
His utterance finds ; and conscious of the gain,
Imagination works with bolder hope,
The cause of grateful Reason to sustain ;
And, serving Truth, his heart more strongly beats
Against all barriers which his labour meets
In lofty place, or humble life’s domain.
Enough ;—before us lay a painful road,
And guidance have I sought in duteous love
From Wisdom’s heavenly Father ; hence hath flowed
Patience, with trust that, whatsoe’er the way
Each takes in this high matter, all may move
Cheered with the prospect of a brighter day.’

We are now about to conclude our remarks on Mr. Wordsworth’s Sonnets. It has been our chief object and endeavour, as we have already said, to justify the now nearly universal fame of Mr. Wordsworth’s poetry, in the eyes of a few dissentients, whose intellectual rank and position make it both natural and important that they should go along with the world when the world happens to

go right. To such men the opinion of the world on poetical matters is not of high authority; nor is it so, as we imagine, to Mr. Wordsworth himself. But there is a distinction to be taken between the world's opinion when it is obtained by captivation, and the same opinion when it has formed itself by slow and difficult growth, and the gradual conquest of prejudice. Lord Bacon says the maxim of Phocion as to moral matters may be well transferred to intellectual—that, if the multitude shall assent and applaud, a man should forthwith examine himself to find wherein he has erred;* but this is to be understood of assent and applause by acclamation, not of the diligent and cultivated approval which grows upon the popular mind, in the first instance from deference to the authority of competent judges, and afterwards from the genuine and heartfelt adoption of that judgment when the better part of the popular mind has been brought to the serious study of what is good. Upon that approval, coming sooner or later, but seldom very soon, the fame of Lord Bacon himself, and of Phocion, and of every other great man rests. In the case of some of the greatest English poets of former times, fame, in the loftiest sense at least of that word, was postponed till it was posthumous. In the case of Mr. Wordsworth it would have been so, had his life not been a longer one than theirs; for it is only within the last few years that the latent love of his poetry, which was cherished here and there in secret places amongst the wise and good, has caught and spread into a general admiration. Had Mr. Wordsworth died, like Shakspeare, at fifty-three years of age, he would have died in confident anticipation, no doubt, of a lasting fame, but without any witness of it in this world. Had he died, like Milton, at sixty-six years of age, he would have seen more than the beginnings of it certainly, but he would not have seen it in all the fulness to which it has now attained. But if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would not see the time come when there were no able and learned men indisposed or disqualified, by some unlucky peculiarity, for the appreciation of his poetry: for the human intellect, even when eminently gifted, seems in peculiar cases to be subject to some strange sort of cramp, or stricture, and whilst in the full vigour of its general powers, to be stricken with particular incapacities, which, to those who are not affected by them, are as incomprehensible as the incapacity (which sometimes occurs) of the visual sense to distinguish between red and green. We have known men of acknowledged abilities to whom Milton was a dead letter, or, rather, let us say, in the case of

* 'Optimè traducitur illud Phocionis à moribus ad intellectualia; ut statim se examinare debeant homines, quid erraverint aut peccaverint, si multitudo consentiat et complaudat.'—*Novum Organum*, i. 77.

whom

whom the living letter of Milton fell upon a dead mind ; and one like instance we have known in which Dryden was preferred to Shakspeare. It is often, we are aware, in vain to minister to a mind in this state ; but all such are not incurable, and we have been desirous to do what might be in our power to reduce the number of cases.

And there is one caution which we should wish more especially to convey to those who have yet to learn, and who are sincerely desirous to learn, to appreciate Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, and which throughout our remarks it has been our purpose to impress ; namely, that it is to be read *studiously*. Mr. Wordsworth never intended so to write that those who ran might read. To detain for a brief moment these runaway readers is the proper aim of those who are snatching at a transient popularity ; and this writing for a cursory perusal has been the bane of literature in our times and the ruin of art. But neither to this aim nor to this way of writing has Mr. Wordsworth ever lent himself. In his earlier efforts we find him wishing to write that which

‘The high and tender Muses shall accept
With gracious smile, *deliberately* pleased ;’

and in his valedictory effusion at the end of this volume, in which he speaks of having drawn together and classified the Sonnets, like flowerets—

‘Each kind in several beds of one parterre,—’

he says he has thus disposed them in order that

— ‘so placed his nurselings may requite
Studious regard with opportune delight.’

Those who read the Sonnets in this studious spirit will not often find that they are detained by the style longer than they would themselves wish to be for the sake of dwelling upon the thoughts. Occasional obscurity there may be ; the sonnet is a form of poetry in which style is put under high pressure, and it is no part of our purpose to represent Mr. Wordsworth as an impeccable poet : but a poet who writes for posterity, though he will bestow infinite labour upon perspicuity, will not sacrifice to it the depth and comprehensiveness which, whilst it is indispensable to the truthfulness of his conceptions, may be often irreconcilable with absolute distinctness of expression. Those writers who never go further into a subject than is compatible with making what they say indisputably clear to man, woman, and child, may be the lights of this age, but they will not be the lights of another.

ART. II.—*Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan.* By John L. Stephens. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 898. London. 1841.

IN his former publication, '*Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia, &c.*,' Mr. Stephens described himself as a *young American*; and there were throughout the book many indications that he was new to the world: there was, also, that want of taste and steadiness of purpose which accompanies youth; trivial matters were sometimes made too important; there was much uncalled-for expenditure of pathos, and many gay and humorous passages broke down, not from defect of intrinsic merit, but for want of a practised hand to do them justice. Four added years have done great things for the author. The present volumes have all the lively spirit and gay healthy-minded tone of the former ones, with hardly a shade of their faults. There is more steadiness and reality in the tone of the narrative, and the style is more chastened.*

He tells us in his preface that he is indebted to President Van Buren for the opportunity of presenting these volumes to the public;† and that the appointment which he received procured him the protection without which he could not have accomplished the objects of his journey. What was the specific purpose of his '*special confidential mission*' to the government of Central America, he leaves in diplomatic obscurity; but he tells us that it '*did not require a residence at the capital, and that the object of his mission being fulfilled or failing, he was at liberty to travel.*'

Accompanied by Mr. Catherwood, an able draftsman and an experienced antiquarian traveller, he embarked at New York for Balize, on the 3rd of October, 1839; and he contrives before he has fairly left that town to put us in good humour with himself and his volumes. This kindly feeling grows stronger as we proceed; and long before we close the book we look upon its author not only as a very agreeable traveller, but as a familiar friend.

The description of Balize is vividly given; and the quiet easy humour with which he expatiates on his own official dignity shows a light and skilful hand:—

* Mr. Stephens's language is correct, clear, and concise, and singularly free from American peculiarities: but we regret to find that the hideous vulgarism of '*left*,' used as a neuter verb, has floated over from Wapping to New York; and that he very often uses the verb to *realize*, where Addison or Goldsmith would say *think*, *conceive*, or *understand*; a neologism, probably of puritanical origin, for which Webster's Dictionary produces no authority but that of the American divine, Dr. Dwight.

† The public have received this present very graciously. The American sale of the book reached the number of 12,000 copies within four months from the publication.

'While

'While longing for the comfort of a good hotel, we received, through Mr. Goff, the consul of the United States, an invitation from his excellency Colonel M'Donald to the government-house, and information that he would send to the brig for our luggage. As this was the first appointment I had ever held from government, and I was not sure of ever holding another, I determined to make the most of it, and accepted at once his excellency's invitation. There was a steam-boat for Yzabal, the port of Guatemala, lying at Balize, and on my way to the government-house I called upon the agent, who told me that she was to go up the next day; but added, with great courtesy, that, if I wished it, he would detain her a few days for my convenience. Used to submitting to the despotic regulations of steam-boat agents at home, this seemed a higher honour than the invitation of his excellency; but not wishing to push my fortune too far, I asked a delay of one day only.

'The government-house stands at the extreme end of the town, with a lawn extending to the water, and ornamented with cocoa-nut trees. Colonel M'Donald, a veteran six feet high, and one of the most military-looking men I ever saw, received me at the gate. In an hour the dory arrived with our luggage, and at five o'clock we sat down to dinner. . . . The next morning we made an excursion in the government pit-pan. This is the same fashion of boat in which the Indians navigated the rivers of America before the Spaniards discovered it. European ingenuity has not contrived a better, though it has, perhaps, beautified the Indian model. Ours was about forty feet long, and six wide in the centre, running to a point at both ends, and made of the trunk of a mahogany tree. Ten feet from the stern, and running forward, was a light wooden top, supported by fanciful stanchions, with curtains for protection against sun and rain: it had large cushioned seats, and was fitted up almost as neatly as the gondolas of Venice. It was manned by eight negro soldiers, who sat two on a seat, with paddles six feet long, and two stood up behind with paddles as steersmen. A few touches of the paddles gave brisk way to the pit-pan, and we passed rapidly the whole length of the town. It was an unusual thing for his excellency's pit-pan to be upon the water: citizens stopped to gaze at us, and all the idle negroes hurried to the bridge to cheer us. This excited our Africans, who with a wild chant that reminded us of the songs of the Nubian boatmen on the Nile, swept under the bridge, and hurried us into the still expanse of a majestic river. Before the cheering of the negroes died away we were in as perfect a solitude as if removed thousands of miles from human habitations. The Balize river, coming from sources even yet but little known to civilised man, was then in its fulness. On each side was a dense, unbroken forest; the banks were overflowed; the trees seemed to grow out of the water, their branches spreading across so as almost to shut out the light of the sun, and reflected in the water as in a mirror. The sources of the river were occupied by the aboriginal owners, wild and free as Cortez found them. We had an eager desire to penetrate by it to the famous lake of Peten, where the skeleton of the conquering Spaniard's horse was erected into a god by the astonished Indians; but the toil of our boatmen reminded us that they were paddling against a rapid current. We turned the pit-pan, and with the full power of the stream,

stream, a pull stronger, and a chant louder than before, amid the increased cheering of the negroes, swept under the bridge, and in a few minutes were landed at the government-house.

'In order that we might embark at the hour appointed, Colonel M'Donald had ordered dinner at two o'clock. Perhaps I am wrong, but I should do violence to my feelings did I fail to express here my sense of the Colonel's kindness. Before rising, he, like a loyal subject, proposed the health of the queen; after which he ordered the glasses to be filled to the brim, and, standing up, he gave "The health of Mr. Van Buren, President of the United States," accompanying it with a warm and generous sentiment, and the earnest hope of strong and perpetual friendship between England and America. I felt at the moment, "Cursed be the hand that attempts to break it;" and albeit unused to taking the President and the people upon my shoulders, I answered as well as I could. The government dory lay at the foot of the lawn. Colonel M'Donald put his arm through mine, and told me that I was going into a distracted country; that Mr. Savage, the American consul at Guatemala, had, on a previous occasion, protected the property and lives of British subjects; and, if danger threatened me, I must assemble the Europeans, hang out my flag, and send word to him. I knew that these were not mere words of courtesy, and in the state of the country to which I was going felt the value of such a friend at hand. With the warmest feelings of gratitude I bade him farewell, and stepped into the dory. At the moment flags were run up at the government staff, the fort, the court-house, and the government schooner, and a gun was fired from the fort. As I crossed the bay, a salute of thirteen guns was fired; passing the fort the soldiers presented arms, the government schooner lowered and raised her ensign, and when I mounted the deck of the steam-boat, the captain, with hat in hand, told me that he had instructions to place her under my orders, and to stop wherever I pleased. The reader will perhaps ask how I bore all these honours. I had visited many cities, but it was the first time that flags and cannon announced to the world that I was going away. I was a novice, but I endeavoured to behave as if I had been brought up to it; and to tell the truth, my heart beat, and I felt proud: for these were honours paid to my country, and not to me. To crown the glory of the parting scene, my good friend Captain Hampton had charged his two four-pounders, and when the steam-boat got under way he fired one, but the other would not go off. The captain of the steam-boat, a small, weather-beaten, dried-up old Spaniard, with courtesy enough for a don of old, had on board one puny gun, with which he would have returned all their civilities; but alas! he had no powder. . . . At ten o'clock the captain came to me for orders. I have had my aspirations, but never expected to be able to dictate to the captain of a steam-boat. Nevertheless, again as coolly as if I had been brought up to it, I designated the places I wished to visit, and retired. Verily, thought I, if these are the fruits of official appointments, it is not strange that men are found willing to accept them.'—vol. i. pp. 20-24.

On the second day the travellers reach the Rio Dolce, which is thus sweetly described:—

'A narrow

'A narrow opening in a rampart of mountains wooed us on, and in a few moments we entered the Rio Dolce. On each side, rising perpendicularly from 300 to 400 feet, was a wall of living green. Trees grew from the water's edge, with dense, unbroken foliage to the top; not a spot of barrenness was to be seen; and on both sides, from the tops of the highest trees, long tendrils descended to the water, as if to drink and carry life to the trunks that bore them. It was, as its name imports, a Rio Dolce, a fairy scene of Titan land, combining exquisite beauty with colossal grandeur. As we advanced the passage turned, and in a few minutes we lost sight of the sea, and were enclosed on all sides by a forest wall; but the river, although showing us no passage, still invited us onward. Could this be the portal to a land of volcanoes and earthquakes, torn and distracted by civil war? For some time we looked in vain for a single barren spot; at length we saw a naked wall of perpendicular rock, but out of the crevices, and apparently out of the rock itself, grew shrubs and trees. Sometimes we were so enclosed that it seemed as if the boat must drive in among the trees. Occasionally, in an angle of the turns, the wall sank, and the sun struck in with scorching force, but in a moment we were again in the deepest shade. . . . All was as quiet as if man had never been there before. The pelican, the stillest of birds, was the only living thing we saw, and the only sound was the panting of our steam-engine. The wild defile that leads to the excavated city of Petra is not more noiseless or more extraordinary, but strangely contrasted in its sterile desolation, while here all is luxuriant, romantic, and beautiful. For nine miles the passage continued thus one scene of unvarying beauty, when suddenly the narrow river expanded into a large lake, encompassed by mountains and studded with islands, which the setting sun illuminated with gorgeous splendour. We remained on deck till a late hour, and awoke the next morning in the harbour of Yzabal!'—vol. i. pp. 33, 34.

The journey from Yzabal to Zacapa, on the route to Guatemala across the Mico Mountains, was laborious. After passing a few straggling huts, and crossing a marshy plain sprinkled with small trees, they entered a dense, unbroken forest, the track full of deep puddles and mud-holes, the roots of the trees rising two or three feet above the ground and crossing the path in every direction, those of the mahogany-trees in particular, high at the trunk, and with sharp edges traversing rocks and the roots of other trees. The ascent began precipitously by a narrow gully, worn by the feet of mules and the washing of torrents. It was so deep and narrow that the sides were above the heads of the travellers, and they could barely pass in single file. If any one of the mules stopped, all behind were blocked up, and unable even to turn. It was the end of the rainy season, and the mountain in the worst state in which it was possible to cross it, for at times it is impossible altogether. When near the top they met a solitary traveller. He was a tall, dark-complexioned man, with a broad-brimmed Panama hat

hat rolled up at the sides, a striped woollen jacket with fringe at the bottom, plaid pantaloons, leather spatterdashes, spurs, and sword, and was encrusted in mud from head to foot. He was mounted on a noble mule with a high-peaked saddle, and the butts of a pair of horseman's pistols peeped out of the holsters. To their surprise he accosted them in English: he had set out with muleteers and Indians, but had lost them in some of the windings of the woods, and was seeking his way alone. His mule had thrown him twice, and she was now so frightened that he could scarcely urge her along: he himself was dreadfully exhausted, and asked them for brandy, wine, or anything to revive him. Great was their astonishment when he told them that he had been two years in Guatemala 'negotiating' for a bank-charter, that he had got it, and was then on his way to England to sell the stock!

At Encuentros, on the banks of the Motagua river, which Mr. Stephens speaks of as 'one of the noblest in Central America, surrounded by giant mountains,' and rolling through them, broad and deep, with the force of a mighty torrent, they take up their abode for the night in the house of the great man of the place:—

'The don received us with great dignity in a single garment, loose, white, and very laconic, not quite reaching his knees. The dress of his wife was no less easy; somewhat in the style of the old-fashioned short gown and petticoat; only the short gown and whatever else is usually worn under it were wanting, and their place supplied by a string of beads, with a large cross at the end. A dozen men and half-grown boys, naked, except the small covering formed by rolling the trousers up and down, were lounging about the house; and women and girls in such extremes of undress, that a string of beads seemed quite a covering for modesty. The general reception-room contained three beds, made of strips of cowhide interlaced. The don occupied one: he had not much undressing to do, but what little he had he did by pulling off his shirt. Another bed was at the foot of my hammock. I was dozing, when I opened my eyes, and saw a girl about seventeen sitting sideway upon it, smoking a cigar. She had a piece of striped cotton cloth tied about her waist, and falling below her knees; the rest of her dress was the same which nature bestows alike upon the belle of fashionable life and the poorest girl: in other words, it was the same as that of the don's wife, with the exception of the string of beads. At first I thought it was something I had conjured up in a dream; and as I waked up perhaps I raised my head, for she gave a few quick puffs of her cigar, drew a cotton sheet over her head and shoulders, and lay down to sleep. . . . Several times during the night we were waked by the clicking of flint and steel, and saw one of our neighbours lighting a cigar. At daylight the wife of the don was enjoying her morning alumber. While I was dressing she bade me good morning, removed the cotton

cotton covering from her shoulders, and arose dressed for the day?—vol. i. pp. 56, 57.

Arrived at Zacapa, Mr. Stephens, in consequence of the reports which reached him of the disturbed state of Guatemala, determined to postpone his visit to that place, and in the mean time to direct his steps to the ruined city of Copan, one of the principal objects of interest with him. In this as in some other parts of the book we cannot forbear smiling at the easy way in which our young diplomatist rounds off the corners of his political functions to suit his antiquarian propensities. We have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Stephens was an able and zealous public servant, but we doubt whether Burleigh, or his royal mistress either, would have selected a professed antiquary for an embassy through a land of ruined cities; and certainly were we to send a youthful Monkbarns on a message across Salisbury Plain, we should not be surprised to find that he had given his horse a very comfortable bait at Stonehenge. We have so many proofs of Mr. Stephens's courage, that his dread of the disturbances at Guatemala at this particular moment, and his flying for security in the direction of his darling ruins, is amusing; and we cannot but suspect that had the danger been at Copan, and the safety at Guatemala, the zealous explorer would have found out some excellent reasons for braving it. Certain it is that the path which he selected was not without its dangers. At the close of their second day's journey from Zacapa, during which they had seen seven gigantic churches in ruins, 'the colossal grandeur and costliness of which were startling in a region of desolation,' they entered Comotan, which was the very picture of a deserted village: not a human being was to be seen; and the door of the cabildo was barricaded to prevent the entrance of straggling cattle. Having torn it open and taken possession, they sent their servant on a foraging expedition. In half an hour he returned with one egg: but he had roused the village; and the alcalde, an Indian with a silver-headed cane, and seven alguazils with long thin wands of office, came down to interrogate them. Mr. Stephens showed them his passport: they could not read it, but examined the seal, and left them, after having returned the answer—which afterwards became but too familiar—'no hay' (there is none)—to the demand for eggs, fowls, and milk.

The alcalde, however, sent them a jar of water; and they had concluded their supper of bread and chocolate, and were getting into their hammocks, when the door was suddenly burst open, and twenty-five or thirty men rushed in, the alcalde, alguazils, soldiers, Indians, and mestizoes, ragged and ferocious-looking fellows,

fellows, armed with staves of office, swords, clubs, muskets, and machetes, and carrying blazing pine-sticks. At their head was an insolent young man, one of Carrera's captains, who denied the validity of the passport, which neither he nor the *alcalde* could read; threatened their lives, and peremptorily insisted upon detaining them prisoners until orders could be received from Chiquimula. The high tone assumed by Mr. Stephens, and the cool courage with which he supported it, carried them through this danger, the full extent of which they were not aware of at the time, having no idea of the lawless state of the country, and the sanguinary character of the people. The officer required him to give up the passport: this he refused to do, but said he would go with it himself, under a guard of soldiers, to Chiquimula. The offer was refused, and in spite of a learned exposition of the law of nations, the rights of ambassadors, and the terrors of the government 'del Norte,' from Mr. Catherwood, things were on the point of coming to a bloody termination, for Mr. Stephens and his party were well armed and resolute, when fortunately a person of a better class entered the hut, and asked to see the passport. Mr. Stephens would not trust it out of his hands, but held it up before a blazing pine-stick, while the man read it aloud. This somewhat stilled the storm; but they were told that they must remain in custody. Mr. Stephens demanded a courier to carry a letter to General Cascara. After some hesitation this was granted. A note was written and signed by Mr. Catherwood, as secretary to the embassy; and having no official signet, he sealed it, unobserved by any one, with a new American half-dollar, and with diplomatic dignity handed it to the *alcalde*. 'The eagle spread its wings, and the stars glittered in the torch-light, and all gathered round to examine it.' At length they departed, leaving a dozen ill-looking ruffians as a guard over them.

The '*big seal*' appears to have settled the business; for in the middle of the night the whole of the ruffianly band again broke in upon them with the drunken *alcalde* at their head. The first impression of the travellers was that they had come to take the passport by force; but, to their surprise, the *alcalde* handed the letter back to Mr. Stephens, saying that there was no need to send it, and that they were at liberty to proceed on their journey. 'Our indignation,' says Mr. Stephens, 'was now not the less strong because we considered ourselves safe in pouring it out. We insisted that the matter should not end here, and that the letter should go to the general. The *alcalde* objected: we threatened him with the consequences; and at length he thrust it into the hands of an Indian, and beat him out of doors with his staff, and in a few minutes the guard was withdrawn.'

Exaggerated

Exaggerated accounts of the fracas soon spread through the country; and wherever Mr. Stephens went, this arrest and the indignity offered to the government of the United States were the theme of conversation.

The whole of the journey to Copan is full of interest and adventure, and so vividly told, that it is not without an effort that we forbear to extract it. We will resist, also, giving the lively details of the feud between the travellers and a certain Don Gregorio, the great man of the village, very rich, very tyrannical, and very churlish; and will at once introduce our readers to the ruins. There was only one man in the place who knew anything about the 'idols,' but he was absent in attendance on a grand cock-fight; and it was not until a late hour the next morning that they were enabled to visit them:—

'We dismounted, and tying our mules to trees near by, entered the woods, José, the guide, clearing a path before us with a machete. Soon we came to the bank of a river, and saw directly opposite a stone wall, perhaps a hundred feet high, with furze growing out of the top, running north and south along the river, in some places fallen, but in others entire. It had more the character of a structure than any we had ever seen, ascribed to the aborigines of America, and formed part of the wall of Copan, an ancient city, on whose history books throw but little light. . . .

'Dr. Robertson, in his *History of America*, lays it down as "a certain principle, that America was not peopled by any nation of the ancient continent which had made considerable progress in civilization." . . . At that time, distrust was perhaps the safer side for the historian; but since Dr. Robertson wrote, a new flood of light has poured upon the world, and the field of American antiquities has been opened. . . . The first new light thrown upon this subject as regards Mexico was by the great Humboldt, who visited that country at a time when, by the jealous policy of the government, it was almost as much closed against strangers as China is now. No man could have better deserved such fortune. At that time the monuments of the country were not a leading object of research; but Humboldt collected from various sources information and drawings, particularly of Mytla, or the Vale of the Dead; Xoxichalco, a mountain hewed down and terraced, and called "the Hill of Flowers;" and the great pyramid or temple of Cholula he visited himself. Unfortunately, of the great cities beyond the vale of Mexico, buried in forests, ruined, desolate, and without a name, Humboldt never heard, or, at least, he never visited them. It is but lately that accounts of their existence reached Europe and our own country. These accounts, however vague and unsatisfactory, had roused our curiosity; though I ought perhaps to say that both Mr. Catherwood and I were somewhat sceptical, and when we arrived at Copan, it was with the hope, rather than the expectation, of finding wonders. Since the discovery of these ruined cities the prevailing theory has been, that they belonged to a race long anterior to that which inhabited the country at the time of the Spanish conquest. Opposite the wall the river was not fordable:

fordable: we returned to our mules, mounted, and rode to another part of the bank, a short distance above. The stream was wide, and in some places deep, rapid, and with a broken and stony bottom. Forging it, we rode along the bank by a footpath encumbered with undergrowth, which José opened by cutting away the branches, until we came to the foot of the wall, where we again dismounted and tied our mules.

'The wall was of cut stone, well laid, and in a good state of preservation. We ascended by large stone steps, in some places perfect, and in others thrown down by trees which had grown up between the crevices, and reached a terrace, the form of which it was impossible to make out, from the density of the forest in which it was enveloped. Our guide cleared a way with his machete (chopping-knife), and we passed, as it lay half buried in the earth, a large fragment of stone elaborately sculptured, and came to the angle of a structure with steps on the sides, in form and appearance, so far as the trees would enable us to make it out, like the sides of a pyramid. Diverging from the base, and working our way through the thick woods, we came upon a square stone column, about fourteen feet high and three feet on each side, sculptured in very bold relief, and on all four of the sides from the base to the top. The front was the figure of a man curiously and richly dressed, and the face, evidently a portrait, solemn, stern, and well fitted to excite terror. The back was of a different design, unlike anything we had ever seen before, and the sides were covered with hieroglyphics. This our guide called an "Idol;" and before it, at a distance of three feet, was a large block of stone, also sculptured with figures and emblematical devices, which he called an altar. The sight of this monument put at rest at once and for ever, in our minds, all uncertainty in regard to the character of American antiquities, and gave us the assurance that the objects we were in search of were interesting, not only as the remains of an unknown people, but as works of art, proving, like newly-discovered historical records, that the people who once occupied the Continent of America were not savages.

'With an interest perhaps stronger than we had ever felt in wandering among the ruins of Egypt, we followed our guide, who, sometimes missing his way, with a constant use of his machete conducted us through the thick forest, among half-buried fragments, to fourteen monuments of the same character and appearance, some with more elegant designs, and some in workmanship equal to the finest monuments of the Egyptians: one displaced from its pedestal by enormous roots; another locked in the close embrace of branches of trees, and almost lifted out of the earth; another hurled to the ground, and bound down by huge vines and creepers; and one standing, with its altar before it, in a grove of trees which grew around it, seemingly to shade and shroud it as a sacred thing: in the solemn stillness of the woods, it seemed a divinity mourning over a fallen people. The only sounds that disturbed the quiet of this buried city were the noise of monkeys moving among the tops of the trees, and the cracking of dry branches broken by their weight. They moved over our heads in long and swift processions, forty or fifty at a time, some with little ones wound in their long arms, walking out to the end of boughs, and

and holding on with their hind feet or a curl of the tail, sprang to a branch of the next tree, and, with a noise like a current of wind, passed on into the depths of the forest. It was the first time we had seen these mockeries of humanity; and, with the strange monuments around us, they seemed like wandering spirits of the departed race guarding the ruins of their former habitations.

' We returned to the base of the pyramidal structure, and ascended by regular stone steps, in some places forced apart by bushes and saplings, and in others thrown down by the growth of large trees, while some remained entire. In parts they were ornamented with sculptured figures and rows of death's-heads. Climbing over the ruined top, we reached a terrace overgrown with trees, and, crossing it, descended by stone steps into an area so covered with trees, that at first we could not make out its form, but which, on clearing the way with the machete, we ascertained to be a square, and with steps on all the sides almost as perfect as those of the Roman amphitheatre. The steps were ornamented with sculpture, and on the south side, about half way up, forced out of its place by roots, was a colossal head, evidently a portrait. We ascended these steps, and reached a broad terrace a hundred feet high, overlooking the river, and supported by the wall which we had seen from the opposite bank. The whole terrace was covered with trees, and even at this height from the ground were two gigantic Ceibas, or wild cotton-trees of India, above twenty feet in circumference, extending their half-naked roots fifty or a hundred feet around, binding down the ruins, and shading them with their wide-spreading branches. We sat down on the very edge of the wall, and strove in vain to penetrate the mystery by which we were surrounded.

' The next morning, before we started, a new party, who had been conversing some time with Don Gregorio, stepped forward and said that he was the owner of the "Idols," that no one could go on the land without his permission, and handed me his title-papers. This was a new difficulty. I was not disposed to dispute his title, but read his papers as attentively as if I meditated an action in ejectment; and he seemed relieved when I told him his title was good, and that, if not disturbed, I would make him a compliment at parting. . . . Our new acquaintance, Don José Maria Asabedo, was about fifty, tall, and well dressed; that is, his cotton shirt and pantaloons were clean; he was inoffensive, though ignorant; and one of the most respectable inhabitants of Copan. . . . Don José Maria accompanied me to the ruins, where I found Mr. Catherwood with the Indian workmen. Again we wandered over the whole ground in search of some ruined building in which we could take up our abode, but there was none. To hang up our hammock under the trees was madness; the branches were still wet, the ground muddy, and again there was a prospect of early rain; but we were determined not to go back to Don Gregorio's. Don Maria conducted me to a hut at a little distance—the family-mansion of another Don, who was a white man, about forty, dressed in a pair of dirty cotton drawers, with a nether garment hanging outside, a handkerchief tied around his head,

head, and barefooted; and by name *Don Miguel*. I told him that we wished to pass a few days among the ruins, and obtained his permission to stop at his hut. . . . All day I had been brooding over the title-deeds of *Don José Maria*, and at night drawing my blanket around me, I suggested to *Mr. Catherwood* "an operation." (Hide your heads, ye speculators in up-town lots!) To buy Copan! remove the monuments of a by-gone people from the desolate region in which they were buried, set them up in the "great commercial emporium," and found an institution to be the nucleus of a great national museum of American antiquities! But query, Could the "idols" be removed? They were on the banks of a river that emptied into the same ocean by which the docks of New York are washed, but there were rapids below; and, in answer to my inquiry, *Don Miguel* said these were impassable. Nevertheless, I should have been unworthy of having passed through the times "that tried men's souls," if I had not had an alternative; and this was to exhibit my sample: to cut one up and remove it in pieces, and make casts of the others. The casts of the Parthenon are regarded as precious memorials in the British Museum, and casts of Copan would be the same in New York.

Trudging once more, next morning, over the district which contained the principal monuments, we were startled by the immensity of the work before us, and very soon we concluded that to explore the whole extent would be impossible. Our guides knew only of this district; but having seen columns beyond the village, a league distant, we had reason to believe that others were strewn in different directions, completely buried in the woods, and entirely unknown. The woods were so dense that it was almost hopeless to think of penetrating them. The only way to make a thorough exploration would be to cut down the whole forest and burn the trees. This was incompatible with our immediate purposes, might be considered taking liberties, and could only be done in the dry season. After deliberation, we resolved first to obtain drawings of the sculptured columns. Even in this there was great difficulty. The designs were very complicated, and so different from anything *Mr. Catherwood* had ever seen before as to be perfectly unintelligible. The cutting was in very high relief, and required a strong body of light to bring up the figures; and the foliage was so thick, and the shade so deep, that drawing was impossible.

After much consultation, we selected one of the "idols," and determined to cut down the trees around it, and thus lay it open to the rays of the sun. Here again was difficulty. There was no axe; and the only instrument which the Indians possessed was the machete, which varies in form in different sections of the country; wielded with one hand, it was useful in clearing away shrubs and branches, but almost harmless upon large trees; and the Indians, as in the days when the Spaniards discovered them, applied to work without ardour, carried it on with little activity, and, like children, were easily diverted from it. One hacked into a tree, and, when tired, which happened very soon, sat down to rest, and another relieved him. While one worked there were always several looking on. I remembered the ring

ring of the woodman's axe in the forest at home, and wished for a few long-sided Green Mountain boys. But we had been buffeted into patience, and watched the Indians while they hacked with their machetes, and even wondered that they succeeded so well. At length the trees were felled and dragged aside, a space cleared around the base, Mr. Catherwood's frame set up, and he set to work. . . . It is impossible to describe the interest with which I explored these ruins. The ground was entirely new; there were no guide-books or guides; the whole was a virgin soil. We could not see ten yards before us, and never knew what we should stumble upon next. At one time we stopped to cut away branches and vines which concealed the face of a monument, and then to dig around and bring to light a fragment, a sculptured corner of which protruded from the earth. I leaned over with breathless anxiety while the Indians worked, and an eye, an ear, a foot, or a hand was disinterred; and when the machete rang against the chiselled stone, I pushed the Indians away, and cleared out the loose earth with my hands. The beauty of the sculpture, the solemn stillness of the woods, disturbed only by the scrambling of monkeys and the chattering of parrots, the desolation of the city, and the mystery that hung over it, all created an interest higher, if possible, than I had ever felt among the ruins of the Old World. After several hours' absence I returned to Mr. Catherwood, and reported upwards of fifty objects to be copied. I found him not so well pleased as I expected with my report. He was standing with his feet in the mud, and was drawing with his gloves on, to protect his hands from the moschitoes. As we feared, the designs were so intricate and complicated, the subjects so entirely new and unintelligible, that he had great difficulty in drawing. He had made several attempts, both with the camera lucida and without, but failed to satisfy himself, or even me, who was less severe in criticism. The "idol" seemed to defy his art; two monkeys on a tree on one side appeared to be laughing at him, and I felt discouraged and despondent. —vol. i. pp. 95-120.

Despite the difficulties which obstructed their labours, the two antiquaries continued their operations. Mr. Catherwood, thanks to a piece of oiled canvass and a pair of waterproof boots, 'worth their weight in gold,' established himself in a somewhat less perilous studio than at first; and Mr. Stephens's time was fully occupied in selecting ornaments for him to copy and clearing away the trees around them, in carrying on a defensive war against the churlish Don Gregorio and a drunken alcalde, and in negotiations with Don José Maria for *the purchase of the city*. When first Mr. Stephens propounded the question to him, 'What will you take for your ruins?' the Don's astonishment was unbounded; and strong doubts evidently came upon him both as to the sanity and solvency of the buyer. However, he said he would consult his wife, and give his answer on the morrow:—

'The next morning he came, and his condition was truly pitiable.
He

He was anxious to convert unproductive property into money, but was afraid to do so, and said that I was a stranger, and it might bring him into difficulty with the government. I again went into proof of character, and engaged to save him harmless. . . . Shades of suspicion still lingered; and, as a last resource, I opened my trunk, and put on a diplomatic coat, with a profusion of large eagle buttons. I had on a Panama hat, soaked with rain and spotted with mud, a check shirt, white pantaloons, yellow up to the knees with mud, and was about as outré as the negro king who received a company of British officers, on the coast of Africa, in a cocked hat and military coat without any inexpressibles; but Don José Maria could not withstand the buttons on my coat; the cloth was the finest he had ever seen; and Don Miguel and his wife were fully convinced that they had in their hut an illustrious incognito. The only question was who should find paper on which to draw the contract. I did not stand upon trifles, and gave Don Miguel some paper, who took our mutual instructions, and appointed the next day for the execution of the deed. The reader is perhaps curious to know how old cities sell in Central America. . . . I paid fifty dollars for Copan.'—vol. i. pp. 127, 128.

The purchase was, however, for some time delayed in consequence of the sinister machinations of Don Gregorio; and Mr. Stephens, disappointed in his ambitious hopes of being Lord of Copan and its idols, set himself zealously to work to survey the ruined city. From the density of the foliage, the whole region being one thick mat of trees, the task was one of difficulty, and required three days of unintermitted labour; but the result was a very complete plan and a detailed account of the principal objects of architectural interest. These are massive walls, terraces, ranges of steps, pyramidal structures rising from 30 to 190 feet in height, quadrangular areas, and portals, all of the most massive construction, and many of them painted—the whole having the appearance of temples.

Scattered among these ruins, or standing at a little distance from them, are the sculptured idols with their attendant altars. Of these numerous very elaborate and beautiful engravings are given, an attentive examination of which inclines us to think that the popular appellation given to them is correct; and that they were intended as idols for worship, not as memorials of the dead—although in several instances the faces carved upon them are evidently portraits.

Viewed with reference to their rank as works of art, we should be inclined to place them high in the scale of architectural sculpture. To the elegance and sublimity of the Grecian and Roman schools they have no pretension whatever, nor have they the severe grandeur of the best specimens of the Egyptian; but they appear to us to be vastly superior to anything which India

or

or China, or Japan has ever produced. Their chief merit lies in their general effect. The figures are ill-proportioned; many of the faces are grotesque and even hideous, and the subordinate parts confused and overcharged: but—and in this it is that they differ from all the barbarous styles of sculpture with which we are acquainted—their general effect is not only rich and beautiful, but dignified and imposing to a degree which we could hardly have supposed to be producible from the assembling together so many uncouth and incongruous parts.

Mr. Stephens, towards the close of his work, states his reasons for doubting the great antiquity which has been assigned to the ruins in Central America. He refers them to a period not many centuries antecedent to the invasion of the Spaniards; and there appears great weight in the arguments which he adduces. But although this comparative modernness may somewhat detract from the mysterious interest which surrounds it, Copan still offers an unrivalled field of study to the antiquary. In the rapid progress which hieroglyphic science is now making, we cannot but hope that the abundant collection of symbolic writings which its *idols* afford will ere long enable the zealous inquirer to remove the veil which at present hangs over the place.

Copan is on the left bank of the river of the same name, which empties itself into the Motagua; the former stream is not navigable, even for canoes, except for a short time during the rainy season; and there are falls in its course. It is, we presume, from these difficulties that Mr. Stephens, although he became lord of the manor, could not carry into effect his patriotic scheme of floating the idols down to the sea and shipping them off to New York, in emulation of the late amiable, accomplished, and most unjustly satirized Lord Elgin.

After spending a few more days among these ruins, our author's cares of office began to press upon his mind:—

'When we turned off,' he says, 'to visit these ruins we did not expect to find employment for more than two or three days, and I did not consider myself at liberty to remain longer. I apprehended a desperate chase after a government, and fearing that among these ruins I might wreck my own political fortunes, and bring reproach upon my political friends, I thought it safer to set out in pursuit.'—vol. i. p. 148.

A council was therefore called at the base of an *idol*, and it was settled that he should immediately proceed to Guatimala, and that Mr. Catherwood should remain to complete his drawings—a task which he has most admirably performed, although his labours were interrupted by a severe attack of fever.*

A journey

* 'Our great object,' says Mr. Stephens, 'was to procure true copies, adding nothing to
VOL. LXIX. NO. CXXXVII. F to

A journey not of actual danger, but rendered insecure by the unsettled state of the country, brings our author at length to Guatemala. Here he enters upon his diplomatic functions, or rather makes an unsuccessful attempt to do so; the confusion and division of parties, the conflicting pretensions of the separate states, and the absence of anything approaching to a fixed authority being such that, in the end, he was constrained to quit the place and to seek elsewhere—but as it proved with equal ill success—that federal government to which alone he was accredited by his own country. He gives a vivid picture of the state of society and of the anarchy of political parties in Guatemala and around it—and what a picture it is! Tumults, seditions, conspiracies, domestic wars commenced without cause or object, and only ending in one place to be renewed in another; each year, almost each month, a new knot of ambitious fools and scoundrels presenting themselves upon the stage, each in his turn filling a large space in the public eye for a bloody moment, and then swept away into oblivion. The mind recoils with sickening disgust from the details. Were not all lighter feelings subdued by the horrors which mark every page in the annals of Central America, there would be ample scope for ridicule in contemplating the succession of ignorant, remorseless demagogues, scarcely removed from savages, exalting themselves into heroic sages and deliverers of their country; playing at freedom like a set of mischievous schoolboys, and calling on all the world to admire their philosophy and self-devotion.

Although no direct admission of the kind escapes our author, we cannot but suspect, from more than one casual expression, that his enthusiastic admiration of Republican governments was a little disturbed when he found himself surrounded by these clumsy imitators. In the preface to this work, which bears date so late as May, 1841, he adverts with much satisfaction to—

‘late intelligence from Central America, which enables him to express the belief that the state of anarchy in which he has represented that beautiful country no longer exists; that the dark clouds which hung over it have passed away, that civil war has ceased, and Central America may be welcomed back among republics.’—*Preface*, pp. iii. iv.

The hope has, alas! proved fallacious. Still later accounts speak of renewed commotion and bloodshed; and we predict with

to produce effect as pictures. Mr. Catherwood took all the outlines with the camera lucida, and divided his paper into sections, so as to preserve the utmost accuracy of proportion. The plates are, in my opinion, as true copies as can be presented, and except the stones themselves, the reader cannot have better materials for speculation and study.’—vol. i. pp. 137, 138.

The illustrations indeed are admirable; not so the map of the route. It is incorrect, incomplete, and obscure. This should be amended in a second edition.

SOTTOW,

sorrow, but without a grain of doubt, that this fair, this magnificent country is doomed to a long period of civil war and all its attendant miseries. We predict this from our conviction that its population is very far removed from that state of intelligence and advancement which alone can fit a people to receive free institutions with advantage to themselves, to adopt them with moderation and wisdom, and to use without abusing them. Even amongst the most philosophic and enlightened people, dabbling in republicanism has always proved a dangerous amusement. When men but just removed from barbarism, and who are degraded and oppressed by popish bigotry and superstition in their worst and most revolting forms, attempt to do so, the experiment is nothing short of madness.

We will not dwell on those parts of Mr. Stephens's work which are devoted to political events: they are detailed concisely and clearly, and with his accustomed vigour of description: we will also pass over, as lightly as he himself does, all his diplomatic doubts, difficulties, and annoyances. The tone in which he jests on his fruitless search for a government before which he could represent his masters, is judiciously adopted, as it disarms the ridicule which might otherwise have attached to his official failure; and indeed, as we have before remarked, we are inclined to believe that as long as volcanic mountains and ruined cities were within his reach, his political cares sat very lightly upon him.

In preference to all such matter, we shall take our readers as rapidly as we can to the next scene of his antiquarian labours; though there are some passages of so much merit, and which stand so much in our path, that it is with difficulty we can pass them by. His description of lazzoing, of the fête of La Conception, and of a novice taking the black veil, are masterly. The latter subject is a hackneyed one, but we have never met with it so simply and so effectively given; and we would recommend its study to all the *novel-writing public* as an example how much picturesque power is gained by an absence of exaggeration, and ambitious labouring after point.

After remaining a fortnight at Guatemala, Mr. Stephens sets out on a short excursion to the shores of the Pacific; and in his route ascends the Volcano de Agua, the height of which is 14,450 feet above the level of the sea. On his return to the capital he was alarmed by the receipt of a letter from Mr. Catherwood, dated from Esquipulas, and informing him that he had been robbed by his servant; had been so ill as to be obliged to leave the ruins and to take up his abode at the churlish Don Gregorio's,

who, however, had at length softened down into some degree of hospitality, and had treated him well; and that he was then on his journey to Guatemala. Greatly distressed by this news, Mr. Stephens resolved, after a day's rest, to set off in search of his sick friend; but the next day he made his appearance, armed to the teeth, but looking pale and thin, and just in time to partake of the Christmas gaieties of Guatemala.

On the 5th of January, 1840, our author set out with the intention of going to San Salvador, which was formerly, and still claimed to be, the capital of the confederation; or rather to Cojutepeque, to which place the seat of government had lately been transferred, on account of the earthquakes at San Salvador. The disturbed state of the country, and the jealousies of the contending factions, rendered it advisable that he should go by sea; and he therefore a second time proceeded to Istapa, to which place Mr. Catherwood accompanied him; and thence, after suffering severely from ague and fever, the effect of the almost pestilential climate, he went on to Zonzonate. There, as he facetiously expresses it, 'he stumbled upon the government he was in chase of in the person of Don Diego Vigil, the vice-president of the republic.' The information he received from this gentleman induced him to give up his intention of visiting San Salvador for the present, and he determined to proceed by sea to Costa Rica, the southernmost division of the confederacy, the state of his health rendering a sea voyage desirable; and thence to return by land and explore the line of the projected canal between the Atlantic and Pacific by the lake of Nicaragua.

Landing at Caldera, he proceeded in the first instance to San José, which he notices as being the only city which has grown up or even improved since the independence of Central America, and which has now superseded Cartago as the capital of the new State. On his route he inspected the works of the 'Anglo-Cost Rican Economical-Mining-Company,' and its '*New German machine for extracting gold by the Zillenthal patent-self-acting-cold amalgamation-process.*' The mine, it appears, had been in operation for three years without losing anything, which was considered doing so well that it was about to be conducted on a larger scale. He visited the old capital of Cartago for the express purpose of ascending the volcano, at the foot of which it stands—the especial attraction being the hope of beholding from its summit, at one glance, the two mightiest waters of the globe:—

'The ascent was rough and precipitous; in one place a tornado had swept the mountain, and the trees lay across the road so thickly

as to make it almost impassable: we were obliged to dismount, and climb over some and creep under others. Beyond this we came into an open region, where nothing but cedar and thorns grew; and here I saw whortleberries for the first time in Central America. In that wild region there was a charm in seeing anything that was familiar to me at home, and I should perhaps have become sentimental, but they were hard and tasteless. As we rose we entered a region of clouds; very soon they became so thick that we could see nothing; the figures of our own party were barely distinguishable, and we lost all hope of any view from the top of the volcano. Grass still grew, and we ascended till we reached a belt of barren sand and lava; and here, to our great joy, we emerged from the region of clouds, and saw the top of the volcano, without a vapour upon it, seeming to mingle with the clear blue sky; and at that early hour the sun was not high enough to play upon its top. . . . The crater was about two miles in circumference, rent and broken by time or some great convulsion; the fragments stood high, bare, and grand as mountains, and within were three or four smaller craters. We ascended on the south side by a ridge running east and west till we reached a high point, at which there was an immense gap in the crater impossible to cross. The lofty point on which we stood was perfectly clear, the atmosphere was of transparent purity, and looking beyond the region of desolation, below us, at a distance of perhaps two thousand feet, the whole country was covered with clouds, and the city at the foot of the volcano was invisible. By degrees the more distant clouds were lifted, and we saw at the same moment the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This was the grand spectacle we had hoped, but scarcely expected to behold. My companions had ascended the volcano several times; but on account of the clouds had only seen the two seas once before. The points at which they were visible were the Gulf of Nicoya and the harbour of San Juan, not directly opposite, but nearly at right angles to each other, so that we saw them without turning the body. In a right line over the tops of the mountains neither was more than twenty miles distant, and from the great height at which we stood they seemed almost at our feet. It is the only point in the world which commands a view of the two seas.'—vol. i. pp. 364-366.

On the 13th of February, Mr. Stephens, still in bad health, sets out from San José, on a land journey of twelve hundred miles to Guatemala. We must conquer our inclination to transfer to our pages many of his 'incidents of travel'—one earthquake scene is irresistible—and will condense as well as we can his most interesting details regarding the projected ship-canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific. But first the earthquake. Our traveller was at the hacienda of Santa Rosa, the guest of Don Juan José Bonilla:—

'While sitting at the supper-table we heard a noise over our heads, which

which seemed to me like the opening of the roof. Don Juan threw his eyes to the ceiling, and suddenly started from his chair, threw his arms around the neck of a servant—a fall from his horse during a popular commotion had rendered him lame for life—and with the fearful words, “Tremblor! tremblor!”—(an earthquake! an earthquake!)—all rushed for the doors. I sprang from my chair, made one bound across the room, and cleared the piazza. The earth rolled like the pitching of a ship in a heavy sea. My step was high, my feet barely touched the ground, and my arms were thrown up involuntarily to save myself from falling. I was the last to start, but once under way, I was the last to stop. Half way across the yard I stumbled over a man on his knees, and fell. I never felt myself so feeble a thing before. At this moment I heard Don Juan calling to me. He was leaning on the shoulder of his servant, with his face to the door, crying to me to come out of the house. It was pitch dark; within was the table at which we had sat, with a single candle, the light of which extended far enough to show a few of the kneeling figures, with their faces to the door. We looked anxiously in, and waited for the shock which should prostrate the strong walls and lay the roof on the ground. There was something awful in our position, with our faces to the door, shunning the place which at all other times offers shelter to man. The shocks were continued perhaps two minutes, during which time it required an effort to stand firm. The return of the earth to steadiness was almost as violent as the shock. We waited a few minutes after the last vibration, when Don Juan said it was over, and, assisted by his servant, entered the house. I had been the last to leave it, but I was the last to return; and my chair lying with its back on the floor, gave an intimation of the haste with which I had decamped. The houses in Costa Rica are the best in the country for resisting these shocks, being, like the others, long and low, and built of adobes, or undried bricks, two feet long and one broad, made of clay mixed with straw to give adhesion, and laid when soft, with upright posts between, so that they are dried by the sun into one mass, which moves with the surface of the earth.”—vol. i. pp. 382-384.

Mr. Stephens does not state whether his investigation of the projected line of canal was undertaken under the orders of his government, or merely from the interest which he as an individual took in the subject. We conjecture that the latter was the case; and as a specimen of *amateur surveying*, the exertions he made, and the difficulties he braved, do his energy and courage great honour. After he had been over the ground he met at Grenada the engineer who two years before had been employed by the government of Central America to make a survey of the canal route. This gentleman, a Mr. Bailey, on the half-pay of the British navy, had very nearly completed his survey when the political disturbances in the country again broke out; the States declared their independence of the general government, and disclaimed

claimed its debts. Mr. Bailey had bestowed much time and labour in the execution of his task, and had in vain sought for remuneration: he had sent his son to make a last appeal to the general government; but before the young man reached the capital the government itself was entirely annihilated, and Mr. Bailey had no reward for his services, except the satisfaction of having been the first pioneer in a noble work. He gave the use of the whole of his maps and drawings to our author.

A water-communication between the two oceans has long been thought of. Many years ago a survey was made under the direction of the Spanish government; but the documents lay buried in the archives of Guatemala until the emancipation of the colonies, when they were published by Mr. Thomson, who visited the country under a commission from the British government. In 1825 the new republic of Central America sent an envoy to the United States, with a proposition that the enterprise should be undertaken conjointly, and the advantages resulting from it secured to the two nations by a treaty. The proposition was favourably received; but no government measure resulted from it. The next year a contract was made between the government of Central America and a New York company, for the construction of a ship-canal across the isthmus; but although many distinguished men in the United States associated themselves with the project, it fell to the ground. In 1830 the government of Central America made another contract with a company in the Netherlands; the King of Holland specially patronised the undertaking, and subscribed largely towards it: but this also, in consequence of the political difficulties between Holland and Belgium, was in its turn abandoned.

In 1835 the senate of the United States passed a resolution, requesting the President to open negotiations with other governments, for the purpose of protecting such individuals or companies as should open a ship communication between the two oceans, and of securing to all nations the free and equal use of such canal on the payment of reasonable tolls. Upon this a special agent was despatched, by General Jackson, with directions, first to examine the route by the river San Juan and the lake of Nicaragua, and afterwards the one across the isthmus of Panama. This agent only surveyed the latter route, and died on his way back to Washington. His Report, although imperfect, is important; as it proves that a ship-canal across the isthmus of Panama is not practicable; and therefore the attention, which was before divided between the two lines, is now directed exclusively to the one by the lake of Nicaragua. This lake is ninety-five miles in length and thirty in breadth in its widest part, and is navigable

navigable for ships of the largest class. It discharges its waters into the Atlantic by the river San Juan, the length of which is seventy-nine miles, with an average fall of about two feet per mile: there are no cataracts upon it, but many rapids: it is, however, at all times navigable for the piraguas—the vessels of the country—which draw from three to four feet of water. At its mouth is the port of San Juan, which is small, but in other respects unexceptionable.

The depth of water over the rapids in most places ranges from two to four fathoms, and nowhere is it less than one fathom. Some of the obstacles could probably be removed: where that is impracticable, a canal might be constructed at the side of the river.

From the lake of Nicaragua to the harbour of San Juan on the Pacific the distance is less than sixteen miles; and this slender line of earth is the only important obstacle which impedes what would undoubtedly be the greatest, the most important alteration ever effected by man in the physical arrangements of the globe. The proud mountains of Central America here bend themselves down—as if to permit and sanction the enterprise—to the trivial elevation of 600 feet; and through this hill it is contemplated to cut a tunnel of one mile in length, at the height of about seventy-two feet above the water of the lake, and 200 feet above the low-water level of the Pacific; the distance from the lake to the tunnel being about ten miles, and from the tunnel to the Pacific about four miles; whilst the difference of level could be easily overcome by lockage. The only engineering difficulty in the execution of the work would be the tunnel; and we must confess that the idea of an excavation, lofty enough to permit ships of 600 tons to pass through with their lower masts standing, is to us, even in these days, when engineers take all manner of liberties with mountains and valleys, somewhat startling: but Mr. Stephens speaks of it with perfect coolness.

The material of the hill, as far as it has been ascertained by boring, is a soft and loose stone—a somewhat dangerous material through which to cut a hollow cylinder of 100 feet diameter; and one which would require, we conceive, masonry of the most enormous strength throughout its whole length to render it secure, if indeed it could ever be rendered secure in a land of perpetual earthquakes. The terrific word '*tremblor*'—'*tremblor*'—terrific even when heard in the saloon of a one-storied house, built expressly to *suit* earthquakes, would be vastly more terrific when shouted out on the deck of a crowded steamer, over which was impending some 200 or 300 feet of rock and masonry. The easiest, safest, and best way would be to cut at once a fair slice out of the hill:

a few

a few millions of extra dollars would pay for the additional excavation; and ships, with all their masts standing, might then proudly traverse the entire line.

The port of San Juan on the Pacific is represented by our author as being the finest he saw on the shores of that ocean. It is not large; but is admirably sheltered, being almost in the form of the letter U: its arms, which are high, run nearly north and south, and terminate in lofty perpendicular bluffs: the water is deep, and vessels of the largest class can ride close under either of the bluffs with perfect safety, according to the direction of the wind. There appears, however, to be one objection to this harbour. During the months from November to May the north winds, which sweep over the lake of Nicaragua and pass through the gulf of Papajayo, are frequently so violent as to render it almost impossible for a vessel to enter the port. The objection is certainly an important one; but we conceive that half a dozen steam-tugs would go very far to remove it.

The most 'palpable difficulty' which the measure has to contend with, in Mr. Stephens's opinion, is one to which we attach no weight whatever.

'The harbour,' he says, 'was perfectly desolate; for years not a vessel had entered it; primeval trees grew around it; for miles there was not a habitation. . . . I had been sanguine and almost enthusiastic in regard to this gigantic enterprise; but on the spot the scales fell from my eyes. . . . It seemed preposterous to consider it the focus of a great commercial enterprise—to imagine that a city was to rise out of the forest, the desolate harbour to be filled with ships, and become a great portal for the thoroughfare of nations.'—vol. i. p. 400.

We marvel that so quick and shrewd an American should have conjured up this special ground of despondency, whilst many more valid ones were at his service. His alarm is, we conceive, not one iota better founded than that of a new road projector would be, who started back, aghast and horror-stricken, because he did not find aboriginal turnpike-gates ready made. Let but the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific be rendered practicable—and towns will start up, as by magic, not only at the two terminating ports, but along the whole line.

Mr. Bailey's calculation of the cost comes to about 25,000,000 dollars—which he divides as follows:—For the improvement of the river San Juan from the Atlantic to the lake, including a side canal at certain points, 1,200,000; for the canal from the lake to the end of the tunnel, 10,000,000; and for the descent to the Pacific, 3,000,000.

Experience

Experience has pretty well established that even with the most careful and honest engineers it is wise to add an odd fifty per cent. to their estimates. In this instance, although we are in ignorance of all the details, and even without taking into account the enormous costliness of a *ship-tunnel*, or the probability of the still greater costliness of an open cutting of from 200 to 300, and in one point of not less than 400 feet perpendicular depth, we should deem it prudent to anticipate an actual expenditure of not less than 40,000,000 of dollars.

If this sum, or any sum at all approximating to it, must be expended, no quantity of traffic which could be expected to pass along the canal could ever render the enterprise a profitable outlay of capital; and with regard to the probable extent of traffic which will result from the saving of distance, Mr. Stephens clearly proves that the ideas entertained both in America and in England are wild.

'In the documents submitted to Congress it is stated that "the trade of the United States and of Europe with China, Japan, and the Indian Archipelago would be facilitated and increased by reason of shortening the distance above 4000 miles;" and in that usually correct work, the *Modern Traveller*, it is stated that from Europe "the distance to India and China would be shortened more than 10,000 miles!" But by measurement on the globe the distance from Europe to India and China will not be shortened at all. This is so contrary to the general impression that I have some hesitation in making the assertion; but it is a point on which the reader may satisfy himself by referring to the globe. The trade of Europe with India and Canton, then, will not necessarily pass through this channel from any saving of distance; but, from conversations with masters of vessels and other practical men, I am induced to believe that, by reason of more favourable latitudes for winds and currents, it will be considered preferable to the passage by the Cape of Good Hope. At all events, all the trade of Europe with the western coast of the Pacific and the Polynesian Islands, and all her whale-fishing—and *all* the trade of the United States with the Pacific, without the exception of a single vessel—would pass through it.'—vol. i. pp. 418, 419.

As a joint-stock company speculation, therefore, it would never '*pay*;' and we doubt whether any set of individuals will *now* risk their capital to accomplish it. But the work is not one that should be entrusted to a set of individuals with a view to their own profit, nor even to one nation: the enterprise concerns the whole civilized world; and all nations—all maritime and commercial nations most surely—should come forward in friendly union to promote it.

The more obvious and immediate benefit would be to the mercantile adventurer: but to our view that would be one only, and
not

not the most important, of the advantages resulting from it. The great, the paramount good would be the tide of civilization—including in that idea religion and virtue, and immeasurably enlarged happiness—which it would spread over the waters of the Pacific and the countless islands of Polynesia. We hold that every added facility to the intercourse between distant nations, everything which brings different races nearer together, must tend to moral and social improvement. The projected canal would do more to accomplish this good end than any work of the kind which the enterprise of man ever yet attempted; and earnestly do we hope that it may be prosecuted under such auspices as shall secure its success: earnestly do we hope that England—the nursing mother of all noble enterprises—who has done, and is still doing, more for the happiness and amelioration of the human race than any other nation of the earth, will not be behind hand in lending her powerful aid.

We admire and applaud the proud and bold tone in which Mr. Stephens urges his countrymen to step forward, and even single-handed to undertake the task; but we hope to see our own country enter into a noble rivalry with the States of the New World in advancing this magnificent work.

From Nicaragua Mr. Stephens proceeded to Grenada, where he would willingly have remained a few days to recruit; but the news which reached him of the renewal of war obliged him at once to set out on his return to Guatemala, whilst the road was yet open to him. With this journey the second volume commences. It was one of extreme peril. Civil war was raging around him in all its horrors—a war in which the killed only were counted—the prisoners never, for the lives of none were spared. During the few hours that he halted at Aguachapa it was captured by Carrera's troops, and recaptured by those of Morazan; and he had the difficult task of not compromising himself with one party by too close a union with the other. His narrative of all the tragic scenes he witnessed, and of his own hair-breadth escapes, is full of animation and interest: but we conceive that ruined cities are worthier subjects with which to occupy our pages than the party feuds and patriotic murderings of the vindictive blood-dyed Indian, Carrera, or even of his comparatively polished and temperate rival, Morazan.

At Guatemala our author is joined by the indefatigable Mr. Catherwood, who had passed a month at the Antigua, had visited Copan a second time—and also another mysterious city in its neighbourhood, the ruins of which are similar in their general character to those at Copan, but its monuments larger, sculptured
in

in lower relief, less rich in design, more faded and worn, and probably of a much older date. They mark the site of a large city, but its history is entirely unknown, and its very name is lost—Quirigua, the appellation now given to it, being merely the name of a village in the vicinity.

Our diplomatical antiquary forthwith opened a negotiation for the purchase of the Quirigua *idols*, with all their accompaniments; and already enjoyed in anticipation the glory of transporting this city bodily, and setting it up in New York: but, unfortunately, the French Consul-General interposed his advice, and talked so eloquently of the several hundreds of thousands of dollars which his nation had expended on the Luxor obelisk, that the owners of the *city*, who a month before would have willingly accepted a trifling sum for it and the entire tract of fifty thousand acres in the midst of which it stands, became on a sudden so extravagant in their demands, that the bargain went off, and the city of Quirigua is still in Central America. Two of the most important monuments were, however, on their route to the United States when Mr. Stephens's book went to press.

The state in which he found Guatemala convinced him that none of the objects of his mission could be promoted by his residence there. The federal government was entirely broken up, and after making a formal report to the authorities at Washington that 'after diligent search no government could be found,' he and Mr. Catherwood set out for a ride of a *thousand miles* to Palenque, the grandest and the most abundant in architectural remains of all the ruined cities.

Fortified with the best security they could have—viz., a passport from the young Indian chief Carrera, who had learnt to write within the last few months, and seemed more proud of the accomplishment than of all his victories, they set out on a journey of great difficulty and many dangers. In their route they visited the ruined cities of Patinamit and Quiché: of the latter, which is evidently much less ancient than Copan, the most interesting part is the place of sacrifice, El Sacrificatorio, a quadrangular stone structure, sixty-six feet on each side at the base, and still, although much ruined, thirty-three feet in height. This was once crowned by an altar on which human victims were unsparingly slaughtered, and, the religious ceremony concluded, their bodies carried off to be dressed and served up as a feast to the devotees.

Among many well-sketched portraits which these volumes contain, there is none hit off with more felicity than the kind-hearted, half-rustic, half-refined padre of Quiché: his unclerical dress, his gaiety of disposition—ready to enjoy and laugh at every

every incident—his energy in the pursuit of historical inquiry, and his transitions from playful mirth to high energy of thought, are given with admirable effect. He told the travellers of a cave near a neighbouring village, in which there were skulls much larger than the natural size, and which were regarded with superstitious reverence by the Indians. He himself had seen them, and vouched for their gigantic dimensions. Once he had placed a piece of money in the mouth of the cave, and a year afterwards it was still in the same place, so great was the veneration of the natives for the spot. He told them that in many respects the Indians still remained an unchanged people, cherishing the usages and customs of their ancestors; that although the pomp and show of the Romish ceremonial affected their imaginations, in their hearts they were still idolaters, still had their idols in the mountains and ravines, and still, in silence and secrecy, practised the rites received from their fathers; and that he was unwillingly obliged to wink at all this.

The good padre's manner was changed from its gay satire and joyous laugh whenever he talked of the Indians, of the insecure hold which he had upon them, and of the fearful results which would ensue should Carrera cease to support the church. His zeal in antiquarian research was as great as that of our travellers. He told them of other ruined cities; of one, in particular, in the province of Vera Paz as large as Santa Cruz del Quiché, deserted and desolate, but almost as perfect as when first abandoned by its inhabitants. His first cure had been in its neighbourhood, and he had been accustomed to wander through its silent streets and over its gigantic buildings.

‘But the padre told us *more than this*; something that increased our excitement to the highest pitch. He told us, that at four days' distance on the road to Mexico, on the other side of the great sierra, was a living city, large and populous, occupied by Indians, precisely in the same state as before the discovery of America. He had heard of it many years before at the village of Chajul, and was told by the villagers that from the topmost ridge of the sierra this city was distinctly visible. He was then young, and with much labour *climbed* to the naked summit of the sierra, from which, at a height of ten or twelve thousand feet, he *looked* over an immense plain extending to Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, and *saw* at a great distance a large city spread over a great space, and with turrets white and glittering in the sun. The traditionary account of the Indians of Chajul is, that no white man has ever reached this city; that the inhabitants speak the Maya language, are aware that a race of strangers has conquered the whole country around, and murder any white man who attempts to enter their territory. They have no coin or other circulating medium; no horses, cattle, mules, or other domestic animals except fowls, and the cocks they keep underground to prevent

prevent their crowing being heard. . . . The old padre, in the deep stillness of the dimly-lighted convent, with his long black coat like a robe, and his flashing eye, called up an image of the bold and resolute priests who accompanied the armies of the conquerors; and as he drew a map on the table, and pointed out the sierra to the top of which he had climbed, and the position of the mysterious city, the interest awakened in us was the most thrilling I ever experienced. One look at that city was worth ten years of an every-day life. If he is right, a place is left where Indians and an Indian city exist as Cortez and Alvarado found them; there are living men who can solve the mystery that hangs over the ruined cities of America; perhaps who can go to Copan and read the inscriptions on its monuments. . . . *I believe that what the padre told us is authentic. That the region referred to does not acknowledge the government of Guatemala, has never been explored, and that no white man ever pretends to enter it, I am satisfied.* From other sources we heard that from that sierra a large ruined city was visible, and we were told of another person who had climbed to the top of the sierra, but, on account of the dense cloud resting upon it, had been unable to see anything. At all events, the belief at the village of Chajul is general, and a curiosity is roused that burns to be satisfied. We had a craving desire to reach the mysterious city. No man, even if willing to peril his life, could undertake the enterprise with any hope of success, without hovering for one or two years on the borders of the country, studying the language and character of the adjoining Indians, and making acquaintance with some of the natives. Five hundred men could probably march directly to the city, and the invasion would be more justifiable than any ever made by the Spaniards; but the government is too much occupied with its own wars, and the knowledge could not be procured except at the price of blood. Two young men of good constitution, and who could afford to spare five years, might succeed. . . . As to the dangers, these are always magnified, and, in general, peril is discovered soon enough for escape. But in all probability, if any discovery is ever made it will be by the padres.—vol. ii. pp. 195-197.

This is a very striking passage. We choose for the present to leave it without comment.

It was the Holy Week when they reached Quezaltenango, which but a few days before had been the scene of as shocking a massacre as any which even Central America can record. The municipality of the town had in an evil hour declared in favour of Morazan, believing him to have been successful at Guatemala, at the very time when he had been defeated. Carrera, indignant at this desertion, in cold blood, without the slightest form of trial, not even a drum-head court-martial, ordered eighteen members of the municipality, men of the highest station and importance in the town, to be taken out into the Plaza and shot. The town had not yet recovered from the consternation which these atrocious murders had occasioned, and every one feared the horrors of a war of castes.

After

After witnessing the grotesque and absurd ceremonials of Good Friday, which are admirably described, the travellers continued their journey; and every page in which their adventures are detailed tempts us to quotation. The party, to which a rambling, adventurous young American, of the name of Pawling, had attached himself as a volunteer, at length reached the Rio Lagertero, the boundary-line between Guatemala and Mexico: and Mr. S. describes the delight which they all felt at 'being fairly out of Central America, safe from the dangers of revolution, and standing on the wild borders of Mexico in good health, with good appetites, and with something to eat.' They had a tremendous journey still before them; but it seemed as nothing.

On reaching Comitán, however, they were thrown into despair by learning that all access to the ruins at Palenque had been interdicted by the government; and that fresh passports were necessary, and could only be obtained at Ciudad Real, three days' journey out of their route. The respect paid to Mr. Stephens's diplomatic functions removed the latter difficulty, but the former was not so easily disposed of; and, being convinced that if he asked for permission to visit the ruins he should be refused it, he very coolly determined to dispense with the ceremony altogether. Learning that the ruins were at a distance from any habitation, and convinced that the government had too much upon their hands to spare any soldiers to guard them, he thought that his best plan would be quietly to take possession, and run the risk of being found out and warned off—as, in all probability, some days would elapse before he was dislodged. Accordingly, he immediately continued his journey, visiting in his route another ruined city at Ocosingo, from which it was asserted that there was a communication, by a subterranean passage, with the city of Palenque, distant about 150 miles! The road to the latter place was a continued succession of mountains, ravines, and table-lands, the sides of which were precipices of several thousand feet in height; forming, altogether, the most sublime and magnificent scenery imaginable: but the passage across it was laborious in the extreme. The travellers were told that it was customary for those who crossed the mountains to take 'hammacos' or 'sillas'—the former a cushioned chair between poles, borne by four Indians, and used only by heavy men and padres; the latter a clumsy arm-chair, to be carried on the back of an Indian. They had a repugnance to either mode of conveyance, and conceived that where an Indian could climb with one of them upon his back, they could climb alone. At length fatigue and indisposition compelled Mr. Stephens to submit to the degradation of being carried on a man's shoulders:—

'The

'The Indian who was to carry me was small, not more than five feet seven, very thin, but symmetrically formed. A bark strap was tied to the arms of the chair, and, sitting down, he placed his back against the back of the chair, adjusted the length of the strings, and smoothed the bark across his forehead with a little cushion to relieve the pressure. An Indian on each side lifted it up, and the carrier rose on his feet, stood still a moment, threw me up once or twice to adjust me on his shoulders, and set off with one man on each side. It was a great relief, but I could feel every movement, even to the heaving of his chest. The ascent was one of the steepest on the whole road. In a few minutes he stopped and sent forth a sound, usual with Indian carriers, between a whistle and a blow,—[Query, *blast?*]'—always painful to my ears, but which I never felt so disagreeably before. My face was turned backward; I could not see where he was going, and not to increase the labour of carrying me, I sat as still as possible; but in a few minutes, looking over my shoulder, saw that we were approaching the edge of a precipice more than a thousand feet deep. Here I became very anxious to dismount; but I could not speak intelligibly, and the Indians could or would not understand my signs. My carrier moved along carefully, with his left foot first, feeling that the stone on which he put it down was steady and secure before he brought up the other, and by degrees, after a particularly careful movement, brought both feet up within half a step of the edge of the precipice, stopped, and gave a fearful whistle and blow. I rose and fell with every breath, felt his body trembling under me, and his knees seemed giving way. The precipice was awful, and the slightest irregular movement on my part might bring us both down together.'—vol. ii. pp. 274, 275.

This was the worst mountain the travellers ever encountered, but it was the last; and had it not been for the onslaught of moschetoës, the rancho of Nopa at its base would have been a delightful resting-place:—

'The dark border of the clearing was lighted up by fireflies of extraordinary size and brilliancy, darting among the trees, not flashing and disappearing, but carrying a steady light; and, except that their course was serpentine, seeming like shooting stars. In different places there were two that remained stationary, emitting a pale but beautiful light, and seemed like rival belles holding levees. The fiery orbs darted from one to the other; and when one, more daring than the rest, approached too near, the coquette withdrew her light, and the flutterer went off. One, however, carried all before her, and at one time we counted seven hovering around her.'—vol. ii. p. 278.

He subsequently speaks of these flying lanterns as doing them good service at Palenque:—

'At night, in consequence of the wind, we could not light a candle, but the darkness of the palace was lighted up by fireflies, shooting through the corridors and stationary on the walls, forming a beautiful and striking spectacle. They are mentioned by the early Spaniards,

ards, among the wonders of a world where all was new, "as showing the way to those who travel at night." The historian describes them as "somewhat smaller than sparrows, having two stars close by their eyes, and two more under their wings, which gave so great a light that by it they could spin, weave, write, and paint; and the Spaniards went by night to hunt the utios, or little rabbits of that country, and a-fishing, carrying these animals tied to their great toes or thumbs. They took them in the night with firebrands, because they made to the light, and came when called by their name: and they are so unwieldy that when they fall they cannot rise again; and the men, stroking their faces and hands with a sort of moisture that is in those stars, seemed to be a-fire as long as it lasted." . . . We caught several of these beetles, not, however, by calling them by their names. They are more than half an inch long, and have a sharp moveable horn on the head: when laid on the back they cannot turn over except by pressing this horn against a membrane upon the front. Behind the eyes are two round transparent substances, full of luminous matter, about as large as the head of a pin, and underneath is a larger membrane containing the same luminous substance. Four of them together threw a brilliant light for several yards around; and by the light of a single one we read distinctly the finely-printed pages of an American newspaper."—vol. ii. pp. 301, 302.

The ruins which were thus illuminated, and at which the party at length arrived, are situated at the distance of eight miles from the village of Palenque, and are called by its name—the proper appellation of the city, and everything connected with its history, being totally lost. According to the received account, the existence of the ruins was not known until the year 1750, when a party of Spaniards, travelling in Mexico, suddenly found themselves in the midst of a vast assemblage of ancient stone buildings, extending from eighteen to twenty-four miles, and known to the Indians by the name of Casas de Piedras. This was the first discovery which awakened attention to the existence of ruined cities in America; but a period of nearly forty years elapsed before the king of Spain commissioned Captain Antonio del Rio to explore them. His report and drawings slept in the archives of Guatemala; and a second expedition was sent out by Charles IV., in 1805, at the head of which was Captain Dupaix, with a secretary and draughtsman, and a detachment of dragoons. But the MS. of Dupaix, and the designs of his draughtsman, Castenada, in like manner, were left unattended to in the Cabinet of Natural History at Mexico. In 1828 M. Baradere disintombed them, and they were at length published in Paris, in 1834-5. The unfortunate Colonel Galindo, one of the many victims to civil war,*

* This gallant and accomplished officer was murdered by the Indians whilst attempting to escape after the battle of Taguzegalpa, in the beginning of the year 1840.

also examined the ruins; and his communications to the Geographical Society of Paris are published in Dupaix's work; and, subsequently, Mr. Waldeck, with funds provided by an association in Mexico, passed two years among them. His work has been announced in Paris, but has not yet appeared.

Mr. Stephens complains of Dupaix, first, as unduly depreciating the work of his predecessor, Del Rio—an English translation of which was published in London in 1822—and secondly, as greatly overstating the difficulties which attended his own investigation of the antiquities, and thereby deterring other persons from the pursuit.

Our author's arrangements for the expedition to Palenque are detailed in that lively style which makes his volumes so attractive. The preparations of live turkeys and fowls, strings of eggs, beans, plantains, pork, and liquid lard were magnificent: but, alas, there was one great deficiency in their culinary arrangements! Tortillas, to be enduring, should be eaten the moment they are baked; but not one of the fair damsels of the village could be induced to pass a night among the ruins. The cow, also, which the travellers had bought, was obliged to be kept in her old quarters; and the daily supplies of bread and milk depended on the punctuality of the alcalde and the trustworthiness of his messengers: the result was that they generally arrived after breakfast.

'Fording the river, very soon we saw masses of stones, and then a round sculptured stone. We spurred up a sharp ascent of fragments, so steep that the mules could barely climb it, to a terrace so covered, like the whole road, with trees, that it was impossible to make out the form. Continuing on this terrace, we stopped at the foot of a second, when our Indians cried out "*el Palacio!*" and through openings in the trees we saw the front of a large building richly ornamented with stuccoed figures on the pilasters, curious and elegant; trees growing close against it, and their branches entering the doors; in style and effect unique, extraordinary, and mournfully beautiful. We tied our mules to the trees, ascended a flight of stone steps forced apart and thrown down by trees, and entered the Palace, ranged for a few moments along the corridor and into the courtyard, and after the first gaze of eager curiosity was over, went back to the entrance, and, standing in the doorway, fired a *feu-de-joie* of four rounds each. . . .

'We had reached the end of our long and toilsome journey, and the first glance indemnified us for our toil. For the first time we were in a building erected by the aboriginal inhabitants, standing before the Europeans knew of the existence of this continent, and we prepared to take up our abode under its roof. We selected the front corridor as our dwelling, turned turkey and fowls loose in the courtyard, which was so overgrown with trees that we could barely see across it; and as there was no pasture for the mules except the leaves of the trees, and we
could

could not turn them loose into the woods, we brought them up the steps through the palace, and turned them into the courtyard also. At one end of the corridor Juan built a kitchen, which operation consisted in laying three stones anglewise, so as to have room for a fire between them. Our luggage was stowed away or hung on poles reaching across the corridor. Pawling mounted a stone about four feet long on stone legs for a table, and with the Indians cut a number of poles, which they fastened together with bark-strings, and laid them on stones at the head and foot for beds. We cut down the branches that entered the palace, and some of the trees on the terrace, and from the floor of the palace overlooked the top of an immense forest stretching off to the Gulf of Mexico. The Indians had superstitious fears about remaining at night among the ruins, and left us alone, the sole tenants of the palace of unknown kings.'—vol. ii. pp. 291, 292.

Mr. Stephens laughs at the accounts which assert that the ruined city is ten times as large as New York, three times as large as London, and that it covers a space of sixty miles. What its real extent may be is, in fact, totally unknown: the whole country around is covered, he says, with a dense forest of gigantic trees, and with a growth of underwood thicker than any in the wildernesses of his own country: in the absence of guides and chopping-knives he might have gone within 100 feet of any one of the buildings without discovering it. The edifice in which they took up their residence stands on 'an artificial elevation 40 feet high, 310 long, and 260 deep:—this was formerly faced throughout with stone, which has been thrown down by the growth of trees.

'The Palace stands with its face to the east, and measures 228 feet front by 180 feet deep. Its height is not more than 25 feet, and all around it had a broad projecting cornice of stone. The front contained fourteen doorways, about 9 feet wide each, and the intervening piers are between 6 and 7 feet wide. On the left, eight of the piers have fallen down, as has also the corner on the right, and the terrace underneath is cumbered with the ruins. But six piers remain entire, and the rest of the front is open. . . .

'The building was constructed of stone, with a mortar of lime and sand, and the whole front was covered with stucco and painted. The piers were ornamented with spirited figures in bas-relief. On one of them the principal personage stands in an upright position and in profile, exhibiting an extraordinary facial angle of about forty-five degrees. The upper part of the head seems to have been compressed and lengthened, perhaps by the same process employed upon the heads of the Choctaw and Flat-head Indians of our own country. The head represents a different species from any now existing in that region of country; and supposing the statues to be images of living personages, or the creations of artists according to their ideas of perfect figures, they indicate a race of people now lost and unknown. The head-dress is evidently a plume

of feathers. Over the shoulders is a short covering decorated with studs, and a breastplate; part of the ornament of the girdle is broken; the tunic is probably a leopard's skin; and the whole dress no doubt exhibits the costume of this unknown people. He holds in his hand a staff or sceptre, and opposite his hands are the marks of three hieroglyphics, which have decayed or been broken off. At his feet are two naked figures seated cross-legged, and apparently suppliants. A fertile imagination might find many explanations for these strange figures, but no satisfactory interpretation presents itself to my mind. The hieroglyphics doubtless tell its history. The stucco is of admirable consistency, and hard as stone. It was painted, and in different places about it we discovered the remains of red, blue, yellow, black, and white.

'The piers which are still standing contained other figures of the same general character, but which, unfortunately, are more mutilated: those which are fallen were no doubt enriched with the same ornaments. Each one had some specific meaning, and the whole probably presented some allegory or history; and when entire and painted, the effect in ascending the terrace must have been imposing and beautiful.

'The principal doorway is not distinguished by its size or by any superior ornament, but is only indicated by a range of broad stone steps leading up to it on the terrace. The doorways have no doors, nor are there the remains of any. Within, on each side, are three niches in the wall about 8 or 10 inches square, with a cylindrical stone about 2 inches in diameter fixed upright, by which perhaps a door was secured. Along the cornice outside, projecting about a foot beyond the front, holes were drilled at intervals through the stone; and our impression was, that an immense cotton cloth, running the whole length of the building, perhaps painted in a style corresponding with the ornaments, was attached to this cornice, and raised and lowered like a curtain, according to the exigencies of sun and rain. Such a curtain is used now in front of the piazzas of some haciendas in Yucatan.

'The tops of the doorways were all broken. They had evidently been square, and over every one were large niches in the wall on each side, in which the lintels had been laid. These lintels had all fallen, and the stones above formed broken natural arches. Underneath were heaps of rubbish, but there were no remains of lintels. If they had been single slabs of stone, some of them must have been visible and prominent: we made up our minds that these lintels were of *wood*; and by what we saw afterwards in Yucatan, we were confirmed, beyond all doubt, in our opinion.

'The building has two parallel corridors running lengthwise on all four of its sides. The floors are of cement, as hard as the best seen in the remains of Roman baths and cisterns. The walls are about 10 feet high, plastered, and on each side of the principal entrance ornamented with medallions, of which the borders only remain. . . . The builders were evidently ignorant of the principles of the arch, and the ceiling was made by stones lapping over as they rose, as at Ocosingo, and among the Cyclopean remains in Greece and Italy. . . . From the

the centre door of the front corridor a range of stone steps 30 feet long leads to a rectangular courtyard, 80 feet long by 70 broad. On each side of the steps are grim and gigantic figures, carved on stone in basso-relievo, 9 or 10 feet high, and in a position slightly inclined backward from the end of the steps to the floor of the corridor. . . . They are adorned with rich head-dresses and necklaces, but their attitude is that of pain and trouble. The design and anatomical proportions of the figures are faulty, but there is a force of expression about them which shows the skill and conceptive power of the artist. . . .

'On each side of the courtyard the palace was divided into apartments, probably for sleeping. On the right the piers have all fallen down. On the left they are still standing, and ornamented with stucco figures. In the centre apartment, in one of the holes before referred to of the arch, are the remains of a wooden pole about a foot long, which once stretched across, but the rest had decayed. It was the only piece of wood we found at Palenque, and we did not discover this until some time after we had made up our minds in regard to the wooden lintels over the doors. It was much worm-eaten, and probably, in a few years, not a vestige of it will be left.'—vol. ii. pp. 310-315.

Numerous engravings of the principal objects of interest are given: they are admirably executed, and in a manner which leaves no doubt of their perfect accuracy. The style of sculpture approaches the Egyptian more nearly than at Copan: but at Palenque there is a greater excess of ornament, nor is there the same grandeur or dignity. The hieroglyphics are as abundant as at Copan or Quirigua, and are evidently identical in character. Mr. Stephens, although he conceives that Palenque is less ancient than Copan, adduces some reasons for supposing that it must have been in ruins before the conquest by Cortez.

Want of space precludes us from entering further into the details of the astonishing assembly of buildings by which our author was surrounded, and which he describes with great clearness and precision: nor must we be tempted to quote his humorous history of their housekeeping misadventures in the palace. We must omit also, sadly against our will, the account of a deputation of three Padres from Tumbala, who came to Palenque for the express purpose of inspecting the ruins; and who, after keeping the village in a state of suspense for three days, at length made their triumphal entry, escorted by the principal inhabitants of all the surrounding villages, and with a train of more than a hundred Indians carrying hammocks, chairs, baggage, and eatables.

They, and the cura of Palenque, their manners, their feastings, and their perpetual games of *monté*, are admirably described. These reverend explorers had screwed up their courage to pass a
night

night in the ruins ; and, under the escort of Mr. Stephens, set out with a train of fifty or sixty Indians, laden with all manner of niceties and comforts ; and, more highly favoured than our travellers, five fair tortilla-makers accompanied them. A very brief examination of the ruins sufficed the reverend deputation. One particular basso-relievo had in its centre something which bore a slight resemblance to a cross : at once they jumped to the conclusion that the old inhabitants were Christians, fixed the age of the buildings in the third century, wound up the day with a comfortable game of cards, and, well satisfied with their exertions, were off the next morning to report their *discoveries*. All this is touched in a lively but good-humoured tone ; and, indeed, throughout the whole of his work Mr. Stephens bears willing testimony to the kindheartedness and friendly disposition of the Padres. Although debased by superstition, and with many of the worst features of popery in their full extent, still the reader perceives how important are the benefits which the local clergy, scattered through the wilds of Central America and Mexico, confer, not only on the inhabitants, but upon the stranger and the traveller. Wherever a cura's house was to be found, there welcome, protection, and kindness were to be found : from them, and from them only, were to be obtained any, even the slightest glimmerings of information regarding the antiquities and the objects of interest in the country ; and low as the entire region is sunk in the scale of civilization, it is abundantly clear that it is the diffusion of Christianity, imperfect and vitiated though it be, which prevents its descending into absolute barbarism.

After making some antiquarian purchases at the village, negotiating for more, and rejecting the project of buying the palace and repeopling the old city, chiefly on the ground that a stranger must marry a daughter of the soil before he can purchase land, Mr. Stephens set out on a long journey by sea and land to Uxmal. At Merida he found a most influential friend in the person of Don Simon Peon, the proprietor of the ruins at Uxmal, with whom he had formed a casual acquaintance at an hotel in New York. The territorial possessions of this gentleman's family are most princely : their haciendas are scattered throughout the entire distance between Merida and Uxmal. There is not a single stream or spring throughout the region ; and water is, consequently, one of the most valuable possessions in the country. As the only supply for the year is obtained during the rainy season, from April to October, stone tanks of enormous dimensions are constructed and kept up at great expense to contain it at each of these country palaces ; and the Indians, in return for the privilege
of

of using the water, become bound to the owner by a sort of feudal tie. These lordly haciendas are of stone, magnificently built, and equal in size to Blenheim or Stowe, each having a church attached to it. As the travellers were friends of the family, and escorted by a household servant, each of them in succession, with its major-domo and army of servants, was placed under their control.

'At the moment of quitting one of them, being fatigued with our ride, the escorting servant suggested to the major-domo, "*llamar un coché*"—in English "call a coach," which the latter offered to do if we wished it. We made a few inquiries, and then said unhesitatingly, "Go call a coach, and let a coach be called!" The major-domo ascended by a flight of stone steps outside to the belfry of the church, whither we followed him; and, turning around with a movement and tone of voice that reminded us of a Mussulman in a minaret calling the faithful to prayers, he called for a coach. The roof of the church, and of the whole pile of buildings connected, was of stone cemented, firm and strong as a pavement. The sun beat intensely upon it, and for several minutes all was still. At length we saw a single Indian trotting through the woods toward the hacienda, then two together, and in a quarter of an hour there were twenty or thirty. These were the horses; the coaches were yet growing on the trees. Six Indians were selected for each coach, who, with a few minutes' use of the machete, cut a bundle of poles, which they brought up to the corridor to manufacture into coaches. This was done, first, by laying on the ground two poles about as thick as a man's wrist, ten feet long and three feet apart. These were fastened by cross-sticks tied with strings of unspun hemp, about two feet from each end; grass hammocks were secured between the poles, bows bent over them and covered with light matting, and the coaches were made. We placed our ponchas at the head for pillows, crawled inside, and lay down. The Indians took off little cotton shirts covering the breast, and tied them around their petates as hatbands. Four of them raised up each coach, and placed the end of the poles on little cushions on their shoulders. We bade farewell to the major-domo and his wife, and, feet first, descended the steps and set off on a trot."—vol. ii. pp. 405, 406.

Arrived at Uxmal, Mr. Catherwood resumed his labours, but his health, which had suffered greatly from his exertions at Copan and Palenque, entirely gave way on the second day; and Mr. Stephens became alarmed for his friend, and resolved at once to leave the ruins. The single day, however, had been well employed:—

'The first object that arrests the eye on emerging from the forest is the "*Casa del Enano*," or House of the Dwarf. It was the first building I entered; and from it I counted sixteen elevations, with broken walls and mounds of stones, and vast, magnificent edifices, which at that distance seemed untouched by time and defying ruin. I stood in the doorway when the sun went down, throwing from the buildings

buildings a prodigious breadth of shadow, darkening the terraces on which they stood, and presenting a scene strange enough for a work of enchantment.

'The Casa del Enano is 68 feet long. The elevation on which it stands is built up solid from the plain, entirely artificial. Its form is not pyramidal, but oblong and rounding, being 240 feet long at the base, and 120 broad, and it is protected all around, to the very top, by a wall of square stones. Perhaps the high ruined structures at Palenque, which we have called pyramidal, and which were so ruined that we could not make them out exactly, were originally of the same shape. On the east side of the structure is a broad range of stone steps between eight and nine inches high, and so steep that great care is necessary in ascending and descending: of these we counted a hundred and one in their places. Nine were wanting at the top, and perhaps twenty were covered with rubbish at the bottom. At the summit of the steps is a stone platform four feet and a half wide, running along the rear of the building. There is no door in the centre, but at each end a door opens into an apartment eighteen feet long and nine wide, and between the two is a third apartment of the same width, and thirty-four feet long. The whole building is of stone; inside, the walls are of polished smoothness; outside, up to the height of the door, the stones are plain and square; above this line there is a rich cornice or moulding, and from this to the top of the building all the sides are covered with rich and elaborate sculptured ornaments, forming a sort of arabesque. The style and character of these ornaments were entirely different from those of any we had ever seen before, either in that country or any other: they bore no resemblance whatever to those of Copan or Palenque, and were quite as unique and peculiar. The designs were strange and incomprehensible, very elaborate, sometimes grotesque, but often simple, tasteful, and beautiful. Among the intelligible subjects are squares and diamonds, with busts of human beings, heads of leopards, and compositions of leaves and flowers, and the ornaments known everywhere as *grecques*. The ornaments, which succeed each other, are all different; the whole form an extraordinary mass of richness and complexity, and the effect is both grand and curious. And the construction of these ornaments is not less peculiar and striking than the general effect. There were no tablets or single stones, each representing separately and by itself an entire subject; but every ornament or combination is made up of separate stones, on each of which part of the subject was carved, and which was then set in its place in the wall. Each stone, by itself, was an unmeaning fractional part; but, placed by the side of others, helped to make a whole, which without it would be incomplete. Perhaps it may, with propriety, be called a species of sculptured mosaic.'—vol. ii. pp. 420-422.

The Casa del Gobernador is the grandest in position, the most stately in architecture and proportion, and the most perfect in preservation of all the structures remaining at Uxmal:—

'It stands on three ranges of terraces, the lowest 600 feet long, and the united height of the three 35 feet; the whole of cut stone. The palace
itself

itself measures 320 feet, and stands with all its walls erect, and almost as perfect as when deserted by its inhabitants. The whole building is of stone, plain up to the moulding that runs along the tops of the doorway, and above filled with the same rich, strange, and elaborate sculpture. There is no rudeness or barbarity in the design or proportions: on the contrary, the whole wears an air of architectural symmetry and grandeur; and as the stranger ascends the steps, and casts a bewildered eye along its open and desolate doors, it is hard to believe that he sees before him the work of a race in whose epitaph, as written by historians, they are called ignorant of art, and said to have perished in the rudeness of savage life. If it stood at this day on its grand artificial terrace in Hyde Park or the Garden of the Tuileries, it would form a new order, I do not say equalling, but not unworthy to stand side by side with the remains of Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman art.'—vol. ii. pp. 429, 430.

One of the peculiarities of these ruins was in the lintels of the doorways; they had all been of wood, and most of them were still in their places. They were heavy beams eight or nine feet long; and on one, which had fallen from its place, was a line of characters carved or stamped, which, although almost obliterated, appeared similar to those of Copan and Palenque.

'There are,' says Mr. Stephens, 'at Uxmal no "idols," as at Copan; not a single stuccoed figure or carved tablet, as at Palenque. Except this beam of hieroglyphics, though searching earnestly, we did not discover any one absolute point of resemblance; and the wanton machete of an Indian may destroy the only link that can connect them together.'—vol. ii. p. 433.

Having concluded his account of these ruins, the last which he explored, Mr. Stephens devotes a separate chapter to the important questions, 'when and by whom were these cities built?' He treats the subject ably; and the result to which he comes is, that there are no sufficient grounds for the belief in the great antiquity which has been ascribed to them. On the contrary, he is convinced that the whole of the buildings which he examined were constructed by the people who occupied the country at the time of the Spanish conquest, and probably even in the case of the oldest of them all, Quirigua, not very many centuries prior to that event. He founds this opinion, first, on the appearance of the ruins; and secondly, on historical accounts; and numerous passages which he gives from Herrera and Bernal Diaz de Castillo appear to us completely to establish the fact, that magnificent stone buildings—palaces and temples—exactly similar to those which he has described, were spread over the whole country at the time of the conquest.

In an early part of his work (vol. i. p. 97) the author adverts, but, as our reader has seen, with no severity of censure, to Dr. Robertson's

Robertson's erroneous estimate of the progress which had been made in the arts of civilised life by the old inhabitants of America. 'At that time,' he says, 'distrust was perhaps the safer side for the historian.' This excuse is scarcely sufficient. That Dr. Robertson was wise to receive with extreme caution the exaggerated boastings of the Spanish historians as to their adventures, their conquests, and their spoils, cannot be doubted; but it does seem marvellous to us that he could have studied, as we know he did, the contemporary historians, and not have had more correct ideas on the subject forced upon him. Diaz de Castillo's 'True History of the Conquest of Mexico,' were it the only book extant on the subject, would amply suffice to prove the extent, solidity, and magnificence of the buildings.

'Now it will be recollected,' says Mr. Stephens, 'that Bernal Diaz wrote to do justice to himself and others of the "true conquerors," his companions in arms, whose fame had been obscured by other historians, not actors and eyewitnesses; all his references to buildings are incidental; he never expected to be cited as authority upon the antiquities of the country. The pettiest skirmish with the natives was nearer his heart than all the edifices of lime and stone which he saw; and it is precisely on that account that his testimony is the more valuable.'—vol. ii. p. 452.

There is great weight in this argument: the case being one of those in which the value of what are termed '*indirect evidences*' becomes so apparent.

Mr. Stephens devotes only a few pages to his homeward journey. He and Mr. Catherwood embarked on board a Spanish brig at Sisal, with the intention of proceeding, in the first instance, to the Havannah; but they were soon becalmed. The sun was unendurably hot—the sea of a glassy stillness—provisions and water ran short—and the sharks which surrounded the vessel, and which at first they had looked at, and angled for, and eaten with complacency, became by degrees very disagreeable companions, so much did they appear as if waiting for their prey. For sixteen days this fearful stillness continued. The captain said that the vessel was enchanted; and the sailors, half in earnest, exclaimed that it was owing to the heretics. At length a breeze sprang up; but the captain, who had no chronometer on board, being too noble-minded a Spaniard ever to use one, had lost his reckoning, and believed that he was in the middle of the Gulf stream, and two or three hundred miles past his port. In this state of things it was to the unspeakable delight of the two travellers that an American brig hove in sight, took them on board, and landed them safely at New York on the 31st July, 1840, after an absence of ten months.

We

We close this book with regret. From the first page to the last, the animation, the characteristic energy, and the buoyant spirit of the author remain undiminished. Our extracts might have been thrice trebled, and yet left the volumes rich in important and original matter. The political details, for instance, from which we have systematically abstained, would in themselves be sufficient to render the work one of high interest and permanent value.

We well know the extreme *cuticular tenuity* which characterises our Transatlantic brethren ; and that the occasional freedom of our remarks upon their literature, among other subjects, has placed us somewhat low in their good graces. We are not aware of having ever under-rated their merits : but certainly we have not been disposed, nor are we now, to mistake the promise of excellence which many branches of their literature display, for the achieved perfection to which they lay claim ; nor, as we conceive, will their indignant complaints of ill-treatment tend to establish that claim. It will be much better sustained by their giving to the public a few more such volumes as these. Let our good friends of the New World send out half-a-dozen such travellers as Mr. Stephens, and we predict that the records of their wanderings, discoveries, and adventures will do more to elevate the literary character of America than the angry philippics of all the reviews and newspapers throughout the Union, backed though they be by an entire phalanx of servile echoers in England.

ART. III.—*Biography and Poetical Remains of the late Miss Margaret Miller Davidson*. By Washington Irving. Philadelphia, 1841.

ABOUT twelve years ago we gave our readers an account of Lucretia Davidson, an American girl, whose precocious genius and early death excited in us, and, as we afterwards found, in the public, a strong and painful interest. We have now to show another phenomenon of the same class, and that other is the sister of the former. We hardly know at first sight whether the recurrence in the same family of such a prodigy ought to increase or to diminish our wonder ; but at all events it is so remarkable, and the two cases are so closely connected, both in the facts they present and the feelings they excite, that some notice of the second seems an indispensable supplement to our article on the first—

first—to which we request our readers to refer, for there is scarcely a line of it which, with the change of *Margaret* for *Lucretia*, would not be equally applicable to our present purpose: almost the only difference is, that Margaret died at the age of *fifteen years* and *eight months*—one year and three months less than that of her sister; Lucretia having been born in September 1808, and dying in August 1825—Margaret, born in March 1823, died in November 1838. The parents of these children and of several others, of whom nothing remarkable is told, were Dr. Oliver Davidson and Margaret (Miller) his wife, of whom little more is related than that they seem to have been in more straitened circumstances * than the *doctorial* title would have led us to expect. We, indeed, wonder and a little complain that Mr. Washington Irving, in introducing this second prodigy, did not see that some additional curiosity would naturally be excited about the parents and the other children—not mere idle gossiping curiosity, but a rational desire to trace if possible the seeds of the precocity which he considers as so extraordinary—to know whether either of the parents had shown any similar dispositions, and, above all, whether such a disposition in *them* might not have tutored the infant minds of the girls into premature activity. We are told that though Lucretia died when Margaret was only two and a half years old, her example—inculcated by the tender recollection and admiration of the rest of the family—had a great influence on the younger sister; but, as we stated in the former article, the genius of the elder seems, if there be no exaggeration in the statement, to have acted not merely spontaneously but secretly, and as if she rather dreaded reprehension than hoped for approbation.

Margaret was born on the 26th March, 1823, 'at the *family residence on Lake Champlain*, in the village of Plattsburg'—so says Mr. Irving, meaning, we presume, that she was born in her parents' residence in the village of Plattsburg, on the shores of Lake Champlain. We notice this phrase in *limine*, because we regret to find throughout his share of the volume, that the style of Mr. Washington Irving, which we always admired and have often praised for its ease and simplicity, seems to have taken, perhaps

* The biographies *hint* that the circumstances of the family were such that Lucretia was necessarily diverted from her literary pursuits by household cares. Our republican friends on the other side of the Atlantic are very shy of such homely details, and Mr. Irving does not violate the ethereal dignity of poor Margaret by even an allusion of that kind, but it is doing injustice to her fame to omit so remarkable a clog on her intellectual progress as she herself indicates.

'Come! and behold how I improve

In *dusting—cleaning—sweeping*;

And I will hear with patient ear

Your lectures on *housekeeping*.'—To Mrs. H—, p. 121.

from

from his *entourage*,* a turn towards pomposity and inflation, of which we dare say he is unconscious, but of which we hope we shall be—as old and sincere friends—excused for apprising him. He proceeds in the same tone—

‘Margaret evinced fragility of constitution from her very birth. Her sister Lucretia, whose brief *poetical career has been so celebrated in literary history*, was her early and fond attendant, and some of her most *popular lays* were composed with the infant *sporting in her arms*. She used to gaze upon her little sister with intense delight, and, remarking the uncommon brightness and beauty of her eyes, would exclaim, “She must—she will be a poet!”—p. 12.

This to our taste is somewhat over-fine. We admit that it is quite natural that Mr. Irving should feel a warm enthusiasm about these interesting young creatures, with whose family he was early acquainted, and one of whom he had himself seen; but we think that strangers would be more effectually led to partake his sentiments if, in telling a story which in itself borders on the marvellous, the biographer had seen the advantage of employing a more simple style of narration, as well as of exercising a more chastened judgment as to the *intrinsic* value of several of these poetical effusions, of which the real value is, we fear, wholly *extrinsic*. But having ventured on this slight criticism, we willingly add a cordial acknowledgment of the kindly spirit and amiable manner in which Mr. Irving has executed the double duties of friend and editor.

In 1833, about a year after Mr. Irving’s return from Europe, he was told, while at New York, that Mrs. Davidson was in that city, and desirous of consulting him about a new edition of Lucretia’s works. He lost no time in waiting on her, and found that *her* appearance corresponded with the interesting idea given of her in her daughter’s biography—she was feeble and emaciated—propped by pillows in a sick chair, but ‘with lingerings of grace and beauty in her form and features, and her eyes still beamed with intelligence and sensibility.’ Indeed from these and other hints scattered through both the biographies, we are inclined to suspect that it was from their mother that these interesting girls inherited that fragility of constitution and probably that excitability of mind which seem to have condemned the parent to a long life of suffering and the children to the happier destiny of an early grave.

* Miss Sedgwick, for instance, who has recently published a biography of the elder sister, prefaces a few lines of lively doggerel which Lucretia had written at school, by saying that she ‘does not insert them so much for their poetical merit as for the playful spirit which beams through them, and which seems like sunbeams smiling on a cataract!’

While Mr. Irving was conversing with the mother on the subject of her daughter's works, he observed a little girl, apparently not more than eleven years of age, but of striking intellectual beauty, moving quietly about her; occasionally arranging a pillow, and at the same time listening earnestly to their conversation. This was Margaret: on her leaving the room 'the mother spoke of her as having *evinced* the same early poetical talent that had distinguished her sister,' and, as evidence, showed Mr. Irving several copies of verses remarkable for such a child. He found also that she had 'nearly the same moral and physical constitution, and was prone to the same feverish excitement of the mind and kindling of the imagination which had acted so powerfully on the fragile frame of her sister Lucretia.' Mr. Irving cautioned the mother against 'fostering the poetic vein,' and advised such studies and pursuits as would strengthen her judgment, calm her sensibilities, and enlarge her common sense. Mrs. Davidson was fully aware of the importance of this advice, but foresaw great difficulty in following it, having to contend not only with the child's natural disposition, but with the additional excitement produced in the mind of this sensitive little being by the example of, and an intense enthusiasm about, her departed sister.

Three years elapsed before Mr. Irving again saw her—the interval had rapidly developed the powers of her mind, and heightened the loveliness of her person—but his fears for her health were verified—'the soul,' he emphatically says, 'was wearing out the body—the fragile delicacy of her form, the hectic bloom of her cheek, the almost unearthly lustre of her eye, convinced him that she was not long for this world.' He never saw her more—but about three years after that interview a number of manuscripts were placed in his hands *as all that was left of her!* These manuscripts were accompanied by copious memoranda of this interesting creature, furnished by the mother, and which form the groundwork, and indeed much of the superstructure, of Mr. Irving's biographical notice.

The death of Lucretia, which happened, as we have stated, when Margaret was not quite two years and a half old, made yet a great impression on her, which showed itself in feelings and language of extraordinary precocity. A few months after Lucretia's decease—when, of course, Margaret was about *three*—a visitor to her mother seeing her come into the room with a light elastic step, for which she was always remarked, said, 'That child never walks;' and then turning to her, 'Margaret, where are you flying now?' 'To heaven!' she said, pointing up with her finger, 'to meet my sister Lucretia, when I get my new wings.' 'Your new wings?—when will you get them?'—'Soon—O very soon—and then I shall fly!'

'She

'She loved, says her mother, to sit hour after hour on a cushion at my feet, her little arms resting on my lap, and her full dark eyes resting on mine, listening to anecdotes of her sister's life, and details of the events which preceded her death, often exclaiming, while her face beamed with mingled emotions, "Oh, mamma! I will try to fill her place—teach me to be like her."'

Alas! she needed no teaching—she was but too like her—in life and in death. Her mother endeavoured to repress the activity of her intellect—she was in fact kept back; but before she could write, or even read, her language was inspired with what is called poetry. She would talk of 'bright warm sunshine,' of 'cooling showers,' of 'the pale cold moon,' and would note the picturesque beauties of nature, and discriminate the passing effects of the weather on the surrounding landscape.

'A bright starlight night would seem to awaken a mysterious rapture in her infant bosom; and one of her early expressions in speaking of the stars was, "*that they shone like the eyes of angels.*"'—p. 15.

Her mother cannot tell at what age her religious impressions—which were all through her life strong and enthusiastic—were first imbibed: they seemed interwoven with her very existence, and a sentiment of gratitude and affection towards the Creator entered into her earliest emotions of delight at the wonders and beauties of creation.

At six years old she was so far advanced in literature and intelligence as to be the companion of her mother when confined to her room by protracted illness. She read not only well, but elegantly—her love of reading amounted to a passion, and her intelligence surpassed belief; strangers viewed with astonishment a child little more than six years old reading with enthusiastic delight 'Thomson's Seasons'—the 'Pleasures of Hope'—'Cowper's Task'—the writings of Milton, Byron,* and Scott—and marking with taste and discrimination the passages which struck her. But the sacred writings were her daily study—not hurried over as a task, but she would spend an hour or two in commenting with her mother on the contents of the chapter she had read.

All this at the age of '*little more than six,*' or even if it were *seven*, is certainly surprising; but when we recollect that it is vouched, as far as we see, only by maternal enthusiasm, it creates no very serious wonder, and we must look further for the *proof* of those

* These pure and pious minds were in no danger from Byron. Lucretia wrote a short copy of verses on him, discriminating with much severity between his poetical beauties and his moral blemishes. We do not recollect that Margaret alludes directly to Byron, but some lines on Cowper (p. 277), as good perhaps as any she wrote, express her admiration of the Christian poet in a tone that sufficiently indicates what her feelings must have been towards the opposite school.

powers which Mr. Irving seems to consider as almost preternatural. This must be sought in the *litera scripta* which she has left behind, and which must be admitted as incontrovertible evidence of whatever genius they may show, for there can be no suspicion that they have been touched by any hand with a view to improving them—the character of the verses themselves, and, still more, the character of all the parties, negative the possibility of any such practices.

But though we appeal to the child's poetical remains as the only tangible and entirely trustworthy evidence of her poetical genius, we do not mean to say that her genius may not have been vastly superior to the intrinsic merit of the verses. Verses very moderate in themselves may be, according to the circumstances under which they are produced, strong indications of genius, as witness the early poetry of Milton, and all we have of Chatterton and Kirke White. We, in our former article, endeavoured to establish this distinction, and while we confessed that Lucretia's productions were but 'immature buds and blossoms shaken from the tree, and green fruit,' we acknowledged them as a fair promise of future excellence; and we may say pretty nearly the same for those of Margaret—they are in themselves of little abstract merit—the curiosity is the early age at which they were written, and the tone of mind that inspired them. If a young person were to compose a piece of merely manual mechanism—a watch for instance—which, however rudely finished and worthless in itself, had got the appearance and performed in any degree the functions of the perfect instrument—we should wonder at the imitative genius without any reference to the intrinsic value of the imitation: so it is with this youthful poetry—it is worth little—perhaps we might say nothing, except as an example of the mechanical precocity of the human mind. It is rather a fact in physiology than a contribution to literature. But in this view it is peculiarly important that we should be assured of the minute exactitude of the *facts*—of the precise age—of the very words.

The first verses we have of Margaret's were made '*about this time*;' that is, we presume, when she had read all those poets. Standing by her mother at a window which looked on a lovely landscape, she exclaimed,—

' See those lofty, those grand trees,
Their high tops waving in the breeze;
They cast their shadows on the ground,
And spread their fragrance all around.'

' Her mother, who had several times been before struck by little rhyming ejaculations of the kind, now handed her writing implements, and desired her to write down what she had just uttered. She seemed surprised

prised at the request, but complied, writing it down, however; as if it had been prose, without arranging it in a stanza, or commencing the lines with capitals; not seeming aware that she had rhymed.'—p. 17.

Now this seems to us nearly incredible—not that the child should have composed these very childish rhymes—but that she, having read the blank verse of Milton, Thomson, Cowper, and the rhyme of Scott, Campbell, Byron, should not have *known that she had rhymed*, nor should have been able to divide her effusions into couplets, or even into *lines*, is incomprehensible. It will be recollected that something of the same kind was told of Lucretia—that as early as *four years old*, and before she could write, she contrived to cover, with a kind of hieroglyphics, a quantity of writing paper, so large that its disappearance surprised her parents, from whom she carefully concealed the use she made of it. These stores of paper were at length *accidentally* discovered by her mother's searching for something in a dark and unfrequented closet, where she found a number of little books filled with rude drawings and apparently illegible characters, which, on closer inspection, were found to consist of the printed alphabet; some of the letters formed backwards, some sideways, and there being no spaces between the words. These writings being with difficulty deciphered, were found to consist of regular verses. She was much distressed at this discovery of her treasures; and as soon as she got them into her possession she took the first opportunity of secretly burning them. (*Quarterly Review*, vol. xli. p. 290.) We then observed that reports of this kind are to be received with some distrust; and certainly the story is in all its parts sufficiently wonderful. That the *family residence* of people in 'straitened circumstances'—(very straitened, as we shall see presently)—should be so large that paper could be abstracted in quantities to excite curiosity, and yet so *secretly* as to baffle discovery,—and then in *some secluded place* covered *secretly* with writing by a child of four or five years old,—and then again concealed in a *dark closet*, a different retreat, therefore, from that in which the child wrote them;—that they were then *accidentally* discovered by a mother who had all this while been blind to all the occurrences which must have been for months in progress in different parts of the house; and, finally, that *all* these curious papers, so precious to a parent's pride, should have been secretly burned—not one preserved—all these circumstances, we say, would have justified more distrust than we ventured to express. But the story told of Margaret, though not so complicated, appears to us still less credible; and with all our respect for Mrs. Davidson, we cannot but repeat our former

opinion—that recollections of this kind are to be received with some allowance. Mr. Irving does not tell us that he had seen this remarkable autograph, which, after what had befallen Lucretia's early manuscripts, we might expect to have been—as Mr. Irving tells us all her *subsequent* scraps were—carefully ‘*treasured up with delight by the mother* ;’ and if it had been preserved, we should equally have expected that he would have published it in its original state rather than in the amended form in which he has given it. In short, the whole anecdote has thrown a painful doubt over our minds, and shaken the confidence and consequent interest with which we entered on the perusal of this biography. It is, indeed, a slight and in itself trivial circumstance; but we need not say that such slight and trivial circumstances are the best test of truth. We earnestly entreat Mr. Irving, if this scrap has been preserved, to give a *fac-simile* of it in another edition. It will be the most curious, and, we think, important passage in his work.

On another occasion, during a thunder-storm towards sunset, Margaret threw herself into her mother's arms in great agitation—not from fear, but from poetic excitement—and she extemporised, with extended arm,—

‘The lightning plays along the sky ;
The thunder rolls and bursts on high ;
Jehovah's voice amid the storm
I heard. Methinks I see his form,
As, riding on the clouds of even,
He spreads his glory o'er the heaven.’

‘This likewise,’ says Mr. Irving, ‘her mother made her write down on the instant ;’ but he does not say whether it was written like the other, as prose, and whether the original was among the papers delivered to him. From the way in which he has printed it, we suppose he has copied it from Mrs. Davidson's Memoranda. Another production—of the same date, we presume, for all this part of the work refers to the period between the sixth and seventh years of her age—is more valuable, as Mr. Irving observes, not merely as a proof of early facility at numbers, but as involving a case of conscience creditable to her early powers of self-examination. She had been naughty and sullen to her mother, but after an hour or two of penance in her own bedroom, she returned, craving forgiveness in these stanzas :—

‘Forgiven by my Saviour dear,
For all the wrongs I've done ;
What other wish could I have here?—
Alas, there yet is one !

I know

I know my God has pardoned me ;
 I know he loves me still ;
 I wish forgiven I may be
 By *her* I've used so ill.
 Good resolutions I have made,
 And thought I loved my Lord ;
 But ah, I trusted in myself,
 And broke my foolish word.
 But give me strength, O Lord, to trust
 For help alone in Thee ;
 Thou knowest my inmost feelings best :
 O teach me to obey !'

This, though far from being *poetry*, is as good as the general run of Dr. Watts's songs, and certainly, under all the circumstances, a remarkable production. Her *self-examination* was, however, not a mere poetical exercise. On her death her mother found a series of memoranda of self-examination, from a very early period of her life until within a few days of its close. 'They are,' says Mr. Irving, 'some of the most interesting relics she has left; but they are of too sacred a nature to meet the public eye' (p. 151).

We are not surprised at hearing that she took little pleasure or share in the common amusements of children. Hers were all intellectual. If she chanced to play with a doll or a kitten, it was only to create them into historic or dramatic personages, and to carry on with them imaginary dialogues, 'always ingenious, and sometimes even brilliant.' The fondness which all children have for story-telling she also indulged, but her extemporaneous stories were of a very superior class,—

'and in nothing was the precocity of her mental powers more apparent than in the discrimination and individuality of her fictitious characters—the consistency with which they were sustained—the graphic force of her descriptions—the elevation of her sentiments, and the poetic beauty of her imagery.'—p. 21.

So writes, in his own character, Mr. Irving; but as it does not appear that he himself heard any of those recitations—indeed he never saw the child till four or five years after the period now referred to—we cannot but think his eulogy somewhat pleonastic, and expressed with more confidence than the circumstances seem to warrant; and we make this observation the rather because we find in a subsequent part of the volume a fragment of a story written in poor Margaret's immature maturity of *fifteen*, and which has as little literary merit as any flimsy, sentimental rhapsody of the Minerva press. One interest it does possess. The scene is laid in her native village, on the banks of the

Saranac, a river which falls into Lake Champlain; and it opens with a description of a cottage and its inhabitants, clearly designed for her own 'family residence' and its inmates—the cottage very 'lowly and humble'—the 'grey-headed physician' who inhabited it very poor, and 'far in the decline of life'—with a beautiful but sickly family—'lovely plants, fading away one by one from the eyes of their idolizing parents' (p. 155). A love-story is of course superinduced on these materials; but it happily breaks off at the end of about thirty pages. The style is so over-flowery, and all the rest so commonplace, that we think it positively inferior to what might be expected from almost any girl of fifteen who could write at all, and by no means corroborating the lofty panegyric bestowed by Mr. Irving on stories composed eight years earlier.

'Between the age of six and seven she entered on a general course of education,—English grammar, geography, history, and rhetoric (?), under the direction and superintendence of her mother;' but her constitution had already begun to show symptoms of delicacy, which rendered it expedient to check her application.

In 1830, 'an English gentleman,' who had been strongly interested and affected by the accounts he had read of *Lucretia Davidson*, visited Plattsburg for the purpose of seeing the place in which she had been born and was buried. Finding her family still residing there, he waited on Mrs. Davidson, and of course was surprised and delighted to find in Margaret a living image, a duplicate as it were, of *her* whose celebrity had led him to Plattsburg. This gentleman would naturally be kindly received by all *Lucretia's* family; but the sensitive little Margaret formed for him an enthusiastic friendship, remarkable in such a child. His visit to Plattsburg was short; but he saw her again in her first visit to New York, where he took great pleasure in accompanying her to all the exhibitions and places of intellectual amusement of the city, and in marking their effect on her unhackneyed feelings and intelligent mind. Once he took her to the theatre, which she afterwards remembered as 'a brilliant dream,' and thenceforward her writings frequently took a dramatic turn. This gentleman intended to have visited her again at Plattsburg; but being called away to England, he was obliged to lay that design aside. This was a great disappointment to Margaret; and though he accompanied his farewell letter with a present of books and various tasteful remembrances, the sight of them only increased the affliction of this romantic child for the departure of her friend. She locked them up as relics, and used to visit them with tears.

Our readers will recollect that something of a similar kind happened

happened to Lucretia—indeed there is, all along, a very extraordinary *twinness* in the two histories. She also had excited the admiration and the active beneficence of a stranger, and we expressed our regret that the name of that gentleman was not given;* we now equally regret that we are not told that of Margaret's English friend—for, besides the pleasure of giving, as we before said, 'a local habitation and a name' to such instances of taste and benevolence, we are glad to have as many witnesses as possible to the truth of a story which, though indubitable in its main facts, is liable, from the most amiable causes, to exaggeration in its details.

In her seventh summer her health became visibly delicate, and it was thought advisable to take her to Saratoga Springs, the waters of which seemed to have a beneficial effect. Thence she, for the first time, accompanied her parents to New York, with which she was excited and delighted in a very high degree; and on her return home her strength seemed so much increased that she resumed her studies with great assiduity, and enjoyed, with intense enthusiasm, the beauties of nature along the banks of her native Saranac and the shores of 'her own beautiful Champlain.'

Her mother, in her Memoranda, gives a striking picture of her in one of those enthusiastic moods:—

'After an evening's stroll along the river bank we seated ourselves by a window to observe the effects of the full moon on the waters. A holy calm seemed to pervade all nature. With her head resting on my bosom, and her eyes fixed on the firmament, she pointed to a particularly bright star, and said—

'Behold that bright and sparkling star
Which setteth [sitteth?] as a Queen afar;
Over the blue and spangled heaven
It sheds its glory in the even :

Our Jesus made that sparkling star
Which shines and twinkles from afar;
Oh! 'twas that bright and glorious gem
That shone o'er ancient Bethlehem.'—p. 25.

* We gather from a note in this volume, and more clearly from Miss Sedgwick's recent *Life of Lucretia*, that this benefactor was *Moss Kent, Esq.*; but Mrs. Davidson seems rather offended by the statement in Morse's 'Biography of Lucretia,' that he was a *stranger*, whose benevolence was attracted by mere admiration of her daughter, and whose favours therefore she might have had some scruples about accepting. She, on the contrary, says that he was an old acquaintance, and she diminishes somewhat the extent of the obligation conferred, though 'this excellent man continued,' she adds, 'a pure and disinterested friend to the day of his death.' Margaret used to call him 'Uncle Kent.'—p. 48.

If by chance any of our readers recollect the verses of Lucretia quoted in our former article,

‘Thou brightly glittering star of even,
Thou gem upon the brow of heaven,’

they will see that Margaret’s first stanza is but a feeble reminiscence of her sister. In truth, except as the *extemporaneous* burst of a *child* of seven years old, the lines are nothing; but the sudden turn and pious application of the last couplet redeem the whole, and give it, we think, a superiority to Lucretia’s more matured and polished composition. And what a picture the whole anecdote is!—the glowing landscape—the mother—the child—the uplifted eye and finger—and, above all, the face of the little angelic being, inspired by the *star* with the sudden recollection of *Bethlehem*!

In the autumn of 1830 the health of the child began to fail again, as did also that of the mother—who seems indeed never to have been well; and it was thought *prudent to spend the winter* with a married daughter, Mrs. Townshend,* who was settled in Canada.

We are startled at hearing of invalids, already living in a more southern latitude than Turin or Venice, removing, for the sake of a *milder climate*, to a Canadian winter. The reason given is, that the winds of Lake Champlain were too chilly for weak lungs, and that Mrs. Townshend’s residence, though in the same latitude as Plattsburg, was an *inland* situation! (p. 25.) The Canadian climate, however, did Mrs. Davidson no good, who continued a helpless invalid, confined to her bed, for eighteen months, during which time little Margaret was her constant companion and attendant. But Canada seemed to agree with the child, till in January, 1833,—the *ninth* year of her age not yet expired,—she had a severe attack of scarlet fever, and on her slow recovery it was thought advisable, for the sake of both mother and child, to remove them to New York. There she met relatives and young companions, with whose amusements she mingled, but generally to give them an intellectual direction. Amongst other sports she proposed to get up a play, which she was to write—in which she was to act, and for which she was to make all the arrangements—although she had never been in a playhouse but the one evening before mentioned: the lightest part of her task, she thought, was the composition of the

* This lady Mr. Irving always designates as Mrs. T——. But what possible reason can there be for puzzling distant readers with *initials*, when the name must be as well known in New York as *Broadway*—and when the mention of the person is not merely inoffensive, but complimentary?

tragedy,

tragedy, which, she said, would be ready long before the dresses—and it was, in fact, written in two days.

'This little drama,' says Mr. Irving, 'lies before *us* [we know not why Mr. Irving thus assumes the *style* of monarchs and reviewers], a curious specimen of the prompt talents of this most ingenious child, and by no means more incongruous in its incidents than many current dramas by veteran and experienced playwrights.'—p. 32.

We however must say that, from the summary of the plot which he gives us, it seems to have been silly enough, and very little above the years of the young authoress. Her visit to New York, however, produced something better. Their sojourn there was protracted till the heat became oppressive, and she expressed her yearnings for the banks of the Saranac in the following pretty lines:—

'I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,
To my own native plants and my flow'rets so fair!
To the cool grassy shade and the rivulet bright,
Which reflects the pale moon on its bosom of light.
Again would I view the old mansion so dear,
Where I sported a babe without sorrow or fear.
I would leave this great city, so brilliant and gay,
For a peep at my *home* on this pure summer-day.
I have friends whom I love, and would leave with regret,
But the love of my home, Oh 'tis tenderer yet!
There a sister reposes, unconscious, in death—
'T was there she first drew, and there yielded her breath;
A father I love is away from me now—
Oh could I but print a sweet kiss on his brow,
Or smooth the gray locks to my fond heart so dear,
How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear!
Attentive I listen to pleasure's gay call,
But my own darling *Home*, it is dearer than all.'—p. 32.

But the neighbourhood of Champlain being thought unfavourable for a family of such delicate health, they found a new home in the village of Ballston, where she regretted the wilder scenery of her '*Native Lake*':—

'Thy verdant banks, thy lucid stream,
Lit by the sun's resplendent beam,
Reflect each bending tree so light
Upon thy bounding bosom bright—
Could I but see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain!
The little isles that deck thy breast,
And calmly on thy bosom rest,
How often in my childish glee
I've sported round them bright and free!
Could I but see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain!

How

How oft I've watched the fresh'ning shower
 Bending the summer tree and flower,
 And felt my little heart beat high
 As the bright rainbow graced the sky!
 Could I but see thee once again,
 My own, my beautiful Champlain!

And shall I never see thee more,
 My native lake, my much-loved shore?
 And must I bid a long adieu,
 My dear, my infant home, to you?
 Shall I not see thee once again,
 My own, my beautiful Champlain?

No—she was never again to see her '*beautiful Champlain*;' and the melancholy trials, with which Heaven so frequently balances its highest intellectual gifts, were about to thicken upon this interesting family. The mother a constant sufferer—for ever on the verge of the grave; the child herself alternating between a state of health never better than fragile, and frequent fits of positive disease; and now her eldest and only surviving sister, Mrs. Townshend—to whom she had looked forward to supply the place of the, as it seemed, dying mother—was herself carried off, still young and beautiful, leaving one orphan '*bud of promise*.' This was a severe shock to Margaret, whose own state of health had lately assumed a very alarming aspect, but she seemed to rally her energies to alleviate the grief of her mother; and two or three copies of verses, addressed to Mrs. Davidson on this sad occasion, are remarkable, not so much for their poetry as for a strain of sober piety and Christian consolation, much above what we should have expected from the writer's years.

Soon after this affliction, and perhaps in consequence of it, in December, 1834, Margaret was again seized with a liver complaint, which by sympathy affected her lungs, and confined her to her bed for two months, and to her room for two more. 'During this fit of illness her mind had remained in an unusual state of inactivity, but with the opening of spring and the faint return of health it broke forth with a brilliancy and a restless excitability which astonished and alarmed' her friends; and at this time she poured out in rapid succession many of her best pieces:—

'*We*,' says Mr. Irving, 'cannot help thinking that these moments of intense poetical exultation sometimes *approached to delirium*, for we are told by her mother that the image of her departed sister Lucretia mingled in all her aspirations; the holy elevation of Lucretia's character had taken deep hold of her imagination, and in her moments of enthusiasm

enthusiasm she felt that she held close and intimate communion with her beatified spirit.'—p. 42.

No doubt the extreme and precocious sensibility of both these young creatures was out of the ordinary course of nature, and might be almost called a mental disease, which to a common observer would seem *delirious*; but we are surprised that a man of Mr. Irving's taste and talents—if he knows no more than he has told us—should have seen anything like *insanity* in either of the girls, and particularly in the very intelligible and natural process by which the enthusiastic recollections of a sister, in all points so like herself, should have blended themselves with Margaret's very existence.

In the autumn of 1835 Dr. Davidson removed his family to a large, commodious, old-fashioned house situate at Ruremont, on the Sound, or East River as it is called, about four miles from New York:—

'The wild position and curious structure of this old-fashioned house,' says her mother, 'with a long gallery, winding staircase, dark and narrow passages, a trap-door, large rooms with massive doors and heavy iron bolts and bars, set her mind teeming with recollections of all she had heard or imagined of old castles, banditti, smugglers, &c. She roamed over the place in perfect ecstasy, peopling every part with images of her own imagination, and fancying it the scene of foregone events of dark and thrilling interest.'—p. 50.

But, strange enough, we do not find in her verses any marked traces of this new and, we should have supposed, enticing train of thought, except, perhaps, in some '*Stanzas*' given without any note or explanation in an earlier page, but which are evidently the longings of a romantic mind for a visit to the *old country*, excited probably by the old house at Ruremont. We shall extract a few of the best:—

'Oh, for the pinions of a bird,
To bear me far away,
Where songs of other lands are heard,
And other waters play !

For some ærial car, to fly
On thro' the realms of light,
To regions ripe with poesy,
And teeming with delight.

O'er many a wild and classic stream
In ecstasy I'd bend;
And hail each ivy-covered tower,
As though it were a friend.

Through

Through many a shadowy grove, and round
 Full many a cloistered hall,
 And corridors, where every step
 With echoing peal doth fall.

Amidst the scenes of past delight
 Or misery I'd roam,
 Where ruthless tyrants swayed in might—
 Where princes found a home—

Where heroes have enwreathed their brows
 With chivalric renown,
 Where beauty's hand, as valour's meed,
 Hath twined the laurel crown.

*I'd stand where proudest kings have stood,
 Or kneel where slaves have knelt;
 Till, wrapt in magic solitude,
 I feel what they have felt!*

Oh, for the pinions of a bird
 To waft me far away,
 Where songs of other lands are heard,
 And other waters play!

Excepting the really beautiful one which we have printed in italic, these stanzas may seem rather vaguely conceived, and negligently versified—and those we have omitted are still more so—but as written in the child's *tenth*, or at latest *eleventh*, year we think the whole very interesting.

Towards the close of 1835, amidst the anticipations of a joyous Christmas, a new affliction arrived. Two of her brothers were taken ill, and one—Kent—called, we suppose, after Lucretia's benefactor—a beautiful boy nine years old, sank into the grave. Margaret witnessed the last agonies with a patient calm—she stood over the 'corpse like a statue.' At last she was led away, and then tears came to her relief. She, as was her wont, sanctified this event in many pious stanzas, of which the best is, we think—

'Oh I have heard thy dying groan—
 Have seen thy last of earthly pain—
 And while I weep that thou art gone,
I cannot wish thee here again!'—p. 53.

But a still more painful picture now presents itself!

'The anguish of the mother was still more intense, as she saw her bright and beautiful but perishable offspring thus one by one snatched away from her.

"My own weak frame," says she, "was unable longer to sustain the effect of long watching and deep grief. I had not only lost my lovely boy,

boy, but I felt a strong conviction that I must soon resign my Margaret; or rather, that she would soon follow me to a premature grave. Although she still persisted in the belief that she was well, the irritating cough, the hectic flush (so often mistaken for the bloom of health), the hurried beating of the heart, and the drenching night perspirations, confirmed me in this belief, and I sank under this accumulated load of affliction. For three weeks I hovered on the borders of the grave, and when I arose from this bed of pain—so feeble that I could not sustain my own weight, it was to witness the rupture of a blood-vessel in her lungs, caused by exertions to suppress a cough. Oh! it was agony to see her thus! I was compelled to conceal every appearance of alarm, lest the agitation of her mind should produce fatal consequences. As I seated myself by her she raised her *speaking eyes* to mine with a sorrowful, *inquiring* gaze, and as she read anguish which I could not conceal, she turned away with a look of despair. She spoke not a word, but silence, still, death-like silence pervaded the apartment. The best of medical aid was called in, but the physicians gave no hope: they considered it as a deep-seated case of pulmonary consumption.”—p.55.

It would be painful and profitless to our readers or ourselves to pursue the further details of this touching case, which are but variations of the leading theme—short and transient gleams of health amidst dark, deep, and dismal prospects—until at last, after what we may call the usual vicissitudes of such a disease, borne with exemplary and elevating Christian patience and illustrated by many poetical aspirations, this amiable and gifted child slept, as she herself trusted, in the arms of the Redeemer, and rose as we hope into the bosom of the Creator, on the 25th of November, 1838, *aged fifteen years and eight months*. Her remains repose in the graveyard of the village of Saratoga.

In the selection we have made of specimens of her poetry we have been guided by Mr. Irving; and though they are all amongst her earliest productions, and, as we have said, of little intrinsic value, we do not know that we could have done much better for her fame:—her later poems, most of them being apparently uncorrected and many evidently unfinished, have, in their present state, a strong tendency to the diffuse and tedious, and there are few of them perhaps that would repay the reader for the space they must absorb; but we think it right to give one at least of her most mature pieces—and we shall select the ‘*Dedication, to the Spirit of her Sister Lucretia*,’ of a poem, called *Leonora*—the last Margaret ever wrote:—

‘ Oh thou so early lost, so long deplored!

Pure spirit of my sister, be thou near!

And while I touch this hallowed harp of thine,

Bend from the skies, sweet sister, bend and hear!

For

For thee I pour this unaffected lay ;
 To thee these simple numbers all belong :
 For though thine earthly form has passed away,
 Thy memory still inspires my childish song.

Take then this feeble tribute :—'tis *thine own*—
Thy fingers sweep my trembling heart-strings o'er,
 Arouse to harmony each buried tone,
 And bid its wakened music sleep no more !

Long has thy voice been silent, and thy lyre
 Hung o'er thy grave, in death's unbroken rest ;
 But when its last sweet tones were borne away,
One answering echo lingered in my breast.

Oh ! thou pure spirit ! if thou hoverest near,
 Accept these lines, unworthy though they be,
 Faint echoes from thy fount of song divine,
 By thee inspired, and dedicate to thee !'—p. 311.

These stanzas, though rather diffuse, and here and there deficient in rhyme, are tender and elegant ; and our readers will have observed two thoughts which seem to us not only beautiful but original ; and on the whole, we believe, we may assure them that this last extract is a favourable specimen of Margaret's best poetry.

Mrs. Davidson seems to reproach herself, and Miss Sedgwick—who had become acquainted with Margaret in the last years of her rapid transit—adopts in some degree the same tone—that the case was not judiciously treated. There is no doubt that, with the example of Lucretia before their eyes, and with *their* opinion of the causes of *her* premature decay, the treatment of Margaret was, logically speaking, inconsistent and injudicious : but physically and really, we are satisfied that her friends have nothing to reproach themselves with ; and that the process pursued did not accelerate, and that no treatment could have averted, the catastrophe of either of the sisters. They had run their race—in a shorter time than ordinary persons—but they had run it. These girls at fifteen and seventeen had, in the premature exertion of their intellects and the unceasing activity of their pens, lived as long as Miss Landon or Mrs. Hemans—if they had lived longer they might have outlived themselves. There are numerous instances in which nature condenses, as it were, its intellectual as well as its physical bounties into a limited space—but premature bodily growth rapidly decays, and the brilliancy of many a youthful genius, if not closed in death, subsides into mediocrity or even dullness. Genius is itself almost a disease, and who can say of the three greatest geniuses lately removed from this world

Talleyrand,

Talleyrand, Scott, and Byron—whether the *mortal* ingredient had not under the indulgence of Providence subsided into the *club-foot*?*

Our readers cannot fail to have observed, both of Lucretia and Margaret, that their advance in poetry was by no means proportioned to their advance in years—their first *written* and *dated* verses are nearly as good as the last, and, even when they are *positively* better, they appear inferior *relatively* to the circumstances in which they were produced. There is also, it will be observed, an almost undistinguishable similarity between the style of the two sisters, and in the individual pieces of each a constant recurrence of the same ideas and expressions, and a too frequent approach, as we before observed, ‘to the wrong side of the very verge of meaning,’ so that they assume, when read consecutively, a growing character of monotony,† repetition, vagueness, inflation—and force upon us the reluctant conclusion that they belong rather to *versification* than *poetry*, and that the writers were, by the very qualities which excite so much admiration, destined to no higher flights. At five and six they were miracles—at ten and eleven wonders—but at fifteen and seventeen their productions did not remarkably surpass those of many a girl of that age. Those who begin early will end early; and if Lucretia and Margaret had lived to bodily maturity, they would probably have appeared to recede to mental mediocrity.

We cannot better describe our sensations in reading these volumes than by Margaret’s own criticism on Mrs. Hemans:—

‘She was a woman of deep feeling, lively fancy, and acute sensibilities—but there is one thing I have often remarked: the mind soon

* Some ingenious moderns have found reason to suspect that Shakspeare himself, the greatest imaginative genius that ever illustrated our sphere, was *club-footed*: but however such a fact might strengthen the theory hinted at in the text, we candidly own that we can see *no ground whatsoever* for the suspicion.

† This appears strongest in Margaret, probably because she came last and had her mind imbued with recollections of her sister, but we do not think that she was naturally inferior to Lucretia. There is a pretty imitation of a Scotch song by her, two verses of which we are tempted to copy as a specimen of her lighter style:—

‘Fair as the simmer flower,
Sipped by the bee;
Blithe as the merrie birds
Singin’ their glee;
Fresh as the drappin’ dew,
Pure as the gowan’s hue,
Ever gay—ever true—
Is Jeannie to me.

Grief may bedim the while
Joy’s glowing flame;
Sorrow may steal the smile
From its sweet hame;
But the sweet flow’ret—Love—
Native of heaven above,
In the dark storm shall prove
Ever the same.’

Perhaps this little piece has more melody than meaning: but Lucretia also had her ‘*Imitation of the Scotch*,’ of which we need give but the last couplet:—

‘But Norman still lives! his Marion is found;

By the adamant chains of blythe Hymen they’re bound.’

And this is published by Miss Sedgwick!

wearies

wearies in perusing many of her pieces at once. She expresses those *sweet sentiments so often*, and introduces *the same stream of beautiful ideas so constantly*, that they sometimes degenerate into *monotony*. I know no higher treat than to read a *few* of her best productions, and comment upon and feel their beauties: but perusing her *volume* is to me like listening to a strain of sweet music, repeated *over and over again* until it becomes so familiar to the ear that it loses the charm of variety.'—p. 77.

This is nearly our opinion of both Margaret and Lucretia; and our readers will admire not only the justness of the criticism, but the clearness and propriety of the expression. Indeed, there is nothing in either of the volumes more remarkable than the ease and purity of the idiom, both in prose and verse. We have not observed one provincialism; all—including Mrs. Davidson's memoranda—is genuine English. Most educated Americans, we know, speak and write very good *English*, but that of this family is excellent: it is evident that their contemplative and imitative intellects conversed much more with English authors (Addison and Cowper being especial favourites) than with their country neighbours; and, accordingly, these children of the Saranac write at least as well as if they had been born on the banks of Trent or Severn.

On the whole we think that a useful moral as well as physiological lesson may be derived from the history of these two interesting and amiable young creatures:—that the gifts of Providence are dispensed with a certain equitable equality—that early precocity should inspire no confidence, and early mediocrity create no discouragement—that precocity is itself rather a malady than a merit—that a premature exertion of talents is generally a fatal fallacy—and that plants which are *forced*, by natural or accidental causes, to produce fruits in *spring*, will either fade away in the summer, or, at best, be barren in the autumn.

We are surprised and vexed that in an age so prone to book-embellishments, we should not have been favoured with portraits of these two 'lovely and intellectual' countenances. It would indicate a strange apathy if, after the fame of Lucretia, that, at least, of Margaret had not been taken.

- ART. IV.—1. *An Historical Essay on Architecture.* By the late Thomas Hope. 2nd edition. London, 1835.
2. *A Glossary of Terms used in Grecian, Roman, Italian, and Gothic Architecture.* 3rd edition, enlarged. Oxford, 1840.
3. *Architectural Notes on German Churches.* A new edition. By the Rev. W. Whewell, M.A. Cambridge, 1835.
4. *Remarks on the Architecture of the Middle Ages, especially of Italy.* By R. Willis, M.A., F.R.S., late Fellow of Caius College. Cambridge, 1835.
5. *An Attempt to Discriminate the Styles of Architecture in England from the Conquest to the Reformation.* By Thomas Rickman, Architect. 3rd edition. London, 1825.
6. *The True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture set forth in Two Lectures delivered at St. Marie's, Oscott.* By A. Welby Pugin. London, 1841.
7. *Report for 1841 of the Cambridge Camden Society.* Cambridge, 1841.
8. *The Rules and Proceedings of the Oxford Society for Promoting the Study of Gothic Architecture.* Oxford, 1841.

‘THE ancient Greek and Roman architecture answers all the perfections required in a faultless and accomplished building, such as for so many ages were so renowned and reputed by the universal suffrages of the civilised world, and would doubtless have still subsisted and made good their claim, and what is recorded of them, had not the Goths, Vandals, and other barbarous nations subverted and demolished them, together with that glorious empire where those stately and pompous monuments stood; introducing in their stead a certain fantastical and licentious manner of building, which we have since called modern, or Gothic. Congestions of heavy, dark, melancholy, and monkish piles, without any just proportion, use, or beauty, compared with the truly ancient; so as when we meet with the greatest industry, and expensive carving full of fret and lamentable imagery, sparing neither of pains nor cost, a judicious spectator is rather distracted, or quite confounded, than touched with that admiration which results from the true and just symmetry, regular proportions, union and disposition; and from the great and noble manner in which the august and glorious fabrics of the ancients are executed.’

Such was the opinion of the accomplished Evelyn of the merits of Gothic architecture. Let us now turn to another authority, by whom he is quoted:—

‘It was after the irruption and swarms of those truculent people from the north, the Moors and Arabs from the south and east, overrunning the civilised world, that wherever they fixed themselves, they soon began to debauch this noble and useful art; when, instead of those
beautiful

beautiful orders, so majestical and proper for their stations, becoming variety and other ornamental accessories, they set up those slender and misshapen pillars, or rather bundles of staves, and other incongruous props to support incumbent weights and ponderous arched roofs without entablature; and though not without great industry, as M. D'Aviler well observes, nor altogether naked of gaudy sculpture, trite and busy carvings,—'tis such as gluts the eye rather than gratifies and pleases it with any reasonable satisfaction. For proof of this (without travelling far abroad), I dare report myself to any man of judgment and that has the least taste of order and magnificence: if, after he has looked awhile upon King Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster, gazed on its sharp angles, jetties, narrow lights, lame statues, lace, and other cutwork and crinkle-crinkle—and shall then turn his eyes on the Banqueting-house built at Whitehall by Inigo Jones after the ancient manner, or on what His Majesty's surveyor, Sir Christopher Wren, has advanced at St. Paul's, and consider what a glorious object the cupola, porticoes, colonnades, and other parts present to the beholder, or compare the Schools [*i. e.* the Divinity School] and Library at Oxford with the Theatre there, or what he has built at Trinity College, in Cambridge—and since all these at Greenwich and other places—by which time our home-traveller will begin to have a just idea of the ancient and modern architecture:—I say, let him well consider, and compare them judicially, without partiality and prejudice, and then pronounce which of the two manners strikes the understanding as well as the eye with the more majesty and solemn greatness, and accordingly determine to whom the preference is due. Not, as we have said, that there is not something of solid and oddly artificial too after a sort; but then the universal and unreasonable thickness of the walls, clumsy buttresses, towers, sharp pointed arches, doors and other apertures without proportion, nonsensical insertions of various marbles, [tombs?] impertinently placed turrets, and pinnacles thick set with monkeys and chimeras, and abundance of busy work and other incongruities, dissipate and break the angles of the sight, and so confound that one cannot consider it with any steadiness where to begin or end; taking off from that noble air and grandeur which the ancients had so well and judiciously established. But in this sort have they and their followers ever since filled not Europe alone, but Asia and Africa besides, with mountains of stone, vast and gigantic buildings indeed, but not worthy the name of architecture.'—*Life of Sir C. Wren*, p. 308.

These, indeed, are not the words of Sir Christopher Wren himself; but they occur in the memoirs of his life by his son, and accurately enough represent the taste of the age in which he lived. And we have quoted them for the purpose of marking strongly the change, which has taken place not only in England but in France and Germany, within the last few years, on the subject of Gothic architecture.

The works before us exhibit an interest and research in this branch

branch of art, which prove how strongly cultivated minds may be impressed with the character and power of these 'unreasonable,' 'clumsy,' 'disproportioned,' 'nonsensical,' 'impertinent,' and 'incongruous' buildings which a former age, not without its science and its taste, deemed 'unworthy of the name of architecture.' Two societies have been recently established at Oxford and at Cambridge for the promotion of the same study, and the example has been followed in several other places. The numerous churches which are rising bear marks already of a similar alteration of feeling. And still more may be found in the restorations which have recently been made both in our cathedrals and in collegiate buildings.—It is to be hoped that something better is indicated by these facts than a mere caprice of fancy.

To those who recognise in art a higher beginning and end than an idle, luxurious indulgence of the eyes, and in Gothic architecture indications of thought and feeling of a very peculiar nature, this return to the habits of other days is full of meaning and interest. It proves at least that we are now capable of discerning some element of good in ages, which for the last two centuries we had been accustomed to call days of darkness, but which were, to say the least, the cradle of many of our noblest institutions. And it is something to see reviving among us that filial feeling towards the years which begot us, which delights to own gratitude for the benefits received from them, and to deal reverently even with their faults, rather than to insult them by a perpetual boast of our own superiority. And if, as assuredly is the fact, there is the closest analogy between the creations of art and the movement of higher instincts within us, we may trace in this altered taste in architecture an alteration in other habits of thought, carrying men back to associations and institutions of a higher kind than those in which we have been living. Even if it were only the result of an increased demand for ecclesiastical buildings, and of an instinctive perception that the characteristics of Gothic architecture (how or why it may not be seen) are more congenial to the religious spirit of Christianity than those of the Grecian, the fact would be well worth notice.

We do not say, however, that the mode in which the subject has hitherto been studied is perfectly satisfactory. The theory of it has principally been confined to an inquiry into the origin of the pointed arch—and whatever ingenuity has been displayed here, we agree with Mr. Whewell that it does seem to have been thrown away. Undoubtedly the pointed arch is the most important if not the primary germ of Gothic architecture. It is the 'idea,' or, if we may use the Platonic word, the 'form'

from which it chiefly emanated; and, undoubtedly, it may be found lying before the eyes of men in a great variety of objects—in the arching of avenues, the wattling of huts, the intersection of circular arches, and the ribbings of a groined roof. But it lay for ages like every other simple fact in nature, each of which to common men means nothing, and to the eye of genius alone contains a multitude of applications and deductions, only brought out when it comes into contact with certain others, and then becomes as it were fecundated and productive. A philosophical inquirer into the history of science would inquire not by whom or at what time an apple was first seen to drop to the ground, or steam to issue from boiling water, or sand to melt into glass, or hard bodies to produce corresponding impressions upon soft, but under what circumstances these simple facts, dropped like seeds into a suitable soil, became for the first time prolific, and brought forth the theory of gravitation, and the steam-engine, and the telescope, and the printing press. No single fact by itself can produce results. It is combination, seemingly accidental, on which all depends; and this is the proper subject for examination. And thus the question to be asked respecting the pointed arch is this:—under what circumstances and from what state of feeling its appropriateness to answer certain purposes, or to represent certain ideas, began to be felt; and having once been felt, led not only to its general adoption, but a very considerable modification of other features in architecture, so as to bring them into harmony with this established type?

What Mr. Hope has said of the introduction of the circular arch into Roman architecture may be repeated of the pointed.

‘A fortuitous concurrence of circumstances has made many a man invent that which he had not the means to apply, nay, of which he saw not even the full use and application. Many a discovery has taken place for the first time at a period when, little wanted, it conferred no distinction on its author, and no advantage on others; when, like a fire kindled without proper fuel to feed the flame, it again went out, or for many ages smouldered in unperceived obscurity, ere fresh wants and fresh means, fanning the latent spark, blew it up into a blaze, when the genius to which it first was owing had already long been forgotten in the darkness of the grave. And thus, for aught we know, it may have fared with the arch. . . . If even by some fortuitous meeting of materials in peculiar relative situations, the embryo of the arch should first have been formed in independent Greece, it there remained in a manner dormant and sterile; it received no development; it became not in her edifices a marked feature, calculated by its importance and resources to change and remodel the whole principle and face of her architecture.’—*Hope on Architecture*, chap. vii. p. 51.

But in the effort to solve what Mr. Whewell also terms ‘the frivolous

frivolous and insoluble question' of the origin of the pointed arch, as in searching for the philosopher's stone, many valuable discoveries have been made. Buildings have been minutely examined and described, the relations of their details drawn out; and although perhaps too much of the arbitrary and licentious has been shown in fixing chronological dates, an historical outline of the changes which have taken place in Gothic architecture has been traced with sufficient accuracy to form the groundwork of a still deeper investigation. For this we are deeply indebted, among others, to Mr. Rickman.

One fact seems likely to meet soon with general acquiescence. From the earliest Egyptian to the corrupt Tudor Gothic a chain of successive transitions may be easily established. Each style was a modification of the one which preceded it, and was not a new and foreign importation from a totally different soil. The Egyptian passed into the Grecian, the Grecian into the Roman, the Roman, as Mr. Hope ingeniously traces it, into the Byzantine, the Lombard, and what is improperly termed the Norman and the Saxon: these again slid gradually into what is still more improperly called Gothic; and the Gothic, through the various stages which Mr. Rickman and others have pointed out, into the mixed and barbarous farrago of the Elizabethan age. Once establish this point—and attention will be turned from a vague, unprofitable speculation as to what singular coincidence first suggested a new creation to the builder's eyes, into a practical study of facts; and those facts will soon lead to the principles which they contain, and without a knowledge of which the facts are by themselves useless.

A second point, not less important, is that all the infinite variety of the Gothic style, its innumerable parts, its apparently unconnected but characteristic features, are linked together by some secret analogy or law—just as in the animal creation a particular claw will lead the anatomist to a prophetic anticipation of the whole skeleton. What Dr. Roget has so elegantly described in speaking of the arrangements of nature, and what is perhaps the general law of intellect in all its operations, may be applied to the highest creations of art:—

'We have seen that in constructing each of the divisions so established Nature appears to have kept in view a certain definite type, or ideal standard, to which, amidst innumerable modifications, rendered necessary by the varying circumstances, and different destinations of each species, she always shows a decided tendency to conform. It would almost seem as if, in laying the foundations of each organised fabric, she had commenced by taking an exact copy of this primitive model, and in building the superstructure had allowed herself to depart from the original plan only for the purpose of accommodation to certain specific and ulterior objects, conformably with the destination of that particular race

of created beings. Such, indeed, is the hypothetical principle which under the title of unity of composition has been adopted, and zealously pursued in all its consequences, by many naturalists of the highest eminence on the continent. The hypothesis in question is countenanced, in the first place, by the supposed constancy with which, in all the animals belonging to the same natural group, we meet with the same constituent elements of structure in each respective system of organs, notwithstanding the utmost diversity which may exist in the forms of their organs, and in the uses to which they are applied. Thus Nature has provided for the locomotion of the serpent, not by the creation of new structures foreign to the type of the vertebrata, but by employing the ribs in this new office; and in giving wings to the lizard, she has extended these same bones to serve as supports to the superadded parts. In arming the elephant with tusks, she has merely caused two of the teeth in the upper jaw to be developed into these formidable weapons; and in providing it with an instrument of prehension has only resorted to a greater elongation of the snout.'—*Bridgewater Treatise*.

To believe that, even in the complicated phenomena of Gothic architecture, all of them are developed from one germ is the first step to discover that germ, and, by the possession of it, to enable ourselves to re-produce and create works upon fixed principles of beauty, without risking the blunders into which those must fall who imitate, however accurately, a model which they do not understand.

'In the pointed style,' says Mr. Hope, 'all the later essential characteristic ornaments flow so insensibly and gradually out of its first elementary principles, as to prove, by internal evidence, their origin from the same indigenous source. The pillars, at first distinct, but close to each other, employed to support at different heights different arches, ribs, and cross-springers, shooting forth from them towards different points, suggested the idea, when for strength they were conglomerated into one single cohering mass, of still giving to that body the appearance of a bundle of separate staves and stalks, even more numerous and slim than before, each branching out, or continued into some one of those arches, or ribs, or springers, also more multiplied and sub-divided, whereby the real addition of strength obtained might yet be combined with greater apparent lightness. The arches, and ribs, and cross-springers themselves shooting forth from the pillars to different points for the support of the roof, and the ridge plates that again branched from these to connect and to steady them, gave the appearance of a multiplication of these members more minute, more variously diverging, converging, and intersecting each other, for the sake of mere ornament, till they grew into all the richest and most complicated combinations of tracery and of arching that covers the walls, fills the windows, and the Catherine wheels, twines into screens, balustrades, and the buttresses; forms corbels and canopies; under the name of tabernacle work adorns the surface; and under that of fan work, is woven round the groins of the richest Gothic edifices.

'The

'The apertures of former architectural styles, widened and multiplied; the supports lengthened and compressed; the vast masses, made to hover in air with but slight stays on earth, by the very principle of the pointed style, even where it appeared in its soberest and most subdued shape, suggested the idea of still increasing the surprise produced by these circumstances, by doing away with every remains of solid wall that could be dispensed with; trusting for support to the pillars alone; so situating those pillars that their angles only should face each other and the spectators, and their sides should fly away from the eye in a diagonal line; subdividing every surface that could not be entirely suppressed into such a number of parts, or perforating it so variously and so ingeniously as to make it light as a film, or transparent as a gauze; and increasing to the utmost the width of every window, and the height of every vault. The number of arches, all pointed, and the curious intersections of their curves (produced by the groins), and the complicated plan of Gothic edifices, suggested the idea of creating forms and combinations still more varied and complex, by subdividing their sweep into trefoils and quatrefoils, and other curious scollings; by making their bend, where feasible, in imitation of the ogive moulding, after showing a convex, exhibit a concave line, and after turning down, incline upwards, or finally, as we see them in some of the latest buildings in France, Germany, and Belgium, from their very base, curl up. Cross springers were even sent down from their highest apex ere they reached their point of intersection; and made to re-approach the ground in drops, without any direct support whatever, suspended and hovering over the heads of the living community, as canopies were made to surmount statues of saints in stone and marble. Lastly, the arches, and pediments, and gables, and gablets, and roofs, and spires, and pinnacles, and broaches, everywhere multiplied, and everywhere sharpened to the utmost, fomenting the taste for the meagre, the angular, and the broken, gave the idea of repeating these dispositions in every ornamental modification in which they were less useful, until every piece of architecture, stationary or moveable, from the cathedral to the stall and the footstool, looked like a bundle of faggots, or a mass of conductors.'—p. 431.

This is a long extract; and we do not propose to subscribe to all the criticism which it contains; but it is animated and picturesque, and asserts strongly the axiom which architects must study and bear in mind, that in any perfect work or pure style, however various and dissimilar the parts may be, they must be held together and harmonised all of them by some one predominating principle, and that such a principle does exist in the Gothic as much as in the Grecian.

What this germ of fundamental principle of these two styles respectively was has been suggested by Mr. Hope, and many other writers. But no one has placed it forward so prominently as Mr. Whewell. Horizontalism, if the expression may be used, is the characteristic of Grecian; verticalism of the Gothic. Although the full application of these principles has not yet been traced

traced out, we may consider them to be now satisfactorily ascertained, and generally recognised. This is the third great step which has been made towards a just appreciation and revival of true architecture:—

‘A leading circumstance,’ says Dr. Whewell, ‘in the formation of the Gothic style, is the introduction of vertical arrangements and lines of references in the place of the horizontal members, which predominate in Grecian and Roman architecture. This appears to be the most general and most exact view which we can take of the change; and this view will be found to include several subordinate principles, which have been noticed by various writers.’—p. 215.

And after suggesting some of the corruptions and disorders introduced into the Greek by the intrusion of the circular arch in the Roman style, he proceeds in a very interesting and philosophical manner:—

‘Persons were wanted in order to give a new principle of unity to that which had lost the old one. The ornaments, openings, windows, pillars, which had formerly been governed by the most imperative rules of horizontal arrangement, had been disbanded, or at least their discipline had become good for nothing. The Gothic architect restored the reign of order, and rallied these vague elements in a vertical line. A new thought, a new idea, was infused into the conception of such members, which at once gave them connexion and fixity. The previous change from classical architecture had been a breaking up of the connexion of parts, multiplicity without fertility, violation of rules without gaining of object, degradation, barbarism. The change now became one of the formation of connexion; the establishment of arrangements which were fertile in beautiful and convenient combinations, reformation, selection of the good, rejection of the mere customary. . . . Some master-spirit seized the principle which reduced all the broken and discordant elements to harmony. It was perceived that, by treating the pier and the arch as a collection of members of the same kind, by substituting fine bundles of moulding for the edges of a perforation in a wall, by carrying leading lines from the floor to the vault, and by arranging all the smaller portions with reference to the symmetry of the compartment thus produced—by rejecting or subordinating all horizontal entablature, square abacuses, flat tops of arches, rectangular surfaces—there was produced a consistent whole. It was seen that the system thus formed presented a harmony in its lines and divisions to the internal spectator; was capable of being formed into the boldest and loftiest towers; was susceptible of almost inexhaustible modification, without any violence to its constituent members, and of almost unbounded decoration, without obscuring its characteristic features; and thus possessed a principle of vitality and unity which made it a style of architecture, as its utility and convenience made it a mode of building.’—*Whewell*, p. 222.

In this passage, we believe, lies the clue to the whole mystery of

of Gothic architecture. For a mystery it is and has been; and the lovers of true and elevated art may be congratulated on the restoration of that union between a deep philosophy and creations of taste, without which the former must be unintelligible to the great bulk of mankind, and the latter must degenerate into barbarism and falsity.

With the establishment of the three principles which we have adverted to, there seems now, for the first time, to be a chance of our restoring architecture to the position which it once occupied, and recovering, not from tradition, which has perished, but by the same means of philosophical analysis which first developed scientifically the Gothic style, that knowledge of its capacities, applications, and resources, which was possessed by the craft of free-masons, but has so long been lost. Of this remarkable institution Mr. Hope has given a most interesting account, which we wish we had space to extract (chap. xxi.). But it deserves to be studied and illustrated; and however difficult it is to ascertain such points of history, the view which he has given is not only consistent with acknowledged facts, but explains some of the most perplexing phenomena in the development of Gothic architecture; such as the regularity of its transitions; the rapidity with which each new modification spread into distant countries; the permanent analogies visible in it, which enable the architect to construct from it almost a science of comparative anatomy; the depth of mechanical skill and purity of taste displayed in its arrangement; its connexion with religion; and the sudden corruption which penetrated into all its parts as soon as the masonic institution was practically destroyed.

Our present object, however, is to suggest to those who can devote time and labour to the work, a still further prosecution of the question which Mr. Hope and Mr. Whewell have here proposed, and to trace not only the gradual introduction of the vertical principle into the architecture of the middle ages, but its subsequent expansion, through all its details, into a pure and perfect style.

It is not enough for us to take one prominent feature, such as the pointed arch, and to denominate any building where it occurs Gothic, or by what other name we choose to distinguish that style. A style is a system of parts, which, however varied and multiplied, yet repeat and continue in all some one primary type and impression, and of which the beauty and harmony consists in their reconciling unity with diversity. And if the following suggestions tend to encourage this inquiry, they will not have been made in vain.

One primary rule, then, for all architecture Mr. Pugin in his lectures

lectures has treated at some length in its application to Gothic, but without exhausting the subject. For instance, it should be remembered that the object of architecture as an art is primarily utility—it is to procure shelter. If no shelter were required, there would be no houses and no temples. Ornament, indeed, and beauty it both admits and may require; but the ornament must be subservient to utility, or a law of reason is violated, and with a sacrifice of truth there must be also a sacrifice of real beauty. We should thus have none of those amazing exhibitions which Mr. Pugin's amusing sketches, scarcely caricatures, have offered us; no castles with French windows down to the ground; no battlemented walls without space for soldiers to stand behind them; no towers without objects to defend, or stairs to mount to the top; no pinnacles where they load and break down a wall instead of strengthening a buttress; no great abbey-window, where light is not required; and no church turret where there are no bells to ring. Mere ornament can never please permanently, because pleasure by itself cannot be a primary object with a sensible man either to give or to receive. A wrong intention in this point mars the character of the whole. The moment an artist can give no other account of any part of his work than that it is planned to please, he departs from his high function, as associated with philosophers and the church, in the education and improvement of man, and becomes a mere pander to their enjoyment. On the other hand, in subordination to and furtherance of a higher object, the artist rightly endeavours to please; even as in the necessity of sustaining life, nature has annexed a pleasure to the partaking of food, though to eat for the purpose of pleasure is sensual and degrading. In architecture, therefore, whatever is necessary or useful may also be embellished; but the embellishment must not be such as to detract from the use, nor even from the appearance of use. And yet it must be remembered that usefulness has a wide signification. In building it is not confined merely to the parts which hold together the structure; but that which impresses the feelings properly, which excites right and fit emotions, which assists in conveying true ideas, which exhibits good dispositions in the artist,—all this is useful,—and a necessary part of the utility of a building; because the fancy and the feeling are necessary parts of man's nature, and must be acted upon in connexion with his intellect and his body. Four bare walls and a thatched roof fill up the utility of a church, if it be a place of meeting solely for beings composed of bodies: but men have also minds; and these walls and this roof should therefore be shaped and coloured into forms, which may symbolise great truths, which may awe, soothe, quiet, or strengthen the feelings of religion; which may exhibit their fellow
men

men by whom such buildings were raised, as themselves, in the attitude of devotion, and as devoting their means and their labours, even lavishly, to the service of Him from whom they derived their all. Everything of this kind comes within the compass of strict utility, because it is useful thus to affect the mind. And yet this utility will be destroyed the moment the production of feeling or the stimulation of the fancy is made an ultimate end; because neither feeling nor fancy are good in themselves, nor to be encouraged, except in reference to a higher end of truth. Thus vastness is an element of the sublime, and the sublime is an element of religion; and in our cathedrals, which were built not only as the type and expression of the whole body of Christians in the diocese, but as the place where, on great festivals, they might all resort, vastness is appropriate, and produces its effect on the feeling without the sense of incongruity. But to build a cathedral for a small-populated parish would be idle. It would be an attempt to excite feeling without a groundwork of truth. So also a profusion of real tracery is useful, as expressing the elaborateness and care with which every work of religion was by our ancestors of old, and should be by us now, finished in all its minutiae and details; but the moment the ornamental parts are either not intrinsically subservient to some high purpose, or are unreal, tawdry, mock, or cheap, they become positive blemishes. Composition tracery, plaster ceilings, imitation stone-work, all those inventions in which modern days so much delight, and the object of which is to disguise real poverty, and to affect a false wealth, are unworthy of any artist building for a great and true purpose, but most unworthy of one who is engaged in a work of religion. In religion it becomes hypocrisy, and shames the builder by the confession that he knows what should be done, but will not make the sacrifice to do it.

There is also a peculiar feature in architecture which distinguishes it from the art of dress, and indeed from most other imitative arts. It is essentially a social art. Dress regards the man as an individual; but a house, οἶκος, represents him at least as a member of a family. In the very lowest form it is domestic. The moment it is confined to the individual, as in the cell of a hermit, it ceases to be more than an enlarged suit of clothes—a cloak or coat—often in rags, and shapeless, and dirty, differing only from man's ordinary dress in being fixed to one spot. Thus a private house represents a family; a church represents a Christian assembly; and a guildhall a municipal corporation; and a castle a little army; and a palace a monarchical state. Society, in all its forms, is typified and represented by building;—and it is because we have lost sight of this fact that men now propose to build palaces in the shape of cathedrals; lodges to private-houses in the form

form of Grecian temples; churches like the halls of justice; merchants' villas like feudal castles; family mansions in the form of colleges; and colleges on the plan of family mansions. Each builder thinks only of his own whim or fancy, or character, and builds as an individual; whereas, if he were an individual only, he would scarcely think of building at all.

Again, society is not merely the association of one generation, but of many—nay, of all successive generations. And, therefore, the buildings which represent it should represent it in a permanent form. When the booths in which plays were acted were first exchanged for wooden theatres, and wooden theatres afterwards were abandoned for solid masonry, at the public expense, a great moral revolution was indicated. It told that a whole nation, instead of being content with throwing itself into the form of recreation for a few hours at certain intervals, had taken that shape permanently, and intended to transmit it to their posterity. And when the solid fabrics which our ancestors raised for their families were abandoned for brick and lath, and plaster of Paris, it told us that men no longer thought of handing down their family name and house as a permanent heritage. And when the rich ornaments of our churches ceased to be carved out of stone, and were imitated in wood, and paint, and composition, there may be traced at the same time a falling off in that sense of security, and solidity, and eternity, with which the church and the truths belonging to it were invested in the eyes of men who knew no higher duty than to transmit them unimpaired to posterity, and to this sacrificed their all, with the certainty that, through whatever changes of outward things, the church itself would never be allowed to perish.

These principles are not mere abstractions, but the neglect of them practically destroys the effect of our best works in architecture. They are the cause of the dissatisfaction and uneasiness, with which not only thoughtful men but even ignorant spectators regard many buildings which to the mere eye may be almost faultless. For there is an instinctive sense of propriety and reality in every mind. And it is not true, as a great authority has said, that in art we are satisfied with contemplating the work without thinking of the artist. On the contrary, the artist himself is one great object in the work. It is as embodying the energies and excellencies of the human mind, as exhibiting the efforts of genius, as symbolising high feeling, that we most value the creations of art. Without design, the representations of art are merely fantastical; and without the thought of a designer acting upon fixed principles, in accordance with a high standard of goodness and truth, half the charm of design is lost.

But we must not be led farther from the immediate object before

fore us, which is to follow out the line opened by Mr. Hope and Mr. Whewell, and suggest some extension of their observations. It is evident, at the first glance, that there is a peculiar character in the Gothic, which distinguishes it from the Egyptian, Moorish, Greek, and Chinese styles of architecture; that this character is not confined to the pointed arch, for the foliage of a Greek capital, or the fluting of a Doric pillar, would be as inappropriate to a Gothic building as a circular arch. No style is so remarkable as the Gothic for the multiplicity of its details and parts, and for the variety of its characteristic features. Vastness, infinity, mystery, richness, lightness, solidity, gloom, intricacy, irregularity, elevation—are all characteristics of the Gothic; and these effects are produced by a number of details, mouldings, columns, arches, windows, tracery, groining of roofs, corbels, canopies, and niches, grotesque carvings, painted glass, pinnacles, turrets, and spires, with accessories of various kinds. Now both these characteristic expressions, and these forms by which the expression is produced, differ much one with the other. There is, for instance, no obvious analogy between a pointed arch and a clustered column—between a Gothic capital and a groined roof—nor between a battlemented tower and painted glass; and yet every one will acknowledge that each of these are appropriate to a Gothic building, and inappropriate to a Grecian. A great architect, it is said, did indeed once propose to put a Grecian portico before the front of old St. Paul's, and to erect the dome of St. Paul's in the centre of Westminster Abbey—both projects, happily for the incredulous, being still, we believe, upon record. But, under the auspices of our new architectural societies, it is to be hoped that not even a village churchwarden could now be found to perpetrate such enormities. And when it is asked why are they enormities? this is the very question which we propose to ask ourselves. What is there in common between all these various portions of certain buildings, which renders their construction productive of unity, harmony, and beauty? If this is discovered, we shall have ascertained the true principle of Gothic architecture; and, having ascertained this, we shall possess a true touchstone, by which to try and criticise it in all its various periods and combinations.

Now it is evident, in the first place, that the effects of architecture must depend on the combination of figures. Colouring, indeed, is important; but it is so chiefly as bringing out figures. Perhaps in itself it should never be made an object of direct consciousness, either in building or any art. It should be felt without being perceived. Nothing can be more gorgeous in reality than the colouring of nature: the deep blue of the sky and the

sea,

sea, the rich dyes of foliage, and even of soil, particularly when lighted up at sunset. And yet these are so harmonized and arranged that they rarely strike, though they always please. Colouring, in fact, is a mere sensual quality; it involves, comparatively, little or no perception of relation, and therefore little exercise of thought, and addresses itself exclusively to produce feeling. It should therefore be always made subordinate to figures, as figures should be subordinate to expression.


But, secondly, configuration being the principal business of architecture, it is evident that figures themselves, however various, must be resolvable into lines; and these elementary lines will perhaps supply us with a key to the different styles of architecture. They may then be reduced into five; two curves, one of them convex \bigcirc , and the other concave \smile ; and three straight; one of them horizontal —, the other perpendicular $|$, and the third oblique $/$. No other simple elementary line can be found beyond these; and the theory which we wish to suggest is, that in each of these is to be found the germ of a peculiar style. Five styles may be enumerated as remarkably distinguished from each other in their characteristic forms—the Saracenic, the Chinese, the Egyptian, the Greek, and the so-called Gothic. There is none perhaps which is not a corruption or a combination of some one or more of these; and if it could be shown that peculiar circumstances in the history and association of each people and period, in which these styles were introduced, had directed attention severally to particular lines, as symbolical of certain ideas, or as the natural expression of certain feelings, or incidentally from mere utility; and again, that other peculiar circumstances had led to the connexion with them of certain figures, so that it should be natural for each of them severally to spring out, and develop themselves in certain forms rather than in others, just as the same simple fact in natural science will, according to accidental association, run out in one mind into one train of thought, and in another mind into another—we may then have gained some step towards the formation of a true philosophical theory—true, because profound, and profound because true—in the science and the taste of architecture.

To enter into the whole field of this inquiry is beyond our limits at present: but if any one will turn to drawings of Chinese buildings, he will recognise at once, and in the roof as the most prominent part, which, as involving the utility of the edifice, is the most important, and therefore gives the character to the rest, the constant recurrence of one of these lines, which is found rarely in any other style, namely, the concave \smile . It is to be feared that the slightness of our acquaintance with Chinese habits of thought

thought and history, and still more our ignorance of those secret mysterious analogies, which make lines, and figures, and movements, and colour, and material objects generally, real and designed representatives of moral and intellectual impressions, would render it difficult to account for their adoption of this elementary line. But the fact is unquestioned. Mr. Hope, indeed, with much probability, traces it to a rigid imitation of the Tartar tent:—


‘From this universal propensity to retrace, in the latter method of construction, the forms of the earlier materials, we shall see that of the Chinese still resemble, in all its parts, those of the tent, its original type. In the wooden pillars, destitute of marked bases and capitals, which support the ceilings in such numbers, we see the poles: in the roofs, which from these pillars project so far, convex (which externally gives the concave) alike in their spine, their sides, and ribs, the awning of hides or pliant stuffs, spread over ropes and bamboos; in the curling spikes that fringe their eaves, the hooks and fastenings; in the lowness and spread, and clustering of the different parts, the whole form, and appearance, and character belonging to the residences of the herdsmen, their ancestors. Chinese houses seem to cling to posts which, when planted in the ground, have struck out and become fixed. The palaces only look like a number of collected awnings, and the very pagodas or towers in their loftiness are nothing more than a number of tents, piled on the top instead of standing by the side of each other. The aggregate dwellings, from the smallest village to imperial Pekin itself, in their distribution, resemble nothing but a camp; and when Lord Macartney, after crossing the whole of the Chinese empire, from south to north—from Canton to the great wall, its farthest length—was, on the borders of Tartary, received by the emperor in a real tent, he scarcely perceived any difference to exist between it and the millions of tributary buildings he had viewed.’—p. 24.

And there is something not a little interesting in the theory which would thus trace in Chinese architecture the same rigid undeviating adherence to ancient notions, on which the stability of their empire is evidently made to rest.

If the reader will now turn to the Moorish style, he will find (and for the same reason, in the same part of the building) that the convex  is here equally predominant. A Turkish mosque is a little forest of domes—the minarets swell out into bulbs, the arches bend into horseshoes; and though, among the Arabs, as among the Christians, the introduction of the angle into the curve of the arch was suggested, and almost forced on them, it never seems to have taken root, as it were, or to have developed itself in those remarkable results, which ended in the production of a pure Gothic architecture. Something was wanting in the habits of thought and feeling to render it equally productive. Whether
the

the taste for the concave line among the Saracens flowed from a barbarous imitation of a corrupted Romanesque, or was associated with any astronomical notions—which is not improbable—we will not stop to inquire. Moorish architecture, like Chinese, though sufficiently characteristic, has never become systematised. Its primary line is one which is evidently incapable of producing variety, or throwing itself out into general combinations. And we may turn therefore to the three other styles in which the theory here suggested is more strikingly illustrated.


Of the three straight lines—the horizontal, the perpendicular, and the oblique—the last is the one, which was evidently the germ of the Egyptian; and we know enough of their institutions and associations to account not only for the selection of it, but for its running out into the peculiar figure of Egyptian architecture. This figure, if our reader will turn to any work which represents Egyptian buildings, he will see to be that of a truncated

cone or triangle . He will trace it in the shape of the

façades of the temple, in the doorways, in the form of the columns, and the intercolumniations themselves, in the pyramids, the obelisks, the sphinxes—everything, in fact, which is peculiarly Egyptian. It will meet him at every turn. Here again is the fact which will not be disputed, however we may differ as to its explanation; and the question before us is, what is the connexion between this confessedly Egyptian figure and the oblique line, which is assumed to be the element of all Egyptian architecture?

To prove this connexion, it must be shown that there was something in the predominant circumstances of Egyptian art, employed as it chiefly was upon religious buildings, which led first to the employment in them of the oblique line chiefly; and then from it to the natural suggestion of the figure of a truncated cone; and this is not difficult. The whole history of Egypt in its art, as well as in its politics and religion, exhibits one primary idea impressed on every part, the idea of unlimited but unvarying progression. It exhibits society under the pressure of an enormous hierarchical power, which was not allowed to run into abuse, and destroy itself by its own excesses, but maintained a firm mastery and direction over the minds of the whole nation; knowing no other object than to preserve its power unincreased or undiminished; content to hand down its treasures of hereditary knowledge without thinking of additions to it; employing art to overawe the imagination; leading on generation after generation in a monotonous, undeviating procession of castes and families; guarding

ing them on each side by gigantic institutions, consolidated by time and by religion; and bringing them up with an oppressive vigilance over thought, word, and action, in a slow approach to the awful portals of a mysterious eternity, beyond which little was unveiled, except to the priesthood themselves. Even art—sculpture, and painting, and music, and medicine, were, we know, among the Egyptians subject to a most rigid superintendence, which prohibited all variation. And this peculiar cast of thought, derived as it was from their political and religious system, and emblematical of it, exhibited itself in their religious worship, as we know to be the fact, chiefly in the form of processions. Processions are the natural expression of a dominant power. But processions move on in a line; and the line constantly presented to the eye of Egyptian art, when employed in architecture, and to that of the Egyptian people when engaged in devotion, was the oblique, or foreshortened and projected line, such as is presented to every one who is advancing from one point to another straight before him. And this line suggested an avenue, and accordingly the approach to Egyptian temples was made through avenues of obelisks and sphinxes, forming in fact the real temple for the people, as the mysterious halls within the portals of the building, to which they led, were reserved for the priests and the initiated. But this avenue gives us the figure. As the oblique is the Egyptian line, what would be the Egyptian figure suggested by it, but the truncated triangle formed according to the laws of perspective, by the two lateral lines of an avenue, converging not to a point but

to the front of a portico , and harmonizing completely with

ideas of grandeur, solidity, and immutability. And such being the primary figure, it was repeated on every part, in order to preserve unity and harmony—unity and harmony being rendered perfectly compatible with great variety and multiplicity of detail, provided each variation be only a repetition, however modified, of the one primary type or figure.

We cannot dwell more on this point; but it may be sufficient to give a general notice of the hypothesis, that the peculiarities in a consistent style of architecture depend on its adoption of some peculiar figure, on which it works as a base; that this figure was generated or suggested by some peculiar elementary line; and that the adoption of this line depended on peculiar circumstances, and habits of thought in the age in which the style originated.

In turning to the Grecian architecture, the type of it is evidently to be found in a different line, the horizontal—: and it must be traced in a similar way. Let the reader turn to prints of the

the Grecian temples, even as late as the Parthenon, and he will find, as he might naturally expect among a people whose art, and wisdom, and theology came originally from Egypt, vestiges of the Egyptian type still distinguishable in the shape of the Doric columns, the figure of the door-ways, and even in the form of the façades. Even the Parthenon does not present a parallelogram, but the frustum of a pyramid or truncated triangle, though the transition from it is evidently approaching. But the avenues are abandoned. The Grecian temples stand by themselves, not as termini for lengthened processions, but as insulated objects for the eye. And as, under a more popular form of religion, the people were no longer to be marshalled in solemn processions under the command of an overruling, perhaps a tyrannical, hierarchy, but to be gathered familiarly under the porticos of their temples, the porticos became the chief and most prominent feature in the Grecian architecture. But a portico was for use. Art in those days was not yet become meretricious to serve any primary purpose but use: and its use was shelter; and the shelter was found in the roof; and in the roof, as before observed, is therefore to be found the characteristic feature of the new style, just as the characteristic line of the Egyptian was found in its most important part, the avenue. But the roof of a portico presents a horizontal line: and—although an eye accustomed, by the peculiarities of Gothic architecture, to search for the picturesque instead of the beautiful, might delight to fix itself at the angle of a Grecian colonnade, and so throw it into the Egyptian form, pillar dwindling behind pillar, and the lines of the base and the cornice converging into the truncated cone—such was not the temper of Grecian taste. It delighted in symmetry, and proportion, and regularity; in measuring relations, in adjusting parts, in taking centres, and forming systems, placing itself as a critic and spectator, and referring every object to its own eye. Remember the high rationalistic power of the Greek intellect, and its self-conceit; and how the power, stimulated by the conceit, acted on every subject brought within the range of the Greek mind, so as to convert its old traditionary theology into philosophy, and its old traditionary philosophy into schools and sects of scepticism, and its government into democracy, and its morals into self-will and licentiousness, and its life into self-indulgence, and its religious worship into a luxury of the imagination and the senses, and its science into an amusement for captious wrangling intellects, and its art into an imitation of mere humanity, and an arrangement of symmetrical parts and flowing lines: and then we may trace the altered form and character of the Greek architecture to the altered form and character of the human mind after its transition from

from the hierarchial monasteries and oppressive monotonous region of Egypt, to the stimulating atmosphere, and free soil, and unfettered habits of the Grecian colonies.

Imagine then a Greek portico first contrived for shelter, and then to be ornamented for the gratification of an intellectual criticising eye, fond of symmetry and regularity; and the line which will present itself as the basis of the whole will be a horizontal line, the eye of the spectator being fixed from a distance on the centre. Accordingly in a pure Grecian building it is this line—the line of the architrave, frieze, and cornice, which, as occupying the most prominent place, receives the greatest amount of ornament; and from it are developed all the other parts of the building. This is an important fact, and ought to be carefully studied in order to appreciate the real deterioration of Greek architecture introduced by later styles, especially by the Romans.

What then are the figures which such a line as contemplated under these circumstances, and by a mind with these habits of thought, would naturally suggest? If there are any such, they will be the figures peculiarly appropriated to Grecian architecture. And the Grecian figures are few and well known: they are the parallelogram more than the square, the depressed triangle exhibited in the pediment, never an elevated pyramid; the circle, and such elliptical curves as express the greatest degree of ease and freedom in the flow, with the least restraint and fewest interruptions. And we ought to be able to show how these and no others were generated from the horizontal line, just as the figure of the truncated triangle was generated from the oblique projected line of the Egyptians. Place then an eye in the bisection of a line, having for its object to measure and symmetrize the two portions of it, and according to the laws of common optics, by which every human being works unconsciously in its daily operations of vision as well as in following out the theorems of Euclid, its first operation must be to draw a triangle. It will take a point



A, somewhere above the line B C (for the eye naturally mounts upward), and from this it will drop unconsciously two lines, A B, A C, and by these lines, and the angles they include, it will measure the comparative length of E B and E C, which is the object in view. We ask even a child to observe the process, by which unconsciously he bisects a line before him, and he will recognise it to be this. He does not go much above the base-line, for then he would not be able to bring the two por-

tions of it into close contact and comparison, but just high enough to make angles at B and C large enough to be measured by the eye : and hence it is that a low pediment—not too low, but still low—is a distinctive feature in Grecian architecture ; that a high pediment is faulty ; that a pediment applied to a line of columns so long as not to be capable of being measured at one view, is out of place ; that the centre of the pediment is always the centre of the building ; that being one of the first parts followed out by the eye, it is susceptible with propriety of much ornament ; and that it is applied with propriety only to the façade of the building, fronting the point where the eye of the spectator is supposed to be fixed. The figure is beautiful in fact, and peculiarly appropriate to Grecian architecture, because it falls in with the natural action of the eye. For the same reason, the parallelogram, the square, and the circle, all which figures are formed by measuring equal distances, and observing a symmetrical arrangement of parts, are in harmony with the Grecian style ; and the oblong parallelogram still more than the square, because it is laterally developed from the apex of the depressed triangle and the basement line. They are each produced by one and the same kind of mental operation. And the elliptical curves, easy, flowing, and unbroken, which are employed in the ornamental parts, are for the same reason appropriate, because they coincide with the natural tendency of a Grecian fancy and feeling.

If we follow up this principle still further, we shall observe that, as the horizontal line of the cornice is the basis, from which all the other parts originally flow, in the most pure and primitive Grecian style, as the pediment is made to drop upon it, so the pillars themselves and all the minutest subordinate ornaments flow downwards from it. Compare the best specimens of Doric and the later corruptions of Greek architecture which succeeded it, and a remarkable difference will be observed on this point. In the former, the fluting of the pillars, the triglyphs, the guttæ, the minutest details in fact, are managed to carry the eye downwards from the cornice, until it reaches the base ; and then it was made to rest upon a solid substructure, binding the whole together by one horizontal line, as the corresponding line of the cornice locked it together from above. And in all this there was no interruption to the natural action of the eye ; every part was in unity and harmony with the primary idea, and the whole was beautiful. But in the later Greek style this perfect harmony soon begins to disappear. The fundamental principle of utility is lost sight of, and the columns, which are mere accessaries, are made the chief and most ornamental part, instead of the architrave or roof. The point on which the eye is to rest, and which is therefore most elaborately

elaborately worked, is lowered to the capital of the pillar, and from that to the fluted shaft. Instead of preserving the uniform descending lines from the frieze, ascending lines are introduced; that is, by giving bases to the pillars, and altering their proportions, the eye is carried up from the ground to the architrave, and thus two counteracting movements are brought into collision, and simplicity is destroyed.

When the Grecian architecture was transferred to a Roman soil, a still further corruption took place. If Rome suffered herself to be led captive by Grecian art, she still retained much of her original wildness and uncouthness—she never possessed that quick intuition and instinctive sensibility to harmony which characterised the Greeks—and was not only incapable of appreciating the delicacy, which shaped upon one consistent principle even the minutest details of the genuine Greek architecture, but in her attempts to grasp the grand and gigantic she was obliged to combine a number of parts without being able to give them unity. The introduction of the circular arch was the last and most fatal blow to the simplicity of Grecian architecture.

‘The seeds of destruction,’ says Dr. Whewell most justly, ‘were sown in the system of classical architecture as soon as the arch was introduced. For, what was the arch to do, and where was it to be put? It was placed for a long while between two columns, having its own impost, and leaving the columns to do their work in supporting the great entablature. But why were the arch and the entablature to be both there? The entablature was to consist of large blocks, strong enough to support themselves as lintels; the arch was to supersede the necessity of such blocks. Here, therefore, was no consistency. Again, the arch was in fact the principal line of the opening, notwithstanding that the Romans did not allow it to be attended by anything more than the architraves; and the columns were the principal supports. Why then should not the columns support the arch? This was accordingly soon done, as in Dioclesian’s palace at Spalatro: but when this occurs, there is an end of the supremacy of the horizontal entablature lines. Why should not the arch take all the cornice mouldings, and the entablature disappear altogether? There is no stability in the Roman system, nothing satisfactory, nothing final. This architecture therefore went on, as on these principles it should have done, breaking up more and more—arches, columns supporting arches, one order over another, one story over another, tall towers with many windows, coupled pillars, grouped openings, innumerable attempts at variety, repetitions, multiplications and modifications were introduced. All the forms and rules of classical architecture were cast loose, and there was no longer any fixed model or limit to the caprice or adaptations of the builder.’—p. 219.

Dr. Whewell has not expressed precisely the mode in which
K 2 this

this scene of confusion was generated by the intrusion of the arch. But the account of it is that every fresh curve or circle requires a new centre to be taken by the eye, from which diverging radii may be drawn to the circumference; since, however unconsciously, we must perform this operation in order to obtain an idea of a curve. And every fresh point thus taken introduces a new movement, and thus distracts and disturbs the eye. At first, indeed, these arches, as in the Coliseum, were sunk within the columns, so that the lines did not appear prominently. But even in the Coliseum an observant eye will perceive the distraction caused by the successive horizontal lines of the cornice as confused with the perpendicular lines of the columns; and in order to retain the simple impression of vastness and sublimity, it must in reality sink all these details, and content itself with embracing the one grand outline of the building as a whole.

We have no intention of tracing at present the still further corruption which ensued, when the circular arch was made to rest upon the column, and the barbarisms crept in which are known under the name of Norman and Saxon styles, as well as the early and later Italian. Mr. Hope's work has thrown great light on this point. All alike are corruptions of the Roman; when men, without science or acute sensibility to harmony, were left without Grecian models, and could do little more than combine and multiply the two leading ideas of the Roman, namely, the column and the arch, but without understanding the laws of proportion, or regulating their ornaments upon any other principle than a capricious fancy. And the fault in all was the same, that, in multiplying parts, they introduced a diversity of lines radiating from different centres, and carrying the eye in contrary directions—and a variety of figures, not repetitions or modifications of some one primary type, but each of them unconnected with the other.

The nature of the religious worship was changed. The portico and colonnade, therefore, were no longer the principal object in building; the horizontal line was therefore lost sight of as the fundamental idea, and until a new idea developed itself, every attempt to adapt the old style to new circumstances produced only confusion.

By degrees, however, this new idea did arise, and with it a new style. As processions were the characteristic of the Egyptian worship—and popular gathering round the temple and under the shelter of colonnades was the chief object in the Grecian—so Christianity introduced a wholly new practice, not without its symbolism and mystery, that of collecting a whole assembled congregation under one roof. It is a remarkable peculiarity, full of meaning, and pregnant with important architectural results.

‘But

'Another circumstance,' says Dr. Whewell, 'which perhaps still more advanced this change was, that in the Christian temples the worshippers were within the temples, and the edifice was hence calculated for an interior spectator. It is remarkable how necessarily this will be seen, on a little consideration, to change the whole character of the building. A temple, or a series of temples, intended to be seen from without, and formed on the Grecian model, would have a line of entablature, which would have a natural and congruous reference to the horizontal line on which they stand; and it would not happen, in any common point of view, that this reference would be obscure or interrupted. The temple would be seen as a whole, and the entablature of one or of two sides, supported by well-formed pillars, would be simple or beautiful. But for buildings to be seen from within, the case is different. To extend them by an extension of horizontal architraves resting on columns would produce a space without grace, dignity, convenience, or the possibility of being lighted. When such buildings were made spacious and splendid, the height was increased at least in proportion to the other dimensions, probably more; and windows, one range over another, were inserted in order to light this space. The space was covered with a series of vaults, one to each window or group of windows: hence naturally the necessities of such vaulting led to pointed arches, vertical lines, and other Gothic features. But I now observe further, that even without taking into account the consequences of vaulting, the interior view necessarily introduced a style of building which had reference to vertical lines. The interior view of a building occupies the whole of one field of view, and not a small fraction of it only, like a temple seen at a little distance. Hence the horizontal lines are necessarily displaced and overmatched by the perspective: the sides, however long the building is, are reduced to narrow strips on the retina of a person looking along the edifice; and the two vertical lines which bound the end and divide it from the sides are really the master lines of the whole scene, controlling and regulating all the rest. All the horizontal lines, however strong or long, stop or bend when they come to these vertical boundaries; and the spaces on one side or on the other of them (a side and an end) are occupied by forms and combinations altogether different. The building will therefore then only be reduced to harmony and consistency, when the principal lines and members of the architecture submit to be regulated by these irresistible lines.'—p. 213.

But with Christianity there came also into religion another idea, that of elevation. If permanence and immutability were the character of the Egyptian system, and symmetry and rationalism those of the Grecian, elevation is the peculiar idea of Christianity. It raised man from the ground, lifted up his nature to a communion with the Deity, led up his eye in constant hope to another world, and a heaven above him; roused his intellect; lightened his cares; broke the fetters of his flesh; sublimed his affections; filled the whole sphere of his vision with grand and aspiring spectacles; shook off the chains of the slave; dignified
the

the helplessness of women ; fractured the barriers of castes which kept subjects in perpetual degradation ; introduced into the whole man a tone of noble and lofty thought, and imparted it freely to all men. And there is nothing fanciful or arbitrary in asserting a close connexion between the moral and spiritual elevation of the Christian doctrines, and the physical form in which the idea soon became embodied. If we cannot express the former without using words derived from the latter—if we cannot witness goodness and power without both thoughts and gestures which mount upwards, we may be sure there is a close and indissoluble connexion between the two ; and that thoughts which lift themselves up from earth to heaven, will embody themselves in structures exhibiting a similar analogy.

Upon these two new ideas combined there arose the system of Gothic architecture. The perpendicular line was its primary idea ; and the necessity of an inclosed roof the circumstance which fecundated it with all its important consequences. Its first movement is to be traced in the piling up of range upon range of disproportioned columns and circular arches, in the structure of towers, and in the unnecessary elevation—unnecessary so far as mere ordinary utility was concerned—given to the interior of churches. The second may be seen in the attempt to bind two or three stories of arcades together by one shaft running up through them all, and projected from the plane of them, so as to form the prominent and leading line in the building. Externally this was done by buttresses, and internally by the shafts, which are so often found to support the roof. But the fundamental idea of elevation once introduced, it became necessary to remodel all the parts of the building to bring them into accordance with it ; and it was in the delicate intuitive perception of this accordance, and the skill with which it was effected, that we must look for the real spirit, from which the perfection of Gothic architecture emanated. The exterior of the roof or ceiling being the principal object, this was probably the first part which required to be adjusted to the new type. A ceiling, either flat and horizontal, or circular and barrel-shaped, was felt (this, perhaps, is the only proper word) to be inconsistent with the primary idea of elevation : for either of them compelled the eye to depart from its ascending line, and move in an opposite direction ; and perhaps of the two the circular arch was the most inconsistent, because it is not content, like the flat roof, with abruptly cutting short the ascending line. It bent the eye down, and introduced two or three different movements instead of one, by forcing the eye to strike a centre, from which to measure the curve of the arch (that centre being necessarily taken from below), so that the

the

the eye was not only not allowed to ascend, but was absolutely depressed—a fact on which depends what is commonly called the heavy, oppressive feeling of a semicircular ceiling.

How, then, was the necessity of an inclosed ceiling to be reconciled with the preservation of the ascending line? There was one mode, and one only; and it is exhibited in the following figure

of an equilateral triangle placed on a vertical parallelogram.



This figure is as peculiarly Gothic as the truncated triangle is Egyptian, and the depressed triangle, the circle, and the parallelogram are Grecian. It occurs in gables, in spires set upon towers, in pinnacles, in the forms of doors and windows, in the canopies of niches, and is repeated in every part—differing from the form of the Grecian pediment, when placed over a colonnade, in this, that the apex of the triangle is elevated instead of depressed; and elevated, because its use is not, as in Grecian, to measure the equal portions of the horizontal base, but to assist in carrying up the eye according to its original tendency, so as to bring by degrees two parallel lines to meet and cover in a space. An elevated pediment is as absurd in Grecian as a depressed pediment is absurd in Gothic. In fact the two ought never to be confounded; for they have totally different uses, and must be framed in all their details upon totally different principles. This would be seen at once by taking the gable of a Gothic house, striking a transverse line beneath it, and ornamenting the pediment as it is ornamented in Grecian, after the model of the architrave and cornice; or, again, take a Grecian pediment, cut away the transverse line of the architrave, and shave off the modillions, dentils, cantalivers, mouldings, and other embellishments which give prominence and consequence to the cornice and what becomes of the building? One, in fact, is regulated by the internal roof, the other by the external architrave; and on this these differences depend.

But the ascending vertical line being once taken as the leading feature, other parts of the building besides the roof required to be modified to meet it. First, its general outline became changed. Instead of running along the ground, it rose up into towers, and the towers broke away into pinnacles, or shot up into the still more Gothic figure of the spire. Its parts, instead of being symmetrically arranged in mutual correspondence, were clustered in groupes of projections, thrown out in apparent disorder from the main fabric, and even studiously diversified, that the eye, instead of indulging the Greek taste for comparing and speculating by a mere intellectual process, might be prevented from
any

any lateral movement, and be carried constantly upwards. A true Gothic taste abhorred that which modern Gothic scarcely ever dispenses with, a centre and two wings. It never placed the spectator, like Grecian art, in any one point, but allowed him to move round and about, making every place a centre from which the eye could rise to some lofty apex, and throw the other parts into the Gothic figure of the elevated triangle set upon a paralleloiped. Again, a Grecian pillar with a base is a corruption, and a Gothic pillar without one is an absurdity; because in pure Grecian the eye was to be carried downward, and in Gothic upward, and a base necessarily suggests this ascending movement. Again, the pillars of the Greek style are studiously sunk under the horizontal cornice. The buttresses of the Gothic, which correspond with the columns of the Greek in giving both support and alternations of light and shade, are placed essentially in projections;—and an overhanging cornice, or indeed any cornice at all, is a corruption; because it would substitute a leading horizontal line instead of a vertical. Again, a circular arch is tolerable, though only tolerable in Grecian, because the depression of the eye, in order to strike a centre, is not entirely at variance with the descending line from the cornice: but in Gothic there is nothing at all with which it can harmonise. Again, a keystone in a Grecian arch is appropriate, for its bearing is downward: in Gothic it is not endurable. Again, in Grecian, the supporting pillars must bear a proportion to the weight supported; because one of the leading ideas is that of pressure from above. In Gothic, a willow wand may throw up into the air a ponderous stone roof; an angel's wing sustain a tower; or a hand, a flower, a female head, bear up an enormous beam; because, as the eye is springing upwards, there is no sense of weight to be overcome. And the Caryatides in Grecian should all bear the impress of pain and resistance; in pure Gothic, except where for other reasons pain is to be expressed, calmness and ease are the characteristics of the living forms, which are to support the structure. Indeed the profuse introduction of living figures, which characterises the Gothic, depends on this very circumstance. Life, power, and energy are the natural associations with a movement of elevation. In Grecian they are out of place; and the very smallness of the figures is in harmony with this idea, as indicating greater ease and power; an effect which is destroyed, when, as in the restoration of the Castle chapel at Dublin, the figures are too much magnified. Again, the same law may be traced even in the minutest details. The foliage used in Grecian properly must curve downwards; that of Gothic is to be thrown up. So the mass and outline of a Grecian building must present
horizontal

horizontal lines; that of a Gothic building springs up into a number of detached points and pinnacles. The windows in a Grecian are placed centrally and in lines, one over the other, to preserve the lateral symmetry. In Gothic, they are purposely placed out of the centre, and offer steps and stages, as it were, for the eye to mount upwards, without tempting it to any lateral movement. And perhaps this may be sufficient to suggest the leading idea of Gothic; without keeping which in view, it will be impossible to understand it as a system, to appreciate its details, or to imitate without running into absurdities.

But as the moral attributes of Christianity generated a moral tendency in the mind, and that moral tendency vented itself in the adoption of a peculiar line as the basis of its architecture; and this vertical line, when combined with other peculiar circumstances, generated a peculiar figure—so this figure itself contained a number of ideas which were gradually developed, and introduced into Gothic architecture a wonderful variety of peculiar features, without at the same time destroying its harmony; because all the features, however distinct, were originally included or implied in the original fundamental figure. For to repeat it again, however multiplied the parts and combinations may be, a whole never loses its unity so long as they are all reducible to one common and primary type. One or two of these peculiar features may be now briefly mentioned.

This is a task which Dr. Whewell has only suggested, and which is well worthy of his inquiring and philosophic mind. It is no less than drawing up for the architect a catalogue of all the forms and combinations which he may be permitted to use, without departing from the simplicity of his original type; and there is no feature in which the Gothic is so superior to the Grecian style as in the fecundity with which it pours out these infinitely various creations from the embryo of the pointed arch.

The first remarkable combination is that of the curve and the angle. There are, indeed, specimens, as in Worcester cathedral, where the converging lines of the window, like those of the gable-ends, are straight, and like those of a pediment. And the effect is perfectly in harmony with the general style; but the pointed arch was immediately a modification of the circular arch, whether it occurred in the apse, or the roof, or the intersection of arched colonnades, or, as Mr. Hope suggests, in the imposition of small arches upon numerous small pillars, or in filling the deep recesses of doorways with a succession of receding arches, of which the outermost occupied a larger, and the innermost a less place; and the smaller architraves were no longer framed round concentric

concentric circles, but pressed up for convenience into a point; just as a hoop, if bent to a large circle, may retain the circular form, but if forced into a small one will naturally break, and form an angle.*

The truth probably lies not in any one of these theories singly, but in all of them. But little doubt can exist, as was before said, that the pointed arch was formed not directly and solely from the idea of the vertical line, but from the necessity of bringing the circular arch already existing into harmony with it, and that in this effort the curvilinear sections were retained, as richer, more elegant, more fertile in results, and more easy and natural in construction; since the lateral thrust of the arch, which, according to existing principles, must be received upon a pillar, and that a comparatively slight one, was thus brought more to the perpendicular. There is, indeed, in the admission of the curve a slight departure from the type of the vertical line: because, as it was before said, in order to form the idea of a curve, the eye must pass down from various points in it to the centre, and from thence draw radii to the circumference; and thus a descending action of the eye is introduced which clashes with its predominating tendency. But the advantages of retaining the curve are too great not to balance this defect; and the defect itself is diminished and almost made imperceptible in the purest Gothic, by making the curves of the arches segments of very large circles, and thus reducing them as near as possible to straight lines, and throwing them up nearly vertically, instead of bringing them down horizontally, as in the corrupt Tudor styles. This is one reason why the early English and decorated Gothic styles are purer in the form of their arches than the later.

In the combination, then, thus formed of the curve and the angle is to be found one of the chief secrets of the Gothic, especially of its ornamental features. To preserve this primary type, a type, we may remember, kept constantly before the eye, and impressed deeply on the mind, as a leading characteristic of the architecture, because it occurs repeatedly again and again in the most important and prominent parts of the interior, which, from the nature of Christian worship, is the most important and prominent part of the building—to preserve this primary type, it is necessary in a pure Gothic not only to admit curvilinear as well as angular forms—this was done by the fantastic caprices of the Elizabethan period—but to blend them together, so that one should never appear without the other being essentially connected with it. If the mullions of the window are thrown up, and bent

* A curious specimen of this is found in the entrance of the church of San Ciriaco, at Ancona.

with the flexibility of an osier wand into flowing reticulations, the flowing lines must be pointed and sharpened with cusps. If the corbels and friezes are to be overlaid with foliage, leaves must be chosen, which, like the vine and the plants from the Holy Land, which are said so often to recur in Gothic, not only have an historical and symbolical meaning, but in the interlacings of their tendrils, and the aculeated outline of their fibres, still unite the angle and the curve. If pinnacles are shot up in sharp and spiky lances, the ridges are covered with the soft climbing convolutions of the calceolus. If the drapery of figures is to be dropped in flowing lines, those lines are to be broken and stiffened by fractional folds. If, as in Gothic illuminations, the most capricious fancy is allowed to wander into a labyrinth of shapes, bringing together all the productions of earth and air, still they are to be harmonized upon the same principle, of superinducing curves upon angles, and angles upon curves. Even 'the garniture of wooden-cuts,' the images of men, and saints, and martyrs, cast in the flowing mould of nature, must be made

'Strange and uncouth; dire faces, figures dire,
Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too,
With long and ghostly shanks,—forms which once seen
Could never be forgotten!'—*Wordsworth.*

The just and close mixture of these two elements is one of the criteria of a pure Gothic style. A gradual approximation to it may be traced in the various improvements of the art from the heavy Norman (we use the term without approving it) to the decorated English; and the sudden degradation of it by the breaking up of the king's masons may be seen in the contrast between Bishop Fox's chantry and the adjoining monuments in Winchester cathedral; where, among many other barbarisms, nothing is more conspicuous than the separation between the curve and the angle. As the angle came to predominate, it formed the style of Elizabeth and James: as the curve obtained the mastery, it ran wild into the convolutions of the flamboyant style in France; a curious distinction, which has been generally observed, but not satisfactorily accounted for. And if our readers will follow us still farther—from the mere outward configuration of the material world to the spirit which lies within it, and of which the outward is not the mere husk or shell, but the shadow and copy, bearing on it everywhere the stamp of a spiritual meaning, to which it is linked by a most mysterious but true analogy—it is to this union of the curve and the angle, that, next to its vertical and elevating tendency, the Gothic owe its wonderful power of expression. For just as the elevation of a moral feeling or affection instinctively embodies itself in a physical elevation, so the material

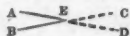
material curve, from the action which it induces on the eye, is the fit representative and suggester of all that is soft, gentle, easy, delicate, and susceptible, while the angle is the index of the opposite characteristics, and exhibits firmness, severity, sternness, pain, and struggle. Fanciful as this sounds at first, its proof and illustration lie before us all. Look at a human face, and intuitively we derive from it notions of moral feelings connected with it. If a novelist would describe a character, he paints the lines of the face; he makes them angular or flowing, according as he would represent a man or a woman, a Brutus or an Alexander, a martyr or an angel. There is an architecture in the face formed out of curves and angles, by which we read the soul within. The slightest touch, by extruding one or the other, will alter the whole expression; and it is by attending to these that physiognomists study, and artists embody, the secret movements of our feelings. Let curves predominate, as in Grecian art, and its creations flow out into expressions of ease, indulgence, weakness, and luxury. Let angles prevail, as in Egyptian art, and they become severe, stiffened, and formal, exhibiting everywhere the pressure of an external force, thwarting and intruding on the natural action of the mind. Let them both be united, as in the best German school, and especially in that which is now rising up at Munich, and we possess the true combination; and the power of modifying matter so as to express faithfully a right mental constitution, in which freedom and obedience, law and spontaneity, external control and internal action, relaxation and self-denial, enjoyment and duty, order and ease, pain and pleasure, are blended inseparably and eternally, and each preserved in its due subordination and proportion.

This is the second characteristic which renders Gothic architecture peculiarly appropriate to the exhibition of a true Christianity. And little as we may be inclined to suspect such an analogy, its rise and decay, the changes which it passed through in various countries and at different periods, are no unfit representation of the religious history of the mind. Mr. Pugin has made a mistake in calling it Catholic architecture—in the sense which he gives to the word—meaning by it *Papal*. St. Peter's and the Jesuits' churches at Rome are the proper types and representatives of Papal art: vast, brilliant, gaudy, full of pretension, appealing directly and servilely to the imagination, frittered into incongruous details, which it is vainly endeavoured to hold together by a composition rationalistic in reality, while it aspires to an assumption of religion: in fact a republication of heathen architecture without its simplicity, and emblematic of a heathen mind, veiled under the garb of Christianity.

Another

Another important and peculiar Gothic combination is to be found in the figure of the cross. To understand this, it is necessary to trace out the real action of the eye in following the outlines of the pointed arch: for those forms will be appropriate to the style which repeat and harmonize with the forms naturally delineated by the eye in the perception of the primary and most prominent figure.


Whenever then two lines meet in a point, the eye, to become sensible of the angle, cannot stop at the apex, but must proceed onwards beyond the point of intersection



in reality describing a cross of which two limbs are expressed and real, and the other two are imaginary and invisible. The attention of the reader must be drawn to this fact, because it will lead to another remarkable characteristic of the Gothic style. It may indeed be safely asserted that no line whatever, not even a straight one, is perceived by the eye without its thus crossing another. Certainly, in tracing a circle, the eye must revert from various points in the circumference to the centre, and this centre it must find by striking two radii across each other: but this process is not prominently brought forward in the circle as it is in the pointed arc: the angle is here the spot to which the eye is elevated, and on which it finally rests: it occupies the principal place in the process, and thus fixes on the mind an impression which forms a leading type of the style. Observe then how repeatedly the cross, and the cross with ascending lines, appears in Gothic—not only in the grand outline of the building, but in the lateral projections of the smaller transepts, chapels, and buttresses: it crowns the spire, it fills the roof with intersections, the windows with ramifying tracery, the pavement with diagonal lines, the glass with diagonal diamonds. The panels run into each other; double planes of ornament cross and intertwine with each other: vistas are opened on each side of pillared aisles, cutting and shooting across in every direction. Instead of being perplexed, like the Greeks, with the transverse lines, which must occur in the simplest buildings, even in the cuttings of the masonry, and still more, where pillars are introduced, in the divarication of the colonnades, and most of all, when projections are to be thrown out as transepts laterally from the main building—the Gothic architect even luxuriated in the interlacings of his work. It cuts itself at every angle. He prefers rubble to squared stone; roofs brought prominently forward in gables to flattened cornices; a point of view which strikes the junction of the transept and the nave to that from any other external point; square to round towers, and octagonal to either. And here is a third point in which the Gothic

is properly a Christian style: it is symbolical. Symbolism undoubtedly led the Church to select the cross itself as the chief model of its external building; and to desire to place it prominently before the eye in many of the parts. And symbolism in all art is a great excellence, perhaps its essence. Art is (and it cannot be repeated too often) the translation of mind into matter, as philosophy is the translation of matter into mind. Its object is to place before the eye of sense, and therefore before the poor, the ignorant, the unthinking, the child, and the peasant, great truths which by the abstractions of reason they can never reach. It addresses itself also to the feelings; and nature, as if for this very purpose, has established the closest harmony and analogy between the moral and the physical sensations; between the impressions produced by the action of the eye and the ear, and those which seem to have their seat more deeply in the mysteries of the soul. And there can be no pure art, which has not thus its basis in truth; no good building, which does not of itself tell the tale of its destination, and embody in material types the intellectual doctrines which led to its creation, and raise those emotions and feelings which harmonize with and deepen them.

Thirdly—From the fact just mentioned, that the eye in tracing the pointed arch crosses and continues the line at the point of section, coupled with the original ascending tendency of the vertical line, arises a third beautiful form, the ogee line. Let the reader follow the curve of a Gothic arch slowly, and he will find that the moment his eye has passed the apex, it has a natural tendency not only to continue it, but to continue it with an effort to mount upward, so as to bend back the curve and run it up vertically,

thus producing the ogee figure , or that which approaches

more or less to Hogarth's line of beauty. The ease and grace of this flowing outline account for the appropriateness of a vast detail of ornament, particularly in foliage, which might otherwise seem too delicate and easy for the severity and rigidity of an angular Gothic. And a comparison of it with the ellipse, which is the favourite Grecian curve, and beyond which the Greek scarcely ventured further from the regularity of the circle, might perhaps determine many points of distinction in one of the most important but most mysterious questions in architecture, the science of Grecian and Gothic mouldings. It might appear from the mode in which the primary ogee of the Gothic is suggested, that it is nowhere so properly introduced as in a vertical plane, where the eye may pass up to the extremity. But there is another problem still more interesting—why is it that this singularly beautiful

tiful curve, which is claimed by the Gothic style as so peculiarly its own, can never appear with propriety on the external configuration of a building? The turrets of the bad Tudor style, as in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and in King's College, Cambridge, and the Great Tom Tower at Christ Church, Oxford, exhibit it abundantly in this position; but an eye even moderately accustomed to the details of Gothic must feel that it is out of place, where it strikes against the sky. Intrinsically it is beautiful, but it does not harmonize with a pure Gothic style. And yet the same line curving over an arch, and running up into a rich finial, as in the tombs in Hereford Cathedral, is one of the most exquisite constructions of Gothic art. Even when introduced by itself, as the line which throws up a canopy, as in some few niches, it is not out of place, though still less beautiful. The reason probably is this:—and it may determine several minute but not unimportant questions respecting the application of the ogee;—in the type from which it is drawn, that is, in the line followed by the eye in tracing the pointed arch, the eye will traverse either the interior, that is the concave side of the curve, or the convex. If it traverses the concave, when stopped suddenly at the apex it will run up perpendicularly, suddenly, and to no great height. The second limb of the curve will be comparatively short; and this therefore will be no improper figure for such ogee lines as are introduced in the support of canopies; and even then, it may be added, they can only be used with propriety on a small scale in minute but rich ornamental work, because there is an obviously false architecture, that is, an architecture which sets at defiance the law of gravitation, in making such a flowing line the support of any weight. If, on the other hand, the eye traverses the curve on the convex side, the line which it draws is one which really is bent down and curved forcibly, in opposition to the ascending tendency, over the convex of the arch. It climbs up, as it were, against a resistance, and it is not till it has mastered the projection, and is set free by the termination at the apex, that it is allowed to shoot up freely; more freely and with more pleasure from having been previously chained down and confined, and therefore running up into a more elevated limb. For this reason, in the most beautiful specimens of the ogee arch, it will be found that they are carefully introduced as canopies *over* an inner arch, whether that inner arch be single or foliated with cusps. There must be an interior convex figure, either expressed or suggested, over which the ogee may climb and curl. An instance of a similar idea may be found in that beautiful foliage which so generally creeps along the outline of the ogee, in the way of which the architect throws projecting balls

or

or knobs, compelling the leaf to make its way forcibly and slowly over the convex side, and then allowing it to spring up luxuriantly into a waving point, as if glad to escape from its restraint:—

‘Qualis speluncâ subitò commota columba,
Cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi,
Fertur in arva volans, plausumque exterrita pennis
Dat tecto ingentem: mox aëre lapsa quieto,
Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.’

Æneid, v. 213.

That this principle, however fanciful it may seem, was really felt and intended in the construction of the ogee, may be further confirmed by observing that the employment of this peculiar foliage in crockets accompanies the ogee in its purest forms; is in itself the result of a gradual growth; and died away with the introduction of more debased lines and depressed arches in the Tudor style, in which the vertical idea is almost lost, and consequently the effort to spring up and ascend is not maintained in the details any more than in the leading lines. Thus in the later Gothic the crockets become mere lateral horizontal processes, breaking the pinnacle like spurs, but not aiding the eye to climb up gradually to the apex. The same principle will also regulate the proportions between the second, or more perpendicular part of the ogee, and the convex part. It must be the proportion to be observed between an effort to surmount a difficulty, and the freedom which follows on having surmounted it, in order to produce the real enjoyment which accompanies such an action of the mind. If the convex line is too prolonged, and the ascending ends abruptly, as in the great gate of Christ Church, or if, on the other hand, the convex is cut short, and the ascending part is too much lengthened, in either case the beauty of the line will be destroyed: the arch will be either too heavy, or too light and flowing—according as the one idea of difficulty, or that of ease, predominates to the exclusion of the other.

We can touch at present only on one more Gothic feature, and that partially, which Mr. Pugin has made the subject of his two lectures; and the many others, which may be developed from the germ of the pointed arch, we must reserve to another occasion. Mr. Pugin has not treated his subject very philosophically, or with much insight into the deeper principles of architecture. But the point which he has illustrated is of great importance, and though, as we venture to repeat, he labours under the singular misconception that the beauties of Gothic owed their origin to the Papal and not to the Catholic spirit of the times in which it sprung up, there is much in his little work which is ingenious and interesting. The falsity of such a notion ought to be exposed and

and insisted on at a time when there seems to be too great a disposition to interest the imagination in matters of religion, and so in young and uninstructed minds to palliate the corruptions of the popish system. And, as before remarked, it might be shown at once by pointing out not only the natural connexion and analogy between true Catholic principles and true taste in art; but the similar analogy between the pretensions, exaggerated fancies, appeals to human nature in its corrupt forms, and mixed incongruities of greatness and meanness, truth and falsehood in Popery, with the same characteristic defects, in the architecture which grew up in Italy more immediately under the papal influence, and which are found less and less prevalent in each country in the same proportion as it was free from the worst tendencies of that fearful usurpation:—

‘The object of the present lecture,’ says Mr. Pugin, ‘is to set forth and explain the true principles of pointed or Christian architecture, by the knowledge of which you may be enabled to test architectural excellence. The two great rules for design are these: 1st, that there should be no features about a building which are not necessary for convenience, construction, or propriety; 2nd, that all ornaments should consist of enrichment of the essential construction of the building. The neglect of these two rules is the cause of all the bad architecture of the present times. Architectural features are continually tacked on buildings with which they have no connexion, merely for the sake of what is called effect; and ornaments are actually constructed, instead of forming the decoration, to which in good taste they should be always subservient. In pure architecture the smallest detail should have a meaning, or serve a purpose; and even the construction itself should vary with the material employed, and the designs should be adapted to the material in which they are executed. Strange as it may appear at first sight, it is in pointed architecture alone that these great principles have been carried out; and I shall be able to illustrate them from the vast cathedral to the simplest section. Moreover, the architects of the Middle Ages were the first who turned the natural properties of the various materials to their full account, and made their mechanism a vehicle to their art.’—p. 1.

These principles, so far as they go, are sound and just. True taste in architecture, as in every other creation, repudiates the attempt to please and please only. Man, even in his most self-indulgent character, has no respect for mere feeling—he is indignant at the thought of being treated as a child, and fed with sugar-plums—and his intellect finds no ground to rest on, or stimulus to curiosity, except where a depth of truth and reality is seen behind the outward veil, which is presented to his senses. And it is singular how soon even an untutored eye detects false ornament; how naturally the parts of buildings, which are not ar-

ranged upon some definite principles of solid utility and meaning, betray themselves by some striking incongruity, which we feel, though we cannot express it.

The illustrations which Mr. Pugin has given of the many points in which Gothic architecture, as existing in its pure form, is free from this defect, compared even with the most perfect specimens of Grecian, are ingenious and interesting, and we may return to them on some future occasion. The secret of it seems to be found once more in the primary principle of verticalism—and when instead of Gothic, or English, or Pointed, or even Christian, the term Vertical is applied to this style, we shall have made a great step to the right understanding of this as of its other characteristics. The primary law, then, which must be observed in all constructions of solid materials must be the law of gravitation. To suspend a weight in the air, ready, as it may seem to the eye, to fall at each moment, is distressing, not merely to an educated but to an ignorant observer. We are little aware how much secret and almost unconscious fretting, and irritation, and weariness of feeling, is produced by the presence of any object which is not in perfect repose, which suggests tendencies not fulfilled, or keeps the mind in a state of anticipation without gratifying it—and still more if there is an effort or labour suggested by its existing position, or anything to be apprehended from the change which it threatens to make. We were once told by an eminent architect whose studio was surrounded with exquisite copies from the finest ancient statues, that the mere presence of them threw over the whole apartment a charm of quietness, and peacefulness, which was sufficient to relieve his mind after any mental exhaustion, and compose it, as if it were thrown on a sofa. To these statues he once added a collection of Canova's works, and from that time the whole charm vanished. Instead of inspiring quiet, the room filled him with uneasy and uncomfortable sensations: it was not till Canova's figures were removed that the charm returned; and he could trace the previous loss of it to the forced attitudes, strained muscles, affected expressions, and elaborate pretensions which occur so often in the best works of modern artists—with, we think, the solitary exception of the manly Chantrey. As in sculpture every figure should be exhibited, as much as possible, in that posture in which it might remain for ever without apparent weariness—so in architecture every stone should be hung, where the eye will never anticipate that it is likely to fall.

But as the construction of architecture is mainly intended not only to raise perpendicular walls and lateral protections from the weather, but to cover in a space, the problem immediately presents itself, how to hang in the air the roof, which is required for
this

this purpose. And the obvious solution has been to recur to another law, that of cohesion—by which materials such as skins, tapestry, cordage, chains, architraves of stone, and beams of iron or wood, may be thrown across an empty space without falling to the ground. But, as in the building of a solid wall, these two laws concur, and co-operate to produce one effect, the gravitation increasing the cohesion, and the cohesion enforcing the gravitation, so in the framing of unsupported coverings the two laws clash—the greater the weight of the cross materials the greater their tendency to break. And although this is not felt sufficiently to become painful, where the unsupported space is small, as in the just intercolumniation of a portico, it soon begins to create an uneasiness in the mind beyond a certain distance, just as we feel uncomfortable in a cavern, the roof of which may come down upon us, though, from the solidity of the rock, reason and experience assure us of its safety. The Greek architecture endeavours to escape from the difficulty by preserving small dimensions in its intercolumniations—but with the inevitable result of being unable either to throw its buildings up into height without altering the just proportion of its columns, or piling them unconnectedly on each other, or to cover in an interior without crowding the space required with the bases for the necessary support. Sufficient blocks of stone cannot be found to form singly the architraves required for large buildings; and though attempts are made to construct them out of smaller blocks with key-stones, the effect is painful, because the idea of a fracture and fall are thus still more forcibly suggested.

With the introduction of the arch this difficulty was partially removed—a covering could thus be thrown over a vast space, and yet retained in its pendent state by the law of gravitation, with only one counter-tendency to apprehend and overcome—that of the lateral pressure. This, indeed, is very great. In St. Peter's, for instance, we believe no less than eight iron bands have been required to correct it—five in the drum, one at the springing of the arch, and two on the surface of the dome itself.*

Now iron is not only in itself an objectionable material to employ, from its tendency to expand and contract with atmospheric changes, but its force depends on cohesion; and that cohesion is not infinite, like that of gravitation, to which we can imagine no limit, but it is capable only of a certain resistance, beyond which it gives way. And therefore a building which depends on it always carries within it the seeds of its own destruction, and the suggestion of its own fall, however distant the event.

* Wood's '*Letters of an Architect*,' vol. i. p. 367.

The more indeed the existence of the lateral pressure is felt, the more unsatisfactory the form of the arch becomes: because the two laws of gravitation and cohesion are thus brought again into antagonism with each other; and antagonism is the destroyer of repose, and repose is essential to true beauty and enjoyment. But the circular arch is attended with this evil. It compels the eye to strike repeatedly downward in order to trace the curve; hence the heavy, depressing feeling, which Norman and Roman architecture so generally produce. The sense of a downward pressure necessarily suggests the chance of a lateral spread, and then comes the uneasiness of feeling, unless the spread be thoroughly guarded against by some obvious and natural means. Hence it is that the arch supported by pillars, instead of piers, is so meagre and unsatisfactory; and hence the impossibility, even with the aid of the arch, to avoid encumbering the exterior, which we cover in, with heavy masses of support. We are entering at length into this question, because, until the principles of architecture, as of every other art, are brought back to fundamental axioms, and those axioms are laid very deep, seemingly in the mysteries of philosophy, art will be placed on a quicksand, and the creations which it raises will become quicksands themselves. But the conversion of the circular into the pointed arch, and especially the high vertical arch of the purest Gothic, did much to remedy these defects. In the first place, it brought the covering lines far more into a vertical direction, and so adjusted them better to the law of gravitation. Secondly, by throwing off the eye from the two curves laterally, instead of compelling it to strike a centre perpendicularly from the key-stone, it removed the sense of depression, and with this the apprehension of the lateral thrust. Thirdly, by bringing fully into play the vertical tendency, and throwing the eye up uninterruptedly through all the main lines of the building, it still further lightened, indeed removed entirely, the sense of downward pressure: and then came the vertical principle again to correct what still remained of the lateral spread, by permitting the architect not only to spring up solid vertical projections in the shape of buttresses, but to load them at the very point required with pinnacles and towers: so that the whole building is locked in and compacted at every point of danger by the one simple law of gravitation.

For the tendencies of the building, as of the eye, must to a certain degree be multiplied and complicated from the necessity of having multiplied parts. As a single line cannot enclose a space, nor a single ornament describe a figure, so a single law of gravitation is not sufficient to create a building. It may raise a wall, but cannot construct a vault or a roof. How, then, are we to admit a counteracting

counteracting principle without destroying simplicity and introducing confusion? How is unity to be preserved with this necessity for a diversity of tendencies? Or, to apply the principle to the immediate case before us, how is the perpendicular gravitation recognized in the formation of the arch to be reconciled and harmonized with the lateral thrust? It can only be done by repeating the same perpendicular pressure at another part; and thus locking in the whole building—just as the paramount horizontal line of the Greek portico, though departed from in the descending lines of the pillars, is again returned to, and repeated by the horizontal line of the base. In this point of view even the antagonism of the opposite tendencies becomes harmonized and reduced into unity; just as in a painting, a single spot of colour at variance with the predominating tint is brought at once into order simply by being repeated. The buttresses and pinnacles are the correlatives to the superincumbent weight on the arch. Three tendencies are created instead of two; and the two exterior tendencies, being of one and the same kind, shut up and overrule the middle one, so as to not only to prevent discordances, but to produce harmony. The principle, we believe, is one of extensive and deep application to all creations of art; but it is difficult to explain, and will be felt by those who contemplate the mechanical construction of a Gothic building, far better than it can be suggested merely through the eye.

But we must close for the present. The principle which Mr. Pugin has illustrated is full of other curious applications. And the whole mystery of Gothic architecture is a subject of such interest at present, that we shall perhaps be pardoned if we pursue it again, and endeavour to trace out still farther the sources of its peculiarities and excellencies. In the mean time the lovers of the church may be congratulated that there is so much need of just conceptions on these questions, in consequence of the continued increase of our ecclesiastical buildings; and that both the universities are contributing zealously to the science by the formation of their valuable societies for the express purpose of promoting it. Among the most useful and beautiful contributions to it yet made is the '*Glossary of Architecture*,' published at Oxford; and we recommend it earnestly to those who are desirous of familiarising themselves with the technical language—without which the study cannot be pursued—and with a number of curious details, which will prepare them for entering into it more deeply and successfully.

ART. V.—*Biblical Researches in Palestine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petræa, &c.* By Edward Robinson, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York.

WE opened this work with a feeling of weary despondency at the prospect of three more volumes of *Travels in Palestine*: we closed them with respect and gratitude to the author, not unmingled with a little blameless national jealousy. We are not altogether pleased that for the best and most copious work on the geography and antiquities of the Holy Land, though written in English, we should be indebted to an American divine. The interest of Palestine and its neighbouring provinces is, and must ever be, inexhaustible—the Palestine of the patriarchs, where the pastoral ancestors of the Jews, having been summoned from Mesopotamia, settled with their flocks and herds among the agricultural tribes of its earlier inhabitants—the Palestine of the chosen people, with all their solemn and eventful history—the Palestine of our Lord and his Apostles—the Palestine of Josephus, with the awful wars which ended with the abomination of desolation in the Holy City—the Palestine of the early pilgrimages, of Jerome and his monastic companions—the Palestine of the crusades, of Godfrey of Bouillon, of Richard Cœur de Lion, and of Saladin; we may descend still lower—of Napoleon, of Sir Sidney Smith, and of more recent British heroes: in every period, or rather throughout the whole course of time, this hallowed and marvellous country is connected with recollections which belong to the unlearned as well as the learned, to the simple as to the wise. Every scene has its sanctity or its peculiar stirring emotions; every name awakens some association of wonder, of reverence, or, at least, of laudable curiosity. We must confess, if it were possible to allay or to quench this ardent interest, it would have breathed its last under the countless volumes of travels which have poured, and still threaten to pour, upon us from all the gates of all the publishers in Europe. We have long been well-nigh worn out, and could hardly have pledged ourselves that even our public spirit, our heroic and self-devoted sense of the responsibility of reviewers, would not have failed at the sight of new travels in Palestine. Who is not utterly weary of the religious commonplace which every one who now steams away to the Holy Land complacently imparts to the public? Who is not still more troubled by the peremptory and dogmatic decision with which persons, who have never seemed to consider that much previous knowledge and much severe study are required to qualify a traveller in these regions, at once settle

settle questions which have perplexed and divided the profoundest scholars, on the mere credit of having been in the East. It is reported of a very illustrious, very good-hearted, but not highly-educated personage, that in some question relating to early American history, some one quoted the authority of Robertson. 'Robertson! Robertson!—what should he know of America?—was he ever there? I have been!' Upon this principle we presume it is that every individual, young or old, gentle or simple, layman or ecclesiastic, by setting foot in Palestine, springs up at once a divine of authority and an accomplished theologian.

We have not indeed been altogether fortunate, at least since Pococke and Maundrell, in our Palestinian travellers. For the poetry of the Holy Land, for the vivid and earnest expression of religious emotion, for picturesque local description, notwithstanding their affectations and extravagance, we must go to Chateaubriand and Lamartine; and with some distinction, both for better and for worse, and the consideration that they dwelt chiefly on the crusading associations, to Michaud and Poujoulat. From the former of these writers no one would seek for information, or suspect that they would on any single occasion sacrifice effect to truth. Their evidences of Christianity being its picturesqueness and its poetry, any tradition, however remote—any legend, however wild—any superstition, however absurd—is mingled up in unquestioning faith, or boastful credulity, with the sincere truths of the Gospel itself. Among our own countrymen we cannot, of course, reckon Burckhardt, who is chiefly however valuable rather for the neighbouring regions than for Palestine proper. One of the best volumes, containing, as it did, real discoveries, told with simplicity and good sense, that of Irby and Mangles, has been retained, by the modesty of its authors, within private circulation. The cleverest of our own travellers, the late Dr. Clarke, was unfortunately possessed with the opinion that everything was wrong, and that he was sent on a sort of special mission of original genius to set it all right. But there is no instinctive perception of that which can only be wrought out by accurate observation and patient study. Clarke only deviated into more obstinate and irreclaimable error. It is, however, a strong proof how little real knowledge, even of Jerusalem itself, can be gleaned from our recent travellers, that we have in vain—and, we assure our readers, with most patient interest—sought for a confutation of Clarke's singular paradox, which placed the city of David on the high ground south of what has always, and rightly, been considered the valley of Hinnom. It seemed first to occur to the authors of the work before us to examine the nature of this ridge and of the country

country beyond. They have done so, and settled the question for ever.

Thus oppressed under the burthen, we will not say of annual, but quarterly and bimestrial travels in Palestine, which have turned out to be little more than the authors' confessions of faith (sincere, we doubt not, for the most part) and testimonials to their own piety (pleasing enough as witnessing to a growing sense of religion, but little more), it has been with satisfaction, not unmingled with surprise, that we have found in the work of Dr. Robinson more solid and important information on the geography and on the topography of the Holy Land than has accumulated since the date of Reland's '*Palestina*.' These two American travellers (for we must not deprive Dr. Robinson's companion, Mr. Smith, of his due share of the common merit), by patient and systematic investigation, have enabled us to satisfy our minds on many points for which we had in vain sought a solution in the whole range of travels and geographical treatises. The authors have brought to their task strong, may we venture to say, English good sense, and piety, which can dare to be rational. With the most profound veneration for the truth of the sacred writings, they do not scruple to submit to the test of dispassionate inquiry, and of comparison with the records of scripture, every legend of which this land of wonder is so inexhaustibly fertile. Dr. Robinson has had the advantage of preparing his journals for the press in Berlin, unquestionably the city of Europe in which at present is centered the most profound erudition: he names some of its most distinguished scholars as having assisted him with advice; above all, the great geographer, K. Ritter, whose testimony to the importance of these discoveries comes from perhaps the highest living authority. We should mention that Dr. Robinson's colleague, Mr. Smith, having long resided in the East, was intimately acquainted with the vernacular Arabic, so that, instead of depending, in his communications with the natives, on an ignorant, careless, or designing interpreter, he might be perfectly confident that the questions would be fairly and distinctly put, and the answers reported with conscientious accuracy. By this means he has obtained much useful information as to sites of towns and other local circumstances, from the unsuspicious tradition of the names by which they are now popularly known among the inhabitants.

Dr. Robinson entered the Holy Land from Egypt, and of course the first point of biblical interest which occurred was the passage of the Red Sea. Dr. Robinson concurs with all the best modern scholars in supposing, as indeed the time allotted to their journey imperatively demands, that the Israelites set out upon their Exodus from Goshen, and that Goshen was situated eastward
along

along the Pelusiac branch of the Nile. With Niebuhr, and all the recent authorities, he places the passage of the Israelites over the tongue of the sea some short distance above Suez. The whole of this view of the Exodus is clear, consistent, and strictly accordant with the scriptural narrative. It is singular indeed how much the advocates of a different interpretation have lost sight of the one unerring authority, have excluded or attached but slight weight to circumstances which in the Mosaic writings bear an important place, while they have imagined others without the least warrant from the sacred book. There are two classes of believers in the miracles of the scripture. One which looks on them with a dim and remote reverence, not daring to approach them too closely lest they should lose some of their vague and mysterious impressiveness. Their sensitiveness jealously repudiates all distinctness. With them it is a point of piety to aggrandize the miracle to the utmost: it is a sign of a cold, sceptical mind to limit the supernatural agency to that extent which is intimated in the precise terms of the sacred writings. Some of these persons are influenced by an imaginative and poetic temperament: they delight in keeping *everything* connected with religion in a kind of ideal seclusion from the ordinary events of life. But in others of the same class, this sensitive timidity is akin to mistrust: they are haunted with a morbid dread lest they should doubt; but if doubt does come—and it cannot always be excluded by their most jealous precautions—they are ill prepared for the conflict. The consequence is often miserable perplexity, if not worse. The second class of believers, whose stronger and firmer groundwork of faith is assuredly better adapted to meet the rude encounter of an inquiring age, delight in realizing these wonderful scenes, in making them live again before their minds. The agreement of all the local, casual, and historical circumstances of the narrative with the age, the region, the manners, affords them a feeling of satisfaction, as completing the full and breathing conception of the events. With them the imagination has a different function: it arranges the whole in a living picture, not floating in a misty haze, but with all the sharp outlines of actual life: it adheres rigidly to its authority, and does not think that it is showing its reverence for the sacred narrative by making larger demands than the inspired writer himself: it shrinks with reverential dread from asserting the divine agency, the divine *miraculous* agency, without distinct and explicit warrant. Truth, in fine, real substantial truth, truth which will bear the most searching investigation, and, being grounded on a substantial foundation, will endure the sternest encounter of reason, is the sole ultimate object of their conscientious inquiry; because they are intimately convinced

vinced of the identity of truth with the right interpretation of the sacred volume.

This difference of religious temperament is strikingly illustrated by the conflicting theories concerning the scene of the Exodus. We can fully enter into the imaginative view of the wonderful—the glorious event. We can feel the ardent language of the poet when he describes—

‘The waves that took their stand
Like chrystal walls on either hand;
Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.’

But we have less sympathy with the grave and prosaic commentator on the Scripture, whose presumptuous zeal would fain make the event as wonderful on all points, and in every detail or circumstance, as he can. We may fairly assume that the sacred writer gives us the most marvellous circumstances of the event, at least, to take the lowest view, such as appeared to be so to the eye-witnesses of the scene: that he has left out nothing, which, if it had actually taken place, would have been an intervention of Almighty power, even more wonderful than that which he has related. Nor have we any right to discard any natural agency which may be introduced into the narrative, or to assign it a less share in the event than is ascribed to it by our irrefragable authority. Now the passage of the Red Sea, according to the distinct language of the Mosaic narrative, was effected through the physical agency of the *east wind*; the miraculous intervention being the happy manner in which its operation was timed, and the unusual vehemence with which it was ‘caused by the Lord’ to blow. The length of the passage is likewise limited by the time assigned for its performance. The east wind began to blow, at the earliest, with the commencement of the night; it blew ‘all night;’ and a certain time must have elapsed before it had so far ‘divided the waters’ as to leave dry land in the midst, with the waters, as a wall (or defence) on either side. With the dawn Moses ‘stretched his hand over the sea,’ and the sea returned in its strength, and the Egyptians were overwhelmed ‘in the morning watch.’ It is clearly then absolutely irreconcilable with this narrative, to carry the Israelites down to any part of the Red Sea where it is twelve or fourteen miles broad. For we need scarcely point out the impossibility of moving a vast body like that of the Israelites, according to the Scripture not less than two millions, encumbered with women and children, who formed two-thirds of their numbers, in the space of a few hours. There is no intimation of any extraordinary precipitation or speed with which the march was effected, though of course the fears of the fugitives would

would urge them to the utmost activity; no intimation whatever of any supernatural intervention to accelerate their movements.

We pass at once from the Red Sea to Mount Sinai; and as it is our intention to confine our observations to the more important *geographical* or antiquarian information in these volumes, we shall not dwell upon the personal adventures of our travellers, or their intercourse with the native tribes, which might however furnish many amusing and characteristic illustrations of Arab manners and opinions. The difficulty, most of our readers are aware, which embarrasses all accounts of this region, is to ascertain which of the mountains is the Horeb, and which the Sinai of the Scripture. The names are used in the Pentateuch with a certain vagueness. The prevalent theory has been to suppose Sinai the general name of the whole mass of mountains, and Horeb that of one particular peak or height. Dr. Robinson assigns some reasons of considerable weight, from the Pentateuch, for supposing Horeb to have been the general name, and Sinai that of the 'Mountain of the Law.' But in what part of this region took place the awful scene of the delivery of the law? The only trustworthy authorities are the eternal hills themselves in their immutable grandeur;* and the next most ancient record we possess, the books of Moses. The local traditions are Christian, monkish, and cannot ascend higher than the fourth century of our era. Even if we suppose the early anchorites who settled their hermitages in these wild regions to have gathered some appellations of particular spots, or designations of heights or valleys, from the native Arabs, these must have been Bedowin and Ishmaelitish, and not Jewish traditions. It is justly observed by Dr. Robinson that, 'after the departure of the Israelites from Mount Sinai, there is no account, either in Scripture or elsewhere, of its having been visited by any Jew; except by the Prophet Elijah, when he fled from the machinations of Jezebel. This is the more remarkable, as this region had been the seat of the revelation of their law, to which they clung so tenaciously; and because, from the splendour and terrors of that scene, the inspired Hebrew poets were wont to draw their sublimest images.' This unquestionable fact, we would suggest to Dr. Robinson, is less extraordinary than it may seem at first sight. This sort of contemplative reverence for scenes which have witnessed great and important events belongs to a different stage of civilisation, and a different religious tone of mind, from that of the Jews,

* We observe that Ruppell in his *Reise*, an unquestionable authority on such a point, confirms the assertion which has been made, that the region shows no indications whatever of volcanic agency. Many of our readers will understand the bearing and importance of this geological fact.

especially

especially during the first centuries which elapsed after the delivery of the law. They were at first of necessity a busy, active people, engaged in perpetual wars, and in the settlement and cultivation of their new country, constantly lapsing into the superstitions of the neighbouring nations, and experiencing great reverses: during the whole period of the Judges, alternating between long years of servitude and seasons of deliverance. They were cut off from Sinai by that which they looked on with some natural and more religious abhorrence, the desert, the dwelling-place of the Evil Spirit, which at all events was peopled with fierce tribes, whether Edomite or Arab, in general implacably hostile. Sinai could not have been accessible before the great period of their prosperity; and as a pilgrimage to Sinai was not appointed in the law, neither had pious Jews yet begun to adopt usages unsanctioned by the law. From that time, moreover, all their religious veneration was centred, by divine appointment, on one single spot: the Temple was the one hallowed place, in which the God of their fathers maintained his perpetual presence; they had no need of recourse, for the excitement of their religious emotions, to distant scenes. On Sinai God *had* manifested himself in the thunders of his might, and in the consuming fire; but in the Temple God *was* in his felt and acknowledged majesty. Thus there is a complete and inevitable disruption for centuries of the only tradition which could be of any value, that of the children of Israel, who alone witnessed the delivery of the law. Nor does there appear any revival of religious homage to the mountain of the law, except, probably, some vague and general respect for the hallowed region among the wandering tribes of the desert, till the first monastic settlements of the Christians from Egypt. But Egyptian monks, who, like their parent St. Antony, were very ignorant, and prided themselves on their ignorance, were not likely to exercise much critical discernment in the appropriation of particular places to the scriptural account. It would depend on accident, caprice, or fancy, to which of the peaks they would assign the name of Moses; and how they would distribute the vague and unsettled names of Horeb and Sinai. The only trustworthy topography, then, of these wonderful scenes must be formed from the correspondence of the unchanged and unchangeable natural formation of the country with the circumstances of the Mosaic narrative. Though there is no distinct and formal description of the local scenery in the book of Exodus, there are certain broad and general features, indispensable to the circumstances of the transaction. There must be a plain, of considerable extent, in which the whole, or at least a large part of the children of Israel could encamp, bordered at no great distance by some commanding eminence,

eminence, if not distinctly discernible, at least within the range of vision: this, however, in a region which chiefly consists of mountain peaks intersected by deep ravines or narrow wadies, or valleys, is not so easily found as might be supposed at first sight. Dr. Robinson conceives that he has discovered a part of the mountain range which exactly answers to the scriptural narrative. We cannot pretend to that local knowledge which will enable us to decide either in his favour or against him; but we must acknowledge that his arguments seem so strong, as at least to command an attentive and respectful consideration. First, then, as to the *plain*, our travellers approached the convent by an unusual route. We leave them to describe what they saw.

'As we advanced, the valley still opened wider and wider with a gentle ascent, and became full of shrubs and tufts of herbs, shut in on each side by lofty granite ridges, with rugged, shattered peaks a thousand feet high, while the face of Horeb rose directly before us. Both my companion and myself involuntarily exclaimed, "Here is room enough for a large encampment!" Reaching the top of the ascent, or watershed, a fine broad plain lay before us, sloping down gently towards the S.S.E. enclosed by rugged and venerable mountains of dark granite, stern, naked, splintered peaks and ridges, of indescribable grandeur; and terminated at the distance of more than a mile by the bold and awful front of Horeb, rising perpendicularly in frowning majesty from twelve to fifteen hundred feet in height. It was a scene of solemn grandeur, wholly unexpected, and such as we had never seen; and the associations which at the moment rushed upon our minds were almost overwhelming. As we went on, new points of interest were continually opening to our view. On the left of Horeb, a deep and narrow valley runs up S.S.E. between lofty walls of rock, as if in continuation of the S.E. corner of the plain. In this valley, at the distance of near a mile from the plain, stands the convent; and the deep verdure of its fruit trees and cypresses is seen as the traveller approaches,—an oasis of beauty amid scenes of the sternest desolation. At the S.W. corner of the plain the cliffs also retreat, and form a recess or open place extending from the plain westward for some distance. From this recess there runs up a similar narrow valley on the west of Horeb, called el-Leja, parallel to that in which the convent stands; and in it is the deserted convent el-Arba'in, with a garden of olive and other fruit-trees not visible from the plain. A third garden lies at the mouth of el-Leja, and a fourth farther west in the recess just mentioned. The whole plain is called Wady er-Râhah; and the valley of the convent is known to the Arabs as Wady Shu'eib, that is, the Vale of Jethro. Still advancing, the front of Horeb rose like a wall before us; and one can approach quite to the foot and touch the mount. Directly before its base is the deep bed of a torrent, by which in the rainy season the waters of el-Leja and the mountains around the recess pass down eastward across the plain, forming the commencement of Wady esh-Sheikh, which then issues by an opening through the cliffs of the eastern mountain,—a fine broad

broad valley affording the only easy access to the plain and convent. As we crossed the plain our feelings were strongly affected, at finding here so unexpectedly a spot so entirely adapted to the scriptural account of the giving of the law. No traveller has described this plain, nor even mentioned it except in a slight and general manner; probably because the most have reached the convent by another route without passing over it; and perhaps, too, because neither the highest point of Sinai (now called Jebel Mûsa), nor the still loftier summit of St. Catharine, is visible from any part of it.'—vol. i. pp. 130-132.

They subsequently examined this plain more closely, and were confirmed in their first impressions.

'We measured across the plain, where we stood, along the watershed, and found the breadth to be at that point 2700 English feet or 900 yards; though in some parts it is wider. The distance to the base of Horeb, measured in like manner, was 7000 feet, or 2333 yards. The northern slope of the plain, north of where we stood, we judged to be somewhat less than a mile in length by one-third of a mile in breadth. We may therefore fairly estimate the whole plain at two geographical miles long, and ranging in breadth from one-third to two-thirds of a mile; or as equivalent to a surface of at least one square mile. This space is nearly doubled by the recess so often mentioned on the west, and by the broad and level area of Wady Sheikh on the east, which issues at right angles to the plain, and is equally in view of the front and summit of the present Horeb.

'The examination of this afternoon convinced us, that here was space enough to satisfy all the requisitions of the scriptural narrative, so far as it relates to the assembling of the congregation to receive the law. Here, too, one can see the fitness of the injunction, to set bounds around the mount, that neither man nor beast might approach too near. The encampment before the mount, as has been before suggested, might not improbably include only the head-quarters of Moses and the elders, and of a portion of the people; while the remainder, with their flocks, were scattered among the adjacent valleys.'—vol. i. pp. 140, 141.

If, however, that summit which has long borne the name of Sinai, or Jebel Mûsa, the Mount of Moses, be so called on any authority, the plain El Râhah cannot have been the scene of the Israelitish encampment. Our travellers ascended this height.

'My first and predominant feeling while upon this summit was that of disappointment. Although from our examination of the plain er-Râhah below, and its correspondence to the scriptural narrative, we had arrived at the general conviction that the people of Israel must have been collected on it to receive the law; yet we still had cherished a lingering hope or feeling, that there might after all be some foundation for the long series of monkish tradition, which for at least fifteen centuries has pointed out the summit on which we now stood, as the spot where the ten commandments were so awfully proclaimed. But scriptural narrative and monkish tradition are very different things; and while

while the former has a distinctness and definiteness, which through all our journeyings rendered the Bible our best guide-book, we found the latter not less usually and almost regularly to be but a baseless fabric. In the present case, there is not the slightest reason for supposing that Moses had any thing to do with the summit which now bears his name. It is three miles distant from the plain on which the Israelites must have stood; and hidden from it by the intervening peaks of the modern Horeb. No part of the plain is visible from the summit; nor are the bottoms of the adjacent vallies; nor is any spot to be seen around it, where the people could have been assembled. The only point in which it is not immediately surrounded by high mountains is towards the S.E., where it sinks down precipitously to a tract of naked gravelly hills. Here, just at its foot, is the head of a small valley, Wady es-Sebâ'iyeh, running toward the N.E. beyond the Mount of the Cross into Wady esh-Sheikh, and of another not larger, called el-Wa'rah, running S.E. to the Wady Nûsb of the Gulf of 'Akabah; but both of these together hardly afford a tenth part of the space contained in er-Râhah and Wady esh-Sheikh. In the same direction is seen the route to Shûrm; and, beyond, a portion of the Gulf of 'Akabah and the little island Tîrân: while more to the right and close at hand is the head of el-Leja among the hills. No other part of the Gulf of 'Akabah is visible, though the mountains beyond it are seen.'—vol. i. pp. 154, 155.

The next point, then, is to find some lofty peak commanding the plain, and accessible by the profane steps of the people, if it had not been guarded by the express and awful prohibition of the Lawgiver, and by the terrific appearances of fire, and thunders, and lightnings, which proclaimed the unapproachable presence of the Deity.

'While the monks were here employed in lighting tapers and burning incense, we determined to scale the almost inaccessible peak of es-Sûfsâfeh before us, in order to look out upon the plain, and judge for ourselves as to the adaptedness of this part of the mount to the circumstances of the scriptural history. This cliff rises some five hundred feet above the basin; and the distance to the summit is more than half a mile. We first attempted to climb the side in a direct course; but found the rock so smooth and precipitous that, after some falls and more exposures, we were obliged to give it up, and clamber upwards along a steep ravine by a more northern and circuitous course. From the head of this ravine we were able to climb around the face of the northern precipice and reach the top, along the deep hollows worn in the granite by the weather during the lapse of ages, which give to this part, as seen from below, the appearance of architectural ornament.

'The extreme difficulty, and even danger, of the ascent was well rewarded by the prospect that now opened before us. The whole plain er-Râhah lay spread out beneath our feet, with the adjacent Wadys and mountains; while Wady esh-Sheik on the right, and the recess on the left, both connected with, and opening broadly from er-Râhah, presented an area which serves nearly to double that of the plain. Our conviction

was strengthened that here or on some one of the adjacent cliffs was the spot where the Lord "descended in fire" and proclaimed the law. Here lay the plain where the whole congregation might be assembled: here was the mount that could be approached and touched, if not forbidden; and here the mountain brow, where alone the lightnings and the thick cloud would be visible, and the thunders and the voice of the trumpet be heard, when the Lord "came down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai." We gave ourselves up to the impressions of the awful scene, and read, with a feeling that will never be forgotten, the sublime account of the transaction and the commandments there promulgated, in the original words as recorded by the great Hebrew legislator.—vol. i. p. 157.

The whole of this singularly interesting question, which has never before been placed in the same light, is summed up in the following statement:—

'We came to Sinai with some incredulity, wishing to investigate the point, whether there was any probable ground beyond monkish tradition for fixing upon the present supposed site. The details of the preceding pages will have made the reader acquainted with the grounds which led us to the conviction that the plain er-Râhah above described is the probable spot where the congregation of Israel were assembled, and that the mountain impending over it, the present Horeb, was the scene of the awful phenomena in which the law was given. We were satisfied, after much examination and inquiry, that in no other quarter of the peninsula, and certainly not around any of the higher peaks, is there a spot corresponding in any degree so fully as this to the historical account, and to the circumstances of the case. I have entered above more fully into the details, because former travellers have touched upon this point so slightly; and because, even to the present day, it is a current opinion among scholars, that no open space exists among these mountains. We, too, were surprised as well as gratified to find here, in the inmost recesses of these dark granite cliffs, this fine plain spread out before the mountain; and I know not when I have felt a thrill of stronger emotion than when in first crossing the plain the dark precipices of Horeb rising in solemn grandeur before us, we became aware of the entire adaptedness of the scene to the purposes for which it was chosen by the great Hebrew legislator. Moses, doubtless, during the forty years in which he kept the flocks of Jethro, had often wandered over these mountains, and was well acquainted with their valleys and deep recesses, like the Arabs of the present day. At any rate, he knew and had visited the spot to which he was to conduct his people,—this *adytum* in the midst of the great circular granite region, with only a single feasible entrance; a secret holy place, shut out from the world amid lone and desolate mountains.'—vol. i. pp. 175, 176.

From Sinai our travellers pursued their journey to Akabah at the head of the eastern gulf of the Red Sea; but instead of ascending the Ghor to the ruins of Petra, and so to Jerusalem, or

to the foot of the Dead Sea, they determined to cross in an oblique direction to Hebron. This new and untravellered route led them through the heart of the great Wilderness, in which the Israelites wandered before they were permitted to enter the Holy Land. Though we fully understand the curiosity which led them to traverse this region, to examine by personal observation the nature of the country, its general character and productions, we could scarcely expect any important geographical results as illustrative of the sacred writings. Their diary will be read with some interest, nor is it altogether barren of information; they accidentally found themselves amid the ruins of a city, the existence of which was before altogether unknown. We are inclined, however, to regret that with their powers of accurate observation they did not trace, upwards the whole Ghor or valley, which was supposed, according to a recent theory, to lead by a regular and uninterrupted descent from the foot of the Dead Sea to Akabah. This theory, which we believe was first brought forward by Colonel Leake, in his valuable preface to *Burckhardt's Travels*, supposed that the waters of the Jordan, and its lakes, previous to the terrific convulsions by which divine wrath effected the destruction of the cities of the plain, Sodom, Gomorrah, and the rest, had flowed downwards, and discharged themselves into the Red Sea; that the passage was interrupted by this tremendous eruption, and the confined waters, having found a bed, stagnated in the bituminous depths of the Dead Sea. We shall hereafter accompany our travellers to the shores of the 'asphaltic lake:' we will only now observe that recent observations, especially those of a French traveller, published in an abstract in the *Journal of the Geographical Society*, show a ridge of high land, stretching directly across the valley, which makes it impossible that the waters could ever have descended by that course. This is confirmed by the important observation of our travellers, that the streams and water-courses, to a considerable distance, instead of falling southward towards the Red Sea, all take an opposite and northerly direction; and, in fact, that the whole declivity of the western and southern desert shelves towards the Dead Sea. The Dead Sea itself, and the whole valley of the Jordan, lie in a deep hollow, depressed below the level of the Red Sea. Still a complete and accurate survey of the whole line is wanting to complete our geographical knowledge of this region. Dr. Robinson has thrown considerable doubt on the accuracy of the French traveller, M. de Bertou, whose information was chiefly obtained through an illiterate interpreter, from Arabs, with whom he was on no friendly terms, and who are not disinclined to revenge any petty quarrel with a European by misleading him as to the objects

of his inquiry. Our travellers, too, possibly might have visited Petra by this route under more auspicious circumstances: we shall hereafter find that, owing to disputes with the Arabs, they were obliged to make rather a precipitate retreat, having passed scarcely more than a day in this wonderful city of ruins.

But we must first accompany our travellers to the city of cities. We have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing the topography of Jerusalem in this work by far the most full, complete, and satisfactory which has yet appeared in any language. The student of Jewish history may find his difficulties resolved, and every remarkable locality assigned, in general, on incontestable evidence; where the subject is more difficult and intricate, with a judicious choice between the conflicting theories. No city, indeed, in the greater part of its outline, could be so unchangeable as Jerusalem. The great outworks and substructions of nature still stand around and support the holy city. Her four hills, Sion, Moriah, Acra, and Bezetha, still rise up, far more distinct and visible than the seven heights of her conqueror on the Tiber. Her deep ravines—the Valley of Kidron or Jehoshaphat on the east—that of Hinnom to the south, curving upwards to the west—mark her unalterable boundaries. Though part of the ancient Sion is without the walls, and covered with fields and cemeteries, yet it required the utmost temerity of paradox to doubt the identity of the hill which has constantly borne that name with that which was crowned of old by the city of David. The valleys which intersected the city; that of the Tyropœon which divided Moriah from Sion, and, for reasons assignable from history, that which divided Acra from the Mount of the Temple, can be traced, more or less distinctly, if not throughout their whole length, in considerable parts. Some fragments of the older works of man, scarcely less imperishable than those of nature, part of the substructures of the Temple, and, according to recent accounts, the spacious excavations beneath it, bear the same undeniable testimony to the perpetuity of the sacred city. Dr. Robinson has carefully examined, and brought to bear upon his investigations, the whole range of authorities, the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, Josephus, the fathers who had visited the East, the historians of the crusades, down to the interminable list of modern travellers of every period, and of every nation. We cannot of course follow him through his various researches; our object will be rather to indicate the original views to which he has been led by observation or by study, and to give some account of the valuable accessions to our topographical knowledge of Jerusalem, which we obtain from his volumes.

The earlier antiquities of the holy city may be divided into
Jewish

Jewish and Christian. Three great buildings at the time of our Saviour, and down to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, formed the proud architectural or defensive ornaments of the city: the palace of Herod, on the brow of Sion, which looked towards the Temple; the Antonia, the fortress and stronghold of the Roman garrison at the north-western corner of the Temple; and above all the Temple itself, with its surrounding courts and porticoes. Now, in all plans and topographies of Jerusalem we have been embarrassed by what appeared an inexplicable difficulty, the site of the Antonia. Of its exact relative position to the Temple there could be no doubt; but where to find space for this large fortress, with its barracks and buildings necessary for the accommodation of a strong garrison, between the Temple Mount and what appeared to be the borders of the Bezetha quarter of the city, appeared to us most unsatisfactorily accounted for by the mass of writers on the subject. Dr. Robinson has been led to a solution of this problem by a process of argument and investigation totally different from our own. According to the description of Josephus, confirmed by the Talmud, the area of the Temple, which occupied Mount Moriah, was an exact square of a stadium on each side. As Josephus probably applied this Roman measure to the Temple courts rather loosely, the exact number of feet or yards may not come out on either side; but there is no reason to doubt his assertion that the court was square, or nearly so. But by actual admeasurement, Dr. Robinson found the area occupied by the present mosque and the other buildings which unquestionably stand on the Hill of the Temple to be upwards of one-third more in length than in breadth. 'We now find the length to be 1528 feet, while the breadth is only 953 feet, the former exceeding the latter by 573 feet, or more than one-half.' This, proceeds Dr. Robinson, has not improbably been done by including within the enclosure the area of the ancient fortress Antonia.

'This fortress, according to Josephus, stood on the north side of the area of the temple. It was a quadrangle, erected first by the Maccabees under the name of Baris, and then rebuilt by the first Herod with great strength and splendour. A more particular description places it upon a rock or hill at the north-west corner of the temple area, fifty cubits high; above which its walls rose to the height of forty cubits. Within it had all the extent and appearance of a palace, being divided into apartments of every kind, with galleries and baths, and also broad halls or barracks for soldiers, so that, as having everything necessary within itself, it seemed a city, while in its magnificence it was a palace. At each of the four corners was a tower; three of these were fifty cubits high, while the fourth, at the south-east corner, was seventy cubits high, and overlooked the whole temple with its courts. The fortress communicated with the northern and western porticoes of the temple area,

and had flights of stairs descending into both, by which the garrison could at any time enter the court of the temple and prevent tumults. The fortress was separated from the hill Bezetha, on the north, by a deep artificial trench, lest it should be approachable from that hill; and the depth of the trench added greatly to the elevation of the towers.

'The extent of the fortress, or the area covered by it, is nowhere specified, except where the same writer says that the circumference of the temple, including Antonia, was six stadia. Now as we are elsewhere told that the temple area by itself was a square of one stadium on each side, it follows that the length of each side of the fortress must also have been one stadium, and its area equal to that of the temple. And although this again is probably a mere estimate on the part of the writer, yet the conclusion would seem to be a fair one, that the area covered by Antonia was probably much greater than has usually been supposed.'—vol. i. pp. 431, 432.

Dr. Robinson further supposes, that the deep reservoir or excavation which passes under the name of the pool of Bethesda, 'measuring 360 feet in length, and 130 in breadth,'* is part of the great artificial trench which separated the fortress from Bezetha. This theory unquestionably solves many difficulties; but it depends entirely on the relative position of the Antonia to the Temple, the space between the two buildings, and, to a certain extent, on their common level. Dr. Robinson has not examined the passage of Josephus, which is the great authority on this point, so closely as appears to us necessary. It describes a transaction in which the Jewish historian was himself present, and bore a conspicuous part. However loose then and inaccurate Josephus may often be, writing from memory, and, we doubt not, *for effect*, he can scarcely have misrepresented, to any great extent, the striking and memorable circumstances of this period of the siege. Titus had found himself master of the Antonia by a sudden nightly surprise; the Jewish garrison of the fortress fled to the Temple; the Romans hoped to carry the Temple likewise by the same attack. Simon and John, however, the Jewish leaders, combining their forces, a terrific conflict took place: so crowded up and confused was the battle, that spears and javelins were useless; they fought hand to hand with the sword; neither party could retreat for those pressing on behind, and the combatants scrambled over the dead bodies to get at each other. The Romans were at length beaten back, and were obliged to content themselves with the conquest of the Antonia. A Bithynian centurion, however, sprung from the side of Titus, who was watching the battle, probably from a tower in the Antonia, and made so fierce an onset, that the Jews gave way before him, and he actually

* Pococke had already observed that this pool bore a great resemblance to a fosse or trench.

cut his passage into the outer court of the Temple, to the corner of the inner court—there, his sandals having iron nails in their soles, he slipped on the pavement (λιθόστρωτον), and was killed. This feat of the centurion would lead us to suppose that there was no considerable space between the Antonia and the outer court of the Temple; that the ground or the passage between was tolerably level; at all events, that there was no wall over which the centurion had to mount to reach the court. Now there was certainly a connecting portico or cloister leading from the north-western corner of the Temple-court to the Antonia. It was along this passage that St. Paul, when attacked by the Jews in the court of the Temple, was carried by the Roman soldiers, and from the flight of steps which ascended into the Antonia he made his address to the multitude* in the Hebrew tongue. It was along this portico, or at least through the gate of entrance at the end of it, that we must suppose the centurion to have cut his way.

The Romans were thus in possession of the Antonia; the Jews of the Temple. Titus then gave orders to level part of the Antonia, to fill up the intervening space, in order that the engines might be brought to bear upon the Temple. On this mass of rubbish, over which the whole army might approach, they raised their mounds to batter the wall. During the seven days which were devoted to this operation, a night attack took place by a select body of troops, as the whole army could not yet be brought up. It was witnessed by Titus, who took his place on one of the towers of the Antonia still left standing. The attack was repelled with great loss on both sides. We come now to a passage which may throw some light on the distance between the two buildings: 'The Jews, distressed by these attacks, the war thus growing to a head and creeping onward to the Temple, cut off, as it were, the extremities of their wasting body, to prevent the progress of the disease. They set fire to the part of the northern and western portico which joined on to the Antonia, and made a breach of about twenty cubits (thirty feet or more), thus beginning to burn the Holy Places with their own hands.' This expression would certainly lead us to suppose that the portico of the outer court of the Temple itself joined on (was τὸ συνεχές) with the Antonia. It was probably, however, a portico branching off from that corner of the square, though it was evidently considered part of the Temple, and partaking of its sanctity. Two days after, the Romans set fire to another portion of the cloister, and burned about fifteen

* It is not impossible that from the same spot Josephus addressed the Jewish insurgents in the Hebrew tongue—'Εβραϊστῶν—at all events, there was some place within the Roman lines from which he could be heard (ἡ ἱερὰ γὰρ) by the Jews within the Temple.

cubits more; the Jews looked on, and rather assisted than prevented the conflagration, in order entirely to cut off that which connected them with the Antonia—τὸ πρὸς τὴν Ἀγώνιαν συναφὲς αὐτῶν διαζυγνύτες. If we may conclude that these two fires consumed the whole, or nearly the whole, of this portico, we have its length something more than thirty-five cubits. Probably the buildings approached much nearer to each other at this corner than those further to the east, and the conflicts between the two garrisons of the Antonia and the Temple chiefly took place where the space became wider; and if we suppose this portico to have been raised on something of a natural or artificial ridge, we may understand how the walls on which the porticoes of the outer Temple-court stood might present a formidable barrier to the assailing army, and could not be carried till the space was filled in, and mounds raised to batter the upper part of the wall and the surrounding porticoes. In conclusion, we cannot see any reasonable ground of objection, either from the extent of intervening space, or difference of level, to the supposition of Dr. Robinson, that the present area comprehends the site of the Antonia as well as that of the Temple.

Dr. Robinson has made another discovery at the south-western corner of the Temple Mount. Though there can be no doubt that, according to our Lord's prediction, not one stone was left upon another of the Temple itself and its surrounding cloisters—though the whole summit of the hill, if not literally ploughed 'over, was levelled to the ground; still even the pride of Roman hostility or the insolence of triumph would not waste unnecessary labour upon the enormous substructures which walled the hill more or less on every side, and enabled it to bear the weight of the sacred edifices. Some parts of these substructures, we see no reason to doubt, from the vast size of the stones, and the manner in which they are set together, unlike either Greek or Roman or later architecture, may belong to the age of Solomon. Among these, there are manifest remains of a most important edifice, the bridge, which, crossing the Tyropæon, connected the Temple with Mount Sion, with the Xystus, or open place for exercise, the *Boulé*, or Council-House, and the great Palace of Herod:—

'I have already related in the preceding section, that during our first visit to the S.W. corner of the area of the mosk, we observed several of the large stones jutting out from the western wall, which at first sight seemed to be the effect of a bursting of the wall from some mighty shock or earthquake. We paid little regard to this at the moment, our attention being engrossed by other objects; but on mentioning the fact not long after in a circle of our friends, we found that they also had noticed it; and the remark was incidentally dropped, that the
stones

stones had the appearance of having once belonged to a large arch. At this remark a train of thought flashed upon my mind, which I hardly dared to follow out, until I had again repaired to the spot, in order to satisfy myself with my own eyes, as to the truth or falsehood of the suggestion. I found it even so! The courses of these immense stones, which seemed at first to have sprung out from their places in the wall in consequence of some enormous violence, occupy nevertheless their original position; their external surface is hewn to a regular curve; and being fitted one upon another, they form the commencement or foot of an immense arch, which once sprung out from this western wall in a direction towards Mount Zion, across the valley of the Tyropæon. This arch could only have belonged to THE BRIDGE, which according to Josephus led from this part of the Temple to the Xystus on Zion; and it proves incontestably the antiquity of that portion of the wall from which it springs.

'The traces of this arch are too distinct and definite to be mistaken. Its southern side is 39 English feet distant from the S.W. corner of the area, and the arch itself measures 51 feet along the wall. Three courses of its stones still remain; of which one is 5 feet 4 inches thick, and the others not much less. One of the stones is $20\frac{1}{2}$ feet long; another $24\frac{1}{2}$ feet; and the rest in like proportion. The part of the curve or arc which remains is of course but a fragment; but of this fragment the chord measures 12 feet 6 inches; the sine 11 feet 10 inches; and the cosine 3 feet 10 inches. The distance from this point across the valley to the precipitous natural rock of Zion we measured as exactly as the intervening field of prickly pear would permit, and found it to be 350 feet, or about 116 yards. This gives the proximate length of the ancient bridge. We sought carefully along the brow of Zion for traces of its western termination, but without success. That quarter is now covered with mean houses and filth; and an examination can be carried on only in the midst of disgusting sights and smells.'—vol. i. pp. 424-426.

This locality is of great importance, especially as illustrative of Josephus in his accounts of the siege of the Temple by Pompey, and the final desperate defence of the Upper City by Simon the son of Gioras, against the victorious legions of Titus. Dr. Robinson did not himself visit those most extraordinary antiquities which are to be found at present in the Holy City, the subterranean crypts or vaults, which extend, no one knows how far, under the hill of the Temple; there can be no doubt that these are the *cavati sub terrâ montes* of Tacitus, and that they contained the tanks and reservoirs which supplied Jerusalem, at least the defenders of the Temple, with water during the whole siege, which took place during the months when rain seldom falls in Judæa. They no doubt contained the vast treasures of the Temple which were plundered by Crassus, and the provisions of every kind which supplied the priests, perhaps part of the city, during peace and war. It was to these vaults (Dr. Robinson does

does not notice this circumstance) that a large number of the partisans of Eleazar fled, when the Temple was perfidiously seized by John of Gischala, and were allowed to withdraw on capitulation. It was from these, that after the siege the great leader Simon, the son of Gioras, suddenly arose, clad in purple and white, to the astonishment of the Roman soldiery. But we do not remember that any earlier or later writer has noticed one singular circumstance connected with this descent and re-appearance of Simon, which is thus described by Mr. Milman:—

‘Many days after, towards the end of October, when Titus had left the city, as some of the Roman soldiers were reposing amid the ruins of the Temple, they were surprised by the sudden apparition of a man in white raiment and with a robe of purple, who seemed to rise from the earth in silent and imposing dignity. At first they stood awe-struck and motionless; at length they ventured to approach him; they encircled him, and demanded his name. He answered “Simon, the son of Gioras; call hither your general.” Terentius Rufus was speedily summoned, and to him the brave though cruel defender of Jerusalem surrendered himself. On the loss of the city, Simon had leaped down into one of the vaults, with a party of miners, hewers of stone, and iron-workers. For some distance they had followed the natural windings of the cavern, and then attempted to dig their way out beyond the walls; but their provisions, however carefully husbanded, failed, and Simon determined on the bold measure of attempting to overawe the Romans by his sudden and spectral appearance.’—*Hist. of the Jews*, vol. iii. p. 67, 2nd edit.

Now the subterranean passage into which Simon withdrew must have been in the Upper City, as the Temple and the whole of the hill of Moriah had for some time been in the possession of the Romans. Simon, therefore, must have made his way under the Tyropæon, and under or through the foundation walls of the Temple, into those crypts which probably extend under a great part of Mount Moriah. There is no calculating, therefore, what subterranean discoveries may be hereafter made. The crypts, as they are now known actually to exist, have been hastily visited by some few travellers, and mentioned in terms of vague wonder and curiosity by Christian and Mahometan writers, and rumours have always prevailed of their vast extent. Dr. Robinson inserts the report of Mr. Catherwood descriptive of the part which he visited, accompanied with a ground-plan. Mr. Catherwood is the same accomplished English Architect and draughtsman, whom we meet again as the companion of Mr. Stephens among the ancient cities of Central America:—

‘From information and plans kindly communicated to me by Mr. Catherwood, who with his companions examined and measured these subterranean structures without hindrance in 1833, it appears that these vaults,

vaults, so far as they are now accessible to strangers, were originally formed by some fifteen rows of square pillars, measuring about five feet on a side, built of large bevelled stones, and extending from the southern wall northwards to an unknown extent. The intervals between the rows are usually, though not entirely, regular; and the pillars of some of the ranges are of a somewhat larger size. In each row the pillars are connected together by semicircular arches; and then the vault, resting upon every two rows, is formed by a lower arch, consisting of a smaller segment of a circle. The circumstance mentioned by Richardson, that the pillars have a much older appearance than the arches which they support, was not noticed by the three artists. From the entrance at the S.E. corner of the Haram for about 120 feet westward, these ranges of vaults extend northwards nearly 200 feet, where they are shut up by a wall of more modern date. For about 150 feet further west the vaults are closed up in like manner at less than 100 feet from the southern wall; and to judge from the wells and openings above ground, it would seem as if they had been thus walled up in order that the northern portion of them might be converted into cisterns. Beyond this part, towards the west, they again extend still further north. They are here terminated on the west, before reaching el-Aksa,* by a like wall filling up the intervals of one of the rows of pillars. How much further they originally extended westward is unknown, not improbably quite to the western wall of the enclosure, where are now said to be immense cisterns.

'The ground in these vaults rises rapidly towards the north, the southernmost columns with the double arches being about thirty-five feet in height, while those in the northern parts are little more than ten feet high. The surface of the ground is everywhere covered with small heaps of stones, the memorials of innumerable pilgrims who have here paid their devotions. It is a singular circumstance that the roots of the large olive-trees growing upon the area of the Haram above have in many places forced their way down through the arches, and still descending have again taken root in the soil at the bottom of the vaults.'—vol. i. pp. 448-50.

So far as to some of the more remarkable Jewish antiquities illustrated by these 'Researches'—their result, as to the Christian antiquities, is not, we regret to say, so favourable, for though we ourselves have long been persuaded that the legends concerning the Holy Places are for every reason, geographical as well as historical, utterly untenable, we were prepared to surrender our enforced, but neither cherished nor pleasing convictions at the slightest show of authority, and would gladly have been relieved from the unpleasant burden of our disbelief. Dr. Robinson appears to have been impressed with the same feelings, and to have entered

* 'The distance from the S.E. corner of the Haram to the eastern wall of el-Aksa, according to Mr. Catherwood's plans, is about 475 feet; while from the same corner to the western side of the vaults now open to visitors is only about 320 feet.'

Jerusalem with an earnest desire, at any small sacrifice of probability, to believe that in the church of the Holy Sepulchre we might kneel on the actual spot in which the Son of Man reposed and rose again. The monkish tradition, we fear there is no better authority, has not been content with fixing the scene of the Lord's sepulchre, but has conveniently arranged around it, at very little distance, all the other places sanctified by the sad incidents of his last hours.

'The place of our Lord's crucifixion, as we are expressly informed, was without the gate of the ancient city, and yet nigh to the city. The sepulchre, we are likewise told, was nigh at hand, in a garden, in the place where Jesus was crucified. It is not therefore without some feeling of wonder that a stranger, unacquainted with the circumstances, on arriving in Jerusalem at the present day, is pointed to the place of crucifixion and the sepulchre in the midst of the modern city, and both beneath one roof. This latter fact, however unexpected, might occasion less surprise, for the sepulchre was nigh to Calvary. But beneath the same roof are further shown the stone on which the body of our Lord was anointed for burial, the fissure in the rock, the holes in which the crosses stood, the spot where the true cross was found by Helena, and various other places said to have been connected with the history of the crucifixion, most of which it must have been difficult to identify even after the lapse of only three centuries, and particularly so at the present day, after the desolations and numerous changes which the whole place has undergone.'—vol. ii. pp. 64, 65.

The glaring objection as to the locality of the present church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the difficulty of so drawing the line of the ancient walls as to exclude this site from the city, has not for the first time in this critical, as it is so often anathematized, this sceptical and rationalizing age, awakened suspicion and mistrust. Even the most devout were occasionally disturbed, and among the early pilgrims, at least the earliest writers, are heard murmurs of doubt and uncertainty. These murmurs deepen as we approach more modern times; and they are strongest among those who have actually visited the spot. The doubts, in fact, have rather forced themselves on believers than grown slowly up out of a sceptical turn of mind. In modern times this point has been more strongly questioned by Roman Catholic than by Protestant writers. One argument appears to us absolutely insuperable. To exclude the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the ancient city, that is the part between the western wall and the hill of the Temple, must be narrowed to less than a quarter of a mile, the measured distance from the Temple Mount to the Church—less, as Dr. Robinson observes, than some of the squares in London and New York; and this is in a quarter of the city which we have every reason to believe was very populous. And at this precise spot

spot the walls must be drawn in in an extraordinary curve, in no way required, or indeed permitted by the conformation of the land; and we must admit no suburbs beyond—although, doubtless, at this flourishing period of the city its suburbs must have extended, where not prevented by the precipitous ravines, to some distance from the actual walls. Against such inexplicable difficulties the historical evidence must be clear and decisive; the tradition early, consistent, unbroken, and probable. Dr. Robinson has done M. Châteaubriand the honour of selecting him as the champion of the traditionary opinion. In general we should think a cause not very fairly treated which should be judged on the statement of a writer for effect, one especially whose inaccuracies are perhaps unrivalled in his own class. In this case, however, though Châteaubriand has incorporated some of the greatest improbabilities in his statement, we do not think that he has overlooked any circumstance which might strengthen his argument.

‘Châteaubriand has furnished us with the clearest and most plausible statement of the historic testimonies and probabilities, which may be supposed to have had an influence in determining the spot; and from him later writers have drawn their chief arguments. I give an epitome of his remarks. The first Christian church, he says, at Jerusalem, was gathered immediately after the resurrection and ascension of our Lord, and soon became very numerous. All its members must have had a knowledge of the sacred places. They doubtless also consecrated buildings for their worship, and would naturally erect them on sites rendered memorable by miracles. Not improbably the Holy Sepulchre itself was already honoured in this manner. At any rate there was a regular succession of Jewish-Christian bishops, from the Apostle James down to the time of Adrian, who could not but have preserved the Christian traditions; and although during the siege by Titus the church withdrew to Pella, yet they soon returned and established themselves among the ruins. In the course of a few months’ absence they could not have forgotten the position of their sanctuaries, which, moreover, being generally without the walls, had probably not suffered greatly from the siege. And that the sacred places were generally known in the age of Adrian, is *proved uncontestably* by the fact that in rebuilding Jerusalem that emperor set up a statue of Venus upon Calvary, and one of Jupiter over the Holy Sepulchre. Thus the folly of idolatry, by its imprudent profanation, only made more public “the foolishness of the cross.” From that time onward till the reign of Constantine there was again a regular succession of bishops of Gentile origin; and the sacred places could not of course have been forgotten.’—vol. ii. pp. 70, 71.

Dr. Robinson, we think, has done full justice to Châteaubriand’s statement. He acknowledges that it made a deep impression on his own mind, ‘though this impression was again weakened and in part done away, when he afterwards goes on to admit

admit the alleged miracles which are said to have accompanied the finding of the cross.' Of all the miracles of Christian history of the same date these are the strangest and most incoherent—a fit foundation for the wild superstitions which grew out of the worship of the Cross, restored it, after it had been lost, to wondering Europe, and multiplied it till almost every celebrated church in Europe could boast of one of the numberless fragments, which put together, it has been said, would make a man-of-war. All testimony after this period, that of Helena and of Constantine, is of course entirely irrelevant, as no one doubts that the church of the Holy Sepulchre stands on the site of that built by Constantine. Dr. Robinson has been dispassionate, almost to tenderness, in his treatment of this poetic statement. Some of the objections he has put well; others, we think, are even more forcible than they have appeared to him. Every one must admit that 'the early Christians (the earliest) must have had a knowledge of the places where the Lord was crucified and buried,'—but of any peculiar sanctity attached to these places there is not, as our author rightly observes, the slightest vestige in the writings of the New Testament, neither in the Gospels, nor the writings of the Apostles. 'On the contrary, the whole tenor of our Lord's teaching, and that of Paul's, and indeed every part of the New Testament, was directed to draw off the minds of men from an attachment to particular times and places, and to lead the true worshippers to worship God, not merely at Jerusalem or in Mount Gerizim, but everywhere, "in spirit and in truth."' Still, however, the human heart is strong, and, resisting in this as well as in many weightier matters the influence of pure and spiritual Christianity, it would refuse to detach its reverence from places thus sanctified by the presence, by the sufferings, by the resurrection of the Redeemer—it would cling in fond reminiscence to the spot, and in peaceful times point out to succeeding generations those hallowed scenes. But the next step in the tradition is a bold one—that they had any separate *consecrated buildings* which could be called by the name of *churches* in the apostolic times, or much later, we scarcely supposed would have been asserted by Roman Catholic or Protestant. Tillemont and Moyle only dispute about a short reign or two in the Roman empire, as to the date of the first, properly called, churches. But that these premature churches should be built at or close to Jerusalem itself—in the midst of the jealous and hostile Jews—that they should be built to reproach, as it were, the party which was dominant in the city till its destruction by the Romans, with their national crime in rejecting the Messiah, and 'putting to death the Lord of life'—that the church of the Holy Sepulchre should be permitted to confront, as it were, the Temple—

Temple—and though obscure in its lowliness, perhaps in its situation, escape the lynx-eye of Jewish fanaticism—to such suppositions no one surely who has paid the slightest attention to Jewish or early Christian history can give any credit. It is purely gratuitous, and not necessary for his argument, that Châteaubriand would guarantee his imaginary holy building from ruin, when the remorseless legions of Titus approached Jerusalem on almost every side, desolated all its pleasant gardens, villas, and suburbs, battered down all its walls, laid every edifice in ashes, and spread the abomination of desolation not merely over the holy places, but over the whole city and its immediate neighbourhood. It would have required a standing miracle to protect the Christian sanctuaries from the general devastation. The Christians themselves, it is well known, had withdrawn before the fall of the city to Pella; and it seems very probable that by this retreat the accurate recollection of definite localities was for ever cut off. When they returned, or how they returned, how soon any conflux of inhabitants drew together amid the desolate walls of Jerusalem and formed a town around the Roman garrison, which continued for a time to occupy the only buildings which were allowed to stand, the three towers of Herod's palace—on these points Jewish and Christian history are alike silent. It is by no means certain how far Jerusalem already existed as a city when Hadrian proclaimed his determination to occupy the site with a Roman colony. If we are to trust the fullest authority (except that of the Rabbins), the passage in Dion Cassius (or rather Xiphilin), it was the announcement of this resolution of the Roman emperor which led to the last Jewish war under Barcochba (Barchochebas). Then it was that the insurgent Jews seized and fortified the city. The expression of Xiphilin would rather lead us to suppose that it was a vacant site, only occupied by ruins, which Hadrian destined for his new city.

The succession of the fifteen—not thirteen—bishops of Jerusalem is given by Eusebius (as Dr. Robinson observes) with much uncertainty; he could find no written record of their names, and Eusebius wrote two centuries later. There is another difficulty about this list. If we are to trust Eusebius himself—or rather his authority, Hegesippus—Simeon, the second bishop, suffered martyrdom under Trajan—not earlier probably than A.D. 104. The other thirteen bishops must have succeeded in little more than twenty years. Eusebius might well say that they were short-lived. But of all the improbable circumstances connected with this tradition, the part assigned to the Emperor Hadrian is the least reconcileable with history. Hadrian showed no especial hostility to Christianity: his erection of a temple to Jupiter on Mount Moriah

was an act of deliberate insult against the Jews for their rebellious insurrections during the latter part of the reign of Trajan and the commencement of his own; an attempt to repress that dangerous fanaticism which had broken out into acts not merely of revolt against the majesty of the Roman empire, but of unexampled atrocity. The mildest sovereign might have been roused to vengeance by the suspicious movements in Mesopotamia in the time of Trajan—the hideous massacres in Egypt, Libya, and Cyprus—and, finally, by the fierce and sanguinary insurrection in Judea when Barcochba had seized Jerusalem, issued coins with the royal title, and had proclaimed himself, and had been acknowledged by the most influential of the Rabbins, to be the promised Messiah. But, however, in general the line of demarcation between the Jews and the Christians, especially the Judaizing Christians, may not yet have been clear and distinct, it was known that in this insurrection the latter body had taken no part; they could not in any insurrection, according to the vital and still effective principles of their religion—above all, they could not, in an insurrection which shook the very foundations of their faith and rose under the banners of another Messiah. In fact, the Christians at this period were objects of relentless persecution by the rebellious Jews, on account of their refusal to make common cause with them. However, then, the Judaizing Christians may have been indirectly affected by some of the stern imperial enactments against the Jews, the prohibition, for instance, of circumcision, there was nothing to induce Hadrian to insult them in those points of their belief, or in those reverential feelings which were purely Christian—nothing to suggest an hatred to Christianity, which is betrayed in no other act of his government. Those, indeed, who are determined to adhere to this legend will show their prudence if they throw over all the later embellishments (for it is only Jerome and the ecclesiastical historians of the fifth century who ascribe this work to Hadrian), and retreat upon the vaguer language of Eusebius, the earliest witness to the story. But even this will hardly avail against the following observations of Dr. Robinson:—

‘The language both of Eusebius and of Constantine himself seems strongly to imply that no such former tradition could have been extant. Eusebius relates, in speaking of the place of the resurrection, that “hitherto impious men, or rather the whole race of demons through their instrumentality, had made every effort to deliver over that illustrious monument of immortality to darkness and oblivion.” They had covered it with earth, and erected over it a temple of Venus; and it was this spot, thus desecrated and wholly “given over to forgetfulness and oblivion,” that the emperor, “not without a divine intimation, but moved in spirit by the Saviour himself,” ordered to be purified and adorned

adorned with splendid buildings. Such language, certainly, would hardly be appropriate in speaking of a spot well known and definitely marked by long tradition. The emperor too, in his letter to Macarius, regards the discovery of "the token of the Saviour's most sacred passion, which for so long a time had been hidden under ground," as "a miracle beyond the capacity of man sufficiently to celebrate or even to comprehend." The mere removal of obstructions from a well-known spot could hardly have been described as a miracle so stupendous. Indeed the whole tenor of the language both of Eusebius and Constantine goes to show that the discovery of the holy sepulchre was held to be the result, not of a previous knowledge derived from tradition, but of a supernatural interposition and revelation.'—vol. ii. pp. 74, 75.

After all, if the stern voice of truth will awaken us from our pleasing visions as to the sanctity of these particular spots—if the spell which attached us to the fancied Golgotha and the imagined place of our Lord's burial be broken—is there much lost to the devout Christian? If we would yield to the 'sacer admonitus locorum;' if we would indulge the natural and indelible, and therefore assuredly to the severest puritanism, or the most refined spirituality, excusable affections of the human heart; if we would strengthen our faith and deepen our love by wandering over scenes which have witnessed events so inestimably important to our temporal and eternal happiness, this is the sole difference:—instead of concentrating all our reverential feelings on some few particular and ill-authenticated spots, we diffuse them more equably throughout the whole region; instead of resting on impressions, liable to be disturbed by doubt and chilled by uncertainty, we draw them, as it were, from the whole soil of the Holy City, we inhale them from the whole atmosphere. We cannot point to the precise spots which were hallowed by the footsteps of the Redeemer; we know not the exact position of his cross; we have no distinct evidence 'where they have laid him in his burial.' But all Jerusalem and its adjacent fields are our Golgotha, our Holy Sepulchre; the presence of Christ is everywhere; one '*via dolorosa*' passes through and encircles all the city, every rock-hewn sepulchre suggests the angelic assurance—'He is not here, he is risen.' In the incidents indeed of our Lord's latter days there appears to us that peculiarity which, if we may so speak, sets them above the aid of special local association: they are in themselves so real that they do not require that realization which strengthens our faith in the vaguer and more indistinct wonders, especially of the older Scriptures. It is singular how totally regardless the evangelic narratives are of anything which might lead to local reminiscence. Those places or buildings which are incidentally mentioned, and which we may call historical,

rical, are presumed to be sufficiently known by their usual appellations, the High Priest's House, the Hall of Pilate. So, we are simply told, that 'they led him away to crucify him;' but whether to the east or the west, the north or the south, by what streets, or through what gate—there is not a single word. Whether Golgotha or Calvary was the ordinary place of execution, we can only conjecture by remote inference. It has been supposed to be on a hill, as the painful toil with which kneeling pilgrims wind up the Mont Calvaire, near many Roman Catholic cities of Europe, may witness; but in the gospels there is no expression which intimates ascent. The weight of the cross is not aggravated, nor the inability of our Lord to bear it heightened by any allusion to the difficulty of the way. The only point descriptive of the sepulchre is, that it was near the place of crucifixion; yet with all this how clear and distinct the whole scene lies before the imagination! It is not familiarity with paintings of the crucifixion, or of the angel standing before the rock-hewn tomb, which makes the whole live before us; it is the inbred truthfulness of the history itself in its unlaboured simplicity; it is its own unassisted evidence which fixes it upon the heart and mind; it is the picture which arises out of the records themselves, which groups and harmonizes itself into form and vitality. At all events, the student of the gospels, who is full of every minute incident of the narrative, would be disturbed rather than edified by any view of the localities of those scenes which would not accord with his well-grounded prepossessions; every incongruity would jar upon his high-wrought religious feeling; doubt would creep over his ardent emotions, and he would thus strongly exemplify that fatal but inevitable effect of pious fraud, or, if not of fraud, of long superstition: it may work its object with generations of believers, but the time must at length come when it will injure, often most seriously, the cause which it wished to serve.

Among the excursions which our travellers made from Jerusalem, the most interesting was that to the shores of the Red Sea. Their description of the Western Desert is very good, and it is remarkable how many names, familiar to us in the Scripture, live either in the popular names of places, or in those which have been preserved by the Arabs, with but slight alteration. 'At one spot in "the mountains of Judah" we could enumerate before us not less than nine places, still bearing apparently their ancient names; Maon (Main), Carmel (Kurmül), Ziph (Zif), Jutta (Yütta), Jatta'r (Attir), Socoh (Shuweikeh, or Shaukeh), Anâb, Eshtemoa (Semûa), and "Kirjath Arba," which is Hebron.' Besides these we find Tekua (Tekoa), and Ain Jidy (Engedi). At the 'Frank Mountain' Dr. Robinson places, with great probability, the Herodium,

Herodium, the strong fortress which Herod the Great kept, as it were, as a secure place of refuge, in case of insurrection against his tyranny; and which, to guard his mortal remains against the hatred of his groaning subjects, he chose for his burial-place. It would scarcely be just to the authors of a book of travels, in a country not merely unrivalled as to associations and reminiscences, but in itself in many parts highly romantic and picturesque, not to give some illustration of their powers of description. Our readers must not, however, expect any of the glowing and poetic painting of Lamartine; theirs are good, plain, and prosaic, but therefore more trustworthy accounts of what they saw. Our travellers were approaching the Dead Sea, by Engedi.

‘For the last two or three hours of the way, we had been subjected to continual disappointment. At every moment we had expected to obtain some glimpse of the sea, and to arrive at the shore nearly upon a level with its waters. But the way at every step seemed longer and longer; and it was now only after nearly seven hours of travel that we arrived at the brow of the pass. Turning aside a few steps to what seemed a small knoll upon our right, we found ourselves on the summit of a perpendicular cliff overhanging ‘Ain Jidy and the sea, at least 1500 feet above its waters. The Dead Sea lay before us in its vast deep chasm, shut in on both sides by ranges of precipitous mountains; their bases sometimes jutting out into the water, and again retreating so as to leave a narrow strip of shore below. The view included the whole southern half of the sea, quite to its extremity; and also, as we afterwards found, the greater portion of the northern half; although the still higher projecting cliff el-Mersed intervened on our left, to prevent our seeing the extremity of the sea in that direction.

‘One feature of the sea struck us immediately, which was unexpected to us, viz. the number of shoal-like points and peninsulas which run out into its southern part, appearing at first sight like flat sand-banks or islands. Below us on the south were two such projecting banks on the western shore, composed probably of pebbles and gravel, extending out into the sea for a considerable distance. The larger and more important of these is on the south of the spot called Birket el-Kküf, a little bay or indentation in the western precipice, where the water, flowing into shallow basins when it is high, evaporates, and deposits salt. This spot is just south of the mouth of Wady el-Khūbarah. Opposite to this, nearly in the middle of the sea, is a long low narrow bank, also apparently composed of pebbles and gravel, running from N.E. to S.W., and joined towards the south end to the eastern shore by an isthmus of some breadth. This long peninsula extends towards the south beyond the western shoal or point above described; so that from the spot where we now stood, they seemed to interlock, and we saw the end of the peninsula across the point of the shoal.

‘Towards the southern extremity of the sea a long low mountain was seen running out obliquely towards the S.S.E., extending from near the western cliffs apparently to the middle of the Ghôr. This our Arabs

called Hajr Usdum, "Stone of Sodom;" and said it was composed wholly of rock-salt, too bitter to be fit for cooking, and only used sometimes as a medicine for sheep. The sea washes the base of this mountain, and terminates opposite to its S.E. extremity as here seen; though, as we were still unacquainted with the features of that region, the water seemed to us to extend further south and to wind around the end of the mountain. This appearance, as we afterwards found, must have arisen from the wet and slimy surface of the ground in that part; which, by reflecting the rays of the sun, presented the optical illusion of a large tract of water, and deceived us as to the extent of the sea in that direction.

The mountains on both sides of the sea are everywhere precipitous; those on the east were now very distinct, and obviously much higher at some distance from the shore than those upon the west. Across the isthmus of the low peninsula towards the S.E. we could look up along a straight ravine descending from the eastern chain; at the head of which Kerak with its castle was visible, situated on a high precipitous rock far up near the summit of the mountains. Opposite to us was Wady el-Môjib; and further north, Wady ez-Zürka. At the foot of these mountains there is a passage along the eastern shore for the whole distance on the south of the peninsula, but further to the north this would seem to be impossible. From the spot where we stood the line of the western cliffs ran in the direction about S. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., with a passage along the shore all the way south of 'Ain Jidy. At nearly one-half the distance towards Usdum, just south of Wady es-Seyâl, the next beyond the Khübarah, a ruin was pointed out on a high pyramidal cliff, rising precipitously from the sea, to which our guides gave the name of Sebbeh.

The features now described, together with the flat shores, give to the whole southern part of the sea the appearance, not of a broad sheet of water, but rather of a long winding bay, or the estuary of a large river, when the tide is out and the shoals left dry. Only a comparatively narrow channel remained covered with water. This channel of the sea (so to speak) is in some parts quite narrow, and winds very much. Between the point of the western shoal and the peninsula, the distance cannot certainly be more than one-fourth or perhaps one-sixth of the whole breadth of the sea, if so much. The direction of the peninsula, and then that of Usdum, causes the channel apparently to sweep round first towards the west and afterwards towards the east, giving to this portion of the sea a very irregular form. Our Arabs, both the Ta'ami-rah and Rashâideh, knew of no place where the sea could be forded. As we looked down upon it from this lofty spot, its waters appeared decidedly green, as if stagnant, though we afterwards saw nothing of this appearance from below. A slight ripple was upon its bosom, and a line of froth was seen along and near the shore, which looked like a crust of salt.—vol. ii. pp. 204-208.

Our travellers made a second visit to the Dead Sea, on their way from Hebron to Wady Musa, and the ruins of Petra. We shall throw

throw together some of their more important observations during these two excursions. One of the most remarkable circumstances relating to the lake itself, and to the whole ghor, or valley, is its singular depression. It is differently given at 500 and 598 feet below the level of the sea. The whole declivity of the desert, and the high and steep descent to the shores of the sea, confirmed this casual discovery. We understand that a report of observations by our lamented countryman Sir David Wilkie has been made to the Geographical Society of London, interesting not merely for their results, but as coming from that quarter. But this singular fact, in connexion with that which we have before alluded to, the flow of the southern and western watercourses towards the Dead Sea, are fatal to the hypothesis, which carried the waters of the Jordan along the ghor, in an uninterrupted channel down to the Red Sea, [until the terrific convulsion which for the first time spread them in a stagnant and fetid lake, without any outlet, over the cities of the plain. The theory of our author relating to the physical agencies employed in that awful catastrophe is so moulded up with his observations, that we cannot well detach them from each other. We must be understood, however, as in no way pledging ourselves for his views, especially for his geology. The traces of volcanic agency, we have been informed, are denied by high and quite recent authorities. Dr. Robinson indeed coincides to a certain extent with the views of former writers, but instead of supposing that the Dead Sea did not exist previous to this convulsion, he thinks there are manifest indications that, from that period, it spread much farther to the south, and covered with its outpouring waters the plain on which the cities stood, as well as the cities themselves.

‘ It seems also to be a necessary conclusion that the Dead Sea anciently covered a less extent of surface than at present. The cities which were destroyed must have been situated on the south of the lake as it then existed: for Lot fled to Zoar, which was near to Sodom; and Zoar, as we have seen, lay almost at the southern end of the present sea, probably in the mouth of Wady Kerak as it opens upon the isthmus of the peninsula. The fertile plain, therefore, which Lot chose for himself, where Sodom was situated, and which was well watered like the land of Egypt, lay also south of the lake, “as thou comest unto Zoar.” Even to the present day more living streams flow into the Ghôr at the south end of the sea, from Wadys of the eastern mountains, than are to be found so near together in all Palestine; and the tract, although now mostly desert, is still better watered through these streams and by the many fountains, than any other district throughout the whole country. . . . The remarkable configuration of the southern part of the Dead Sea I have already described;—the long and singular peninsula connected with the eastern shore by a broad low neck; the

bay extending up further south, in many parts very shallow and the low flat shores beyond, over which the lake, when swollen by the rains of winter sets up for several miles. Indeed the whole of this part of the sea, as I have said, as seen from the western mountains, resembles much the winding estuary of a large American river, when the tide is out and the shoals left dry. I have also related the sudden appearance of masses of asphaltum floating in the sea, which seems to occur at the present day only rarely and immediately after earthquakes; and also, so far as the Arabs knew, only in the southern part of the sea. The character of the shores, the long mountain of fossil salt, and the various mineral productions, have also been described.—vol. ii. pp. 602-604.

Dr. Robinson, with former writers, connects the slime-pits (the *bitumen-pits*, Gen. xiv. 10) with the general formation of the district, and supposes that there were large courses or layers of bitumen, which are now covered by the sea, and detaching themselves in masses, rise and float upon the heavy water:—

‘The country we know is subject to earthquakes; and exhibits also frequent traces of volcanic action. In the whole region around the Lake of Tiberias these traces are decided; and at a short distance N.W. of Safed we afterwards came upon the crater of an extinguished volcano. It would have been no uncommon effect of either of these causes to heave up the bottom of the ancient lake, and thus produce the phenomenon in question. But the historical account of the destruction of the cities implies also the agency of fire: “The Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven;” and Abraham too “beheld, and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace.” Perhaps both causes were at work: for volcanic action and earthquakes go hand in hand; and the accompanying electric discharges usually cause lightnings to play and thunders to roll. In this way we have all the phenomena which the most literal interpretation of the sacred records can demand.

‘Further, if we may suppose that before this catastrophe the bitumen had become accumulated around the sources, and had perhaps formed strata spreading for some distance upon the plain; that, possibly, these strata in some parts extended under the soil, and might thus easily approach the vicinity of the cities;—if, indeed, we might suppose all this, then the kindling of such a mass of combustible materials, through volcanic action or by lightning from heaven, would cause a conflagration sufficient not only to engulf the cities, but also to destroy the surface of the plain, so that “the smoke of the country would go up as the smoke of a furnace;” and, the sea rushing in, would convert it to a tract of waters. The supposition of such an accumulation of bitumen may at first appear extravagant, but the hypothesis requires nothing more (and even less) than nature herself actually presents to our view in the wonderful lake or tract of bitumen found on the island of Trinidad. The subsequent barrenness of the remaining portion of the plain is readily accounted for by the presence of such masses of fossil salt,

salt, which perhaps were brought to light only at the same time.'—vol. ii. pp. 604-606.

Dr. Robinson quotes a letter, illustrative of his view, but worded with truly philosophic caution, from the celebrated geologist, Leopold von Buch. We cannot but connect with his statement the curious account of the hill of salt, which our travellers examined with much care:—

'Beyond this the ridge of Usdum begins to exhibit more distinctly its peculiar formation; *the whole body of the mountain being a solid mass of rock-salt.* The ridge is in general very uneven and rugged, varying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in height. It is indeed covered with layers of chalky limestone or marl, so as to present chiefly the appearance of common earth or rock; yet the mass of salt very often breaks out, and appears on the sides in precipices, forty or fifty feet high, and several hundred feet in length, pure crystallized fossil salt. We could at first hardly believe our eyes, until we had several times approached the precipices and broken off pieces to satisfy ourselves both by the touch and taste. The salt, where thus exposed, is everywhere more or less furrowed by the rains. As we advanced, large lumps and masses, broken off from above, lay like rocks along the shore, or were fallen down as *debris*. The very stones beneath our feet were pure salt. This continued to be the character of the mountain, more or less distinctly marked, throughout its whole length, a distance of two and a half hours, or five geographical miles. The Arabs affirmed that the western side of the ridge exhibits similar appearances. The lumps of salt are not transparent, but present a dark appearance, precisely similar to that of the large quantities of mineral salt which we afterwards saw at Varna and in the towns along the lower Danube, the produce of the salt-mines of those regions.

'The existence here of this immense mass of fossil salt, which, according to the latest geological views, is a frequent accompaniment of volcanic action, accounts sufficiently for the excessive saltiness of the Dead Sea. At this time the waters of the lake did not indeed wash the base of the mountain, though they appear to do so on some occasions; but the rains of winter, and the streamlets which we still found running to the sea, would naturally carry into it, in the course of ages, a sufficiency of salt to produce most of the phenomena.'—vol. ii. pp. 482, 483.

From the foot of the Dead Sea our travellers pursued their way to Wady Musa, and to the city of Petra. But their departure from Petra was rather precipitate, on account of the turbulent and menacing conduct of the Arabs. Petra, with its wonderful ruins 'in the clefts of the rocks, its tombs, and its temples,' is as yet by no means exhausted. Dr. Robinson refers to the descriptions of the first travellers who visited this city, Burckhardt, and Irby and Mangles, as the most accurate. Laborde's views have made the singular site and character of the buildings known to the general reader; but, in all this region of Syria and its adjacent

cent provinces, we still want a traveller of profound architectural knowledge, who has studied the art itself and the history of construction in all its various ages. Dr. Robinson, we doubt not, possesses a fair general knowledge on such subjects, and his remarks on the different styles of building appear, on the whole, judicious and trustworthy. We would have, however, an *authority* who shall discriminate, on scientific and historic principles, the periods to which the various magnificent ruins in all this region ought to be assigned. We would know whether, in Petra or elsewhere, there are any or what remains of the old Asiatic form of building, the ante-Grecian epoch, that of the kings of Tyre or of Solomon—how far Egyptian forms had been adopted in those times—in what period of art the beautiful Grecian forms, the columns, the porticoes, the sculptured pediments, began to prevail—how much belongs to the more florid and gorgeous Roman period of the decline of art. There can be no doubt that the greater part of the buildings at Petra are of this later period—the Roman-Grecian of the Antonines and their immediate successors: they belong to the Nabatean, not to the Edomitish city. It is extraordinary how entirely, how ingeniously ignorant, most writers on this subject have been concerning the rise and fall, the vicissitudes rather, of this remarkable city. That it stands on the site of the ancient city of Edom there can be no doubt; the graphic allusions of the Jewish prophets designate it with unerring accuracy. Nor can there be the least question that their awful denunciations were completely fulfilled in the utter devastation of this hostile city, and *at the time and in the manner best fitted to vindicate their truth*. We may surely presume that predictions of *this kind* against the enemies of the chosen people, who took the opportunity of their danger and depression to league with their powerful foes the Assyrians or Chaldeans for their ruin, were designed to raise the hopes of the *Israelites* and confirm their trust in their God; or as warnings to the neighbouring tribes, and assertions of the superior might of the God of Israel. Their own age, the existing generation, or that immediately following, no doubt beheld the full accomplishment of these fearful denunciations. Edom was probably swept away in one of those desolating invasions of the great eastern monarchies, which enslaved all this part of western Asia. It is a very strange way of dealing with these prophecies, which evidently in their language point to a speedy and immediate accomplishment, to adjourn their fulfilment for five centuries, and then to suppose them fulfilled against a people of another race; and after that to permit them, as it were, to slumber in obscurity for sixteen or seventeen centuries more, before the notice of mankind is awakened to their accomplishment.

ment. Yet we would not be supposed to deny that vestiges of the ancient city of Edom may be found in these extensive ruins. It is precisely with this object that we wish them to undergo a more searching and accurate investigation by some person versed in the history of architecture. Some of the buildings, some of the rock-hewn tombs, even though fronted by a later style of building, may retain traces of earlier use or habitation. Dr. Robinson has not read the history of this remarkable region with the negligence or blind prepossession with which it has been clouded over by others. He is perfectly aware that, after their subjugation by the eastern conquerors—the date of the fulfilment of the prophecies—the Edomites either spread, or, as we think more probably, were pushed on, by the invasion of stronger and more prosperous tribes, upon the south of Judæa. Here we find them in possession of the country during all the later period of Jewish history. Petra, in the mean time, rose again to splendour and wealth under the Nabatean Arabs: for, notwithstanding the loose expression of Strabo, who asserts them to be Idumeans, perhaps as inhabiting the ancient Idumea, there can be no doubt that they are the Nebaioth of Scripture.

Now, according to the unerring authority of the sacred writings, the Nebaioth were of the race of Ishmael, and the whole of this is confirmed by a clear and distinct passage of Josephus, on a point of this kind, next to the sacred writings, unquestionably the safest guide. It was under this Arabian dynasty that this city became the capital of Arabia Petræa. It was flourishing at the time of our Saviour and his apostles: the kings of this race are several times mentioned in the New Testament; and, *it is possible* (we are pleased to indulge in such conjectures, giving them but as conjectures) that the three years passed by St. Paul, after his conversion in Arabia (Gal. i. 17) were spent in asserting the doctrines of Christ in the face of some of these splendid temples, as afterwards before the Parthenon at Athens, and the Fane of the Capitoline Jove in Rome. During all this period Petra was one of the great emporia of the eastern trade; a large portion of that wealthy traffic passed through its gates, and enriched its citizens. The caravans brought the merchandise of the East from Arabia, and from the ports of the Red Sea to Petra, and so to Rhinocolura, Joppa, or other harbours on the Mediterranean. This formed a line of commerce which rivalled that by Berenice and the Nile. Petra was not incorporated in the Roman empire till the reign of Trajan; and no doubt many of the buildings are of the later period, that age of lavish architectural expenditure, the reigns of Hadrian, the Antonines, and their immediate successors.

This

This point we conceive to be in many respects of great interest—the vast cost of public buildings, particularly of religious edifices, during this period of the Roman empire. In Egypt, not only in honour of the deified minion of Hadrian, but of the age of the Antonines, there are some temples, and still more additions to buildings of the older ages of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs. In Asia Minor the sumptuous temples of Labranda, Mylassa, and a temple at Ephesus (see Choisseul Gouffier, *Antiq. Ioniennes*) are of this date. In Syria, we have, first, the vast and gorgeous structures of Baalbec, one of which we learn from Malala,* as well as from the building itself, was raised by Antoninus Pius: we have all Palmyra, where we can scarcely hope to find remains of Tadmor, or of the ‘enchanted walls’ of Solomon, but of which the stately ruins must be confined within the date of Hadrian, and their destroyer Aurelian: we have the cities of the Decapolis, Gerasa, Gadara, or Gamala (Om-keis), Philadelphia, all described by Burckhardt and others. We mention these as occurring to our immediate recollection. They all appear to have been built in one style—a very rich but not very pure Corinthian order—but with a size and massiveness which show a lavish profusion of wealth and that imposing magnificence which might become the homage of the mistress of the world to her deities. But some of these superb edifices were raised no doubt, as on old hallowed sites, so on ancient substructures—Baalbec, for instance, or Heliopolis, was the seat of the old Syrian worship,† and unquestionably some of the enormous stones which form the base of the Temple there are of an earlier and ruder period. So no doubt in Petra; and the similitude of any of the forms, modes, or materials of the building, with any vestiges which have been or may be discovered of ancient Jewish edifices, distinguished by a man of intimate and scientific acquaintance with the history of architecture, might throw much light on the progress of the arts, and the growth of civilization.

This outburst of profuse expenditure on the temples, in the East especially, during the reigns of the Antonines and their successors, is itself an historical fact not unworthy of attention. It might seem to show that paganism, at this time of its approaching strife with Christianity, had by no means lost so much of its hold on the mind of man as has sometimes been supposed. It displays certainly more zeal than might be expected from decent reverence for the religion of the em-

* P. 280, edit. Niebuhr.

† Malala states that the Temple of Antoninus was raised to Jupiter: it may have been to Baal (the principal Syrian deity), properly the Sun, but who might be translated by an inaccurate writer into the supreme deity of the Olympian mythology.

pire, or mere political respect for the established deities. It is singular that just as they were about to be dethroned, or compelled to abdicate their sovereignty, the gods of heathenism should be honoured with more costly and magnificent palaces than they were accustomed to inhabit. No doubt the general peace and wealth during the commencement of this period, the reigns of Hadrian and the Antonines, and the vast expenditure on public works of all kinds throughout the empire, with Hadrian's peculiar passion for building, must be taken into the account. The temples might be expected to receive their share of the public wealth, with the roads, bridges, aqueducts, forums, and basilicas,—and where the government and the people took pride in this kind of splendour, the temples, where necessary, might be rebuilt on a lofty and spacious scale. But in some of the cities, those for instance in the Decapolis, the temples appear out of proportion in magnitude and costliness to the importance of the towns; and religious zeal, for some motive or other, rather than the necessity of maintaining the public worship of the empire in its various local or national forms, must have demanded the devotion of so much public or provincial wealth to the erection and embellishment of the temples. Are we to attribute it in part to that dominant and almost exclusive worship of the Sun which prevailed in this part of the east, and which gave two emperors, the infamous Elagabalus and the virtuous Alexander Severus, to the throne of the world? Some of these buildings at least, and others of which we have records in history, were contemporaneous, and not improbably were connected with this new, and, to a certain extent, vigorous form of paganism. We content ourselves with thus directing attention to this curious subject. We should gladly hereafter be tempted to resume it by an architectural tour, which, on the concurrent testimony of the style and manner of building, and perhaps of inscriptions, may establish the dates or periods of the various noble remains of pagan temples throughout the east. In the mean time, (without, we may add, having noticed the third volume, which is full of valuable matter,) we conclude our observations on a work, which, considering the beaten ground which the travellers have trod, by the industry, good sense, and erudition displayed throughout its pages, does great credit, and, we trust, is of happy omen, to the rising literature of America.

- ART. VI.—1. *Traité des Droits d'Auteurs dans la Littérature, les Sciences, et les Beaux-Arts.* Par Augustin-Charles Renouard, Conseiller à la Cour de Cassation. Paris. 2 tomes 8vo. 1839.
2. *Three Speeches delivered in the House of Commons in favour of a Measure for an Extension of Copyright.* By T. N. Talfourd, Sergeant-at-Law. To which are added, the Petitions in favour of the Bill, and Remarks on the present State of the Copyright Question. London. 12mo. 1840.
3. *An Historical Sketch of the Law of Copyright.* By J. Lowndes, Esq. London. 8vo. 1840.
4. *A Plea for Authors.* By an American. New York. 1838.
5. *Brief Objections to Sergeant Talfourd's New Bill, &c.* By W. and R. Chambers. Edinburgh.
6. *Observations on the Law of Copyright, in reference to the Bill of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, in which it is attempted to be proved that the Provisions of the Bill are opposed to the Principles of English Law; that Authors require no additional Protection; and that such a Bill would inflict a heavy blow on Literature, and prove a great Discouragement to its Diffusion in this Country.* London. 1838.
7. *Objections to and Remarks upon Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's Scheme.* Feb. 1841.
8. *Speech of the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay on Mr. Talfourd's Bill.* *Mirror of Parliament*, Feb. 5, 1841.

WE do not propose to argue over again the question, whether or not, on the broad principles of natural equity, an author ought to enjoy the same species and degree of interest in the fruit of his intellectual labour that attaches, by the consent of civilized nations, to almost every other distinguishable and divisible product of industry. After memorable arguments, in which some of the very highest of our legal authorities maintained opposite sides, the law of England was finally declared by the House of Lords, in 1774, to be against the claim of a perpetual right; and it is a grave fact, to be well weighed by every candid inquirer, that the ultimate legislation of Great Britain on this subject has had a decisive influence in every other country where science and literature are cherished, and great faculties are habitually engaged on the philosophy of jurisprudence. When the celebrated decision of 1774 was pronounced, the law of two considerable states in Europe acknowledged the principle of perpetuity in literary property. In both it has since been abandoned. Down to the same period, in every other country on the continent the protection of the author was directly or virtually insured

sured by specific grant, privilege, or patent. Now, with a few insignificant exceptions, this ancient system has been abolished. Hardly a trace of it can at this day be discovered in the practice of any country where any living literature exists. The English rule of legislative, not privilegial protection, and that for some limited term only, has been everywhere adopted. When all over the enlightened world a legal principle, first distinctly declared and enforced in England, has thus deliberately been substituted for whatever had previously obtained, it becomes us to be slow and cautious about re-agitating the foundations on which it rests. Little immediate good, at all events, can be expected from disturbing them. On the other hand, it seems to be a point of fact not less deserving consideration, that, though the principle has found acceptance everywhere, the various legislatures of civilized Christendom, successively undertaking the revision of their codes, have each and all rejected the English example as to its application in practice.

Our rules, indeed, have been considerably modified since the principle was first established. They are now more favourable to the author than they originally were. But still they are far less favourable to the author than those of any other great state in Europe, *with one exception*.

Under the statute of Queen Anne, as interpreted in 1774, the protection of the author's interest extended over fourteen years from the publication of his work; and in case he were alive at the end of that term, over fourteen years more. By the law as it stands since 1814, the protection is absolute for twenty-eight years; and if the author survives that period, the right revives in himself, and is secured to him during the rest of his natural life.

In the United States of America the regulation takes this form: the author is protected during twenty-eight years; and should either he or his widow or an heir of his body be then alive, the security is renewed in his or their favour for fourteen years more. Considering how rarely a man survives by more than twenty-eight years the appearance of any intellectual work of much consequence—and how very rarely, indeed, his life-interest in any such property after the expiring of such a period can be worth fourteen years' purchase—we think there can be little doubt that this American variation is in favour of the author's estate.

Holland, previously to the French Revolution, acknowledged the author's right as a perpetual one, capable of transmission to heirs or assignees for ever. By the existing law of Holland (and also of Belgium) the author is protected during his lifetime, and the security is extended to his heirs and representatives during twenty years after his death.

The old Prussian law, like that of Holland, recognized the absolute property in the author during his lifetime, and allowed him to bequeath it to *his heirs*. If he made no such bequest, the right of printing the work passed to the public; but so long as there survived any offspring of the author's body, no man could put forth a new impression without paying to them a certain proportion of its profits. The actual law (that of 1837) provides protection to the author during his life, and to *his heirs*, no matter whether the work has been published by himself or be a posthumous one, during thirty years after his death.

In the different Saxon states, and the rest of Protestant Germany, the protection lasts during the author's life, and for some time afterwards. In one case only is the rule exactly the same as in Prussia. Saxe-Coburg-Gotha allows the full term of thirty years after death. In several, as in Saxe-Meiningen, the posthumous protection is for twenty years: in various others, as in Hesse-Cassel, it is only for ten years. In one or two insignificant governments it does not extend beyond six. It is to be observed, however, that over and above these varying securities under the codes of the separate states, the general law of the German Confederation gives absolute protection to the author and his assignees, in all territories included in the league, during ten years from the publication of the work.

The two great monarchies of Russia and Austria present in this matter a remarkable contrast. In the latter, the security extends to the author's death; but subsequent to that event the copy has no legal protection whatsoever, unless, by chance, the ten years of the Confederation have not expired. By the Russian law, on the other hand, the protection is extended in favour of the author and *his family* over twenty-five years from his decease; but if within the last five of these years the work has been reprinted, the copyright is secured to the survivors during ten years more. In short, the posthumous protection is practically for thirty-five years.

Whoever is curious about the history of copyright under the old French monarchy will find the subject treated with copious details and excellent skill in the treatise of M. Renouard. The principle now in operation dates from 1793, when the ancient corporations and privileges having been abolished, and literary property deprived of all protection whatsoever, the anarchy of injustice that ensued was represented to the revolutionary legislature with such effect, that a decree was passed declaring the property of any work of science or art to be in its author for his lifetime, and in his family, if he should leave any, for ten years

years more. Napoleon presided over a lengthened discussion in the Legislative Senate of 1810, and the law of 1793 was ultimately confirmed, with certain modifications, all favourable to the author. This is the law still in force in France. By it, if the author leaves a widow, or any heir of his body, the property is secured to them during twenty years after his death: if he leaves neither widow nor offspring, it is secured to his other heirs for ten years. The code provides for the subdivision of the profits during these vicennial and decennial periods in a multitude of cases—but, as usual in codification, vastly more cases of doubt soon occurred than had been foreseen, and Renouard's treatise goes into those which have been decided, with much candour and sagacity. Such details, however, are beside our purpose. The French law protects the author's widow and children during twenty years after his death.

The result is, that in England and in all countries where there is any considerable activity in the production of literary and scientific works, save only in the United States of America, the author is protected absolutely during his lifetime; that if the American law as to this particular point varies from the English, it probably so varies to his advantage; but that, whatever may be thought as to this one difference of detail between these two codes, there can be no doubt at all that they are both far less favourable to the interests in question than the law of any other highly civilized region of the world—with the one exception of the Austrian empire—which mighty empire cannot be said to have given one single great author to the literature of Germany.

The Code Napoleon, we see, is very much more advantageous to the author than ours. Within the last twenty years, nevertheless, reiterated efforts have been made to obtain such a modification of that law as would put the French author in a better position; and though a bill for extending the protection to fifty years after death, which lately passed the Chamber of Deputies, was lost in the Chamber of Peers, it was lost by a narrow vote, and when M. Guizot was not in the government. He was one of the most strenuous supporters of the measure, and it can hardly be doubted that when the bill is revived, as we hear it is to be next session by M. de Lamartine, the prime minister will redeem the pledges of the studious deputy.*

In America, within these few years, a great number of tracts

* The reader will find an interesting paper on the state of this question in France, in the number of the *Revue des deux Mondes* for January last, by Count Alfred de Vigny. It will be well to compare with it a short but comprehensive one in the *Law Magazine* for May, 1838, by Mr. Henry Shepherd, Q. C.

and pamphlets have advocated, some of them with distinguished ability, a revision of their code—*first*, in the interest of the daily increasing and improving class of their own authors—and *secondly*, in favour of English authors, who have never as yet derived any profit from the vast circulation of their works in the daughter-country. Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster are understood to be equally zealous in the former movement, and it does not seem to be doubted that, however unprepared Congress may be to pass immediately a bill protective of English copyrights in America—or even as yet to sanction prospectively the principle of such a bill—some measure for extending the protection of native authors will soon be engrafted on the law of the Republic.

The British publications named at the head of this paper sufficiently illustrate the difficult circumstances under which Mr. Talfourd maintained the cause of our own authors—with energy, eloquence, and unwearied good temper—throughout the last five sessions of parliament. We understand that, though he is no longer in the House of Commons, the subject is to be stirred again in the next session; and we are glad of this, for in the first place we are confident that every discussion of it must operate advantageously on that public opinion by which all legislation in this country must be ultimately determined; and *secondly*, though we are not sanguine in our expectations of any immediate statutory benefit to the cause here concerned, we count with most entire confidence on her Majesty's present ministers for a course of action in reference to the matter totally and diametrically opposed to that which the late government adopted in the case of Sergeant Talfourd. Several members of the new cabinet have signified in different ways and at different periods their inclination towards the Sergeant's views—but perhaps an equal number of the Melbourne cabinet were similarly disposed. Sir Robert Peel has never, we believe, committed himself at all upon the subject—down to a not very remote period we understand him to have professed that he had not found leisure to make himself master of its merits. But though, under such circumstances, we do not venture to rely on the ministerial support of a bill for extending the protection of literary property, we rely implicitly on the character of Sir Robert Peel for insuring fair treatment to any such bill as may be brought before the House of Commons, while it shall be his official duty to watch over the dignity of that house's deliberations. He may or not adopt the proposed measure; but he will appreciate the importance of the public interests involved, and take care that, whatever else may happen, the discussion of such a proposition shall not be hampered at every stage by a rude and brutal misapplication of forms, which never yet in fact served any good

good end, and which have been tolerated only as possible safeguards, in the last resort, of free discussion, if imperilled by some audacious trick.

Mr. Talfourd's bill in the first draft was open to several weighty objections, from which he had freed it long before his final discomfiture; but we presume to say that the next measure, whoever may have the framing of it, ought to be a new one in its general arrangement as well as very many of the details. The history of the Sergeant's bill would necessarily point to some prudent deviations from that model even in its ultimate shape; but what we should more especially recommend to his successor is a careful study of the actual code of France, and, above all, of Prussia.

We must be permitted to observe, that the intrinsic weight of the author's claim to a *property* in his labour is not only admitted, but distinctly set forth, in the preamble of every European statute by which the term of its legal enforcement has been limited and defined; and still more emphatically in the official reports on which most of these statutes have been grounded. Thus, for example, even our own clumsy and contradictory act of the 9th of Queen Anne sets out with the assertion that new legislation is called for in consequence of the 'liberty' which many persons had 'taken' to reprint copies 'without the consent of their proprietors;' and the actual French law was introduced by a government report in which these words are employed:—

'De toutes les propriétés, la moins susceptible de contestation c'est, sans contredit, celle des productions du génie; et si quelque chose doit étonner, c'est qu'il a fallu reconnaître cette propriété, assurer son libre exercice par une loi positive.'—*Renouard*, vol. i. p. 326.

This is strong language, and might seem to point to some practical conclusion very different from that which the consequent statute enacted, or even what the code of any country at this hour authorizes. We waive, however, once more all reclamation touching that which we must consider as an universal and final decision. Be it fixed and accepted that the author's interest shall not be perpetual; but the language of the universal legislation seems to acknowledge that it is made temporary, only because some overbalancing public benefit accrues from denying it perpetuity. As far as he can be protected in the usufruct of his creation, without obvious and serious detraction from the general advantage, it is avowed that protection is his right. A compromise is struck between his admitted original claim, and the supposed or real interference of that paramount claim which every society has to profit of the services of all its members. It is plain that in every such compromise (and some compromise of the sort does in effect
take

take place in every imaginable case where man labours and society exists) it is for the true ultimate interest of the society, that the utmost protection, not absolutely incompatible with the common good, shall reward the individual, if it were only with a view to the inspiration and sustainment of zeal hereafter in others. Now this compromise has been struck very differently as to this particular conflict of interests, in different countries standing on the same or nearly the same level of civilization, in fact or intention equally regardful of equity in the regulation of men's patrimonial concerns, and certainly governed by powers which are, or profess to be, equally impressed with the prodigious, the immeasurable importance of science and literature as departments of individual industry, and elements of national strength as well as civility and refinement. England, at all events, will not endure to be told that she is inferior in any of these respects to France or to Prussia. The question remains—where is the proof of necessity or of expedience in behalf of that English regulation which is *primâ facie* so much less advantageous to the author than the corresponding rules of the other two most civilized branches of the European family? Why should the Englishman's protection, in any case, terminate with his life—while France, in every case, prolongs it to his widow and children for twenty, Prussia for thirty years after his death?

It is to be regretted that, throughout the debates on Mr. Talfourd's bill, none of the prominent speakers took up the subject *absolutely*. They treated it with nearly exclusive reference to its bearings on the interests of particular individuals, or at best of particular knots and classes of individuals now living. This illogical narrowing of the matter took different aspects according to the nature and capacities of the different men, their habits of thought and feeling, and the private motives of instigators behind the scene. Much good and generous sentiment was displayed—some envy and some malignity—and a very great deal of ignorant or fraudulent misrepresentation; all of which might have been avoided, had the House of Commons followed the course taken by both of the continental legislatures to which we have been alluding when they set themselves to this grave question. The great point to be settled was, what ought to be the general and permanent regulation of the law—not whether—supposing it to be found that something different from the actual rule ought to be adopted as to futurity, and this something more favourable than the existing rule to the interests of authors—the new regulation ought to receive a retrospective power, so as to extend its benefit to men who composed their works under the existing law, or to the surviving families of any such men. It was impossible

impossible that these latter questions should be thrust forward before the first was determined, without investing the discussion of the preliminary principle with unnecessary difficulty, through the alarm, whether well or ill founded, of commercial interests *in esse*, and the temptation held forth for the continual intrusion of individual sympathies and antipathies.

The Act of Anne is named or misnamed (no matter which at present) 'an Act for the Encouragement of Learning.' The object of all authoritative intervention in the business, whether legislative or administrative, is, or ought to be, to promote the interests of society by making it felt to be the interest of literary and scientific men to produce the best works within the reach of their faculties. In one state of social arrangement this object may be best promoted—perhaps could in no other way be effectually promoted than—by careful liberality on the part of the government, or the aristocracy, in the exercise of patronage. In another state of things, or say rather under any complex and highly artificial system of internal polity, this, for innumerable plain enough reasons, is out of the question. In this country, we need not say, there is a more complicated arrangement of society than anywhere else; and there is as little need to say that here there is less of *patronage*, in the just sense of the word, for either scientific or literary eminence, than in any other country under the sun. No man of great faculties of any sort, and possessing with them common sense, selects the pursuit of such eminence as affording him a fair ulterior chance for any of the great prizes in the lottery of our eager and restless and jealous microcosm.

We regret to see any of our contemporaries complaining of this result—for indeed we consider it to be an inevitable one, of the general arrangement of things in Great Britain. Our difficulty is to reconcile with equity and reason the fact that this country—the only one perhaps in which eminence in science or in letters is so rarely rewarded by patronage that the exceptive cases are not worth alluding to—should be also the country in which the admitted original right of property which men have in the books they write receives the scantiest measure of legislative protection. The production of good books, unless of direct bearing on some of the active professions, is not to be encouraged by even the hope of patronage. The fragments of patronage, whether place, or pension, or whatever else, that ever fall to the share of our best authors are in themselves nothing but a mockery when compared with what talents inferior to theirs might be pretty sure of attaining if devoted to any other arduous pursuit; and such as they are, these lean scraps are scarcely ever given from the unmixed motive of regard for

for literary or scientific merit. Such merit is, however, to be fostered—that too is agreed *almost* upon all hands—though not, as we shall show by-and-by, upon all. But assume that it is to be fostered, and fostered alone by protecting the meritorious author in the natural profits of the work that displays his merit. It seems to follow that since he is to be remunerated upon this plan alone—since no authoritative hand is to interfere at all—since no recompense is to be his except that which he may derive from individuals acting as individuals—this individual patronage should at all events be free and unfettered. Upon what principle do you decide that the reward is to depend entirely on the judgment and free choice of individual men, and then decide also, to stimulate the production of good and great works being your avowed motive, that individual men shall not be allowed to reward him the best who produces the best work?

The great antagonist of the very *principle* of literary *property* in the last age was far too sagacious not to see the consequences that must in reason flow from it—were it once admitted.* Not venturing to contradict the statement on the other side, that even then the days of the patronage plan were over, he denied boldly that any effective stimulus for minds capable of worthy things in letters or science ever had been or could be supplied by the hope of any worldly delight or advantage whatsoever, except only the pure enjoyment of intellectual exertion, and its consequence in honour, respect, fame. But these motives, however powerful, can be of themselves sufficient only in the case of men fortunate enough to need nothing beyond what these motives point to. In the energetic exertion of every noble faculty there is a delight beside which no other earthly pleasure can be named. The soldier knows it, and so does the poet. The aged bard was found with streaming and flashing eyes, trembling all over, in the midst of his Alexander's Feast. After an interval, the secrets of which we can never penetrate, he exults over again in the applause of educated England. He has this joy and honour, because they cannot be denied him—and he gets them at nobody's cost; the accordance of them is instinctive, and in itself a delight to the yielders. But shall this be all? Grant that the creative glow, and this reflex confirmation of its high origin,—attained or anticipated—may indeed be the sufficient rewards of the illustrious effort itself; such efforts occupy, after all, but a small space in the mind that is most capable of them—they are severe though sweet

* Whoever desires to study the history of the Act of Queen Anne, and the discussions upon its interpretation down to 1774, will find the materials clearly arranged in Mr. Lowndes' volume; but they are given in more detail by Mr. Maugham, in his excellent 'Treatise on the Law of Literary Property.'—London, 1828.

—perilous as well as priceless: let them be frequent and continuous, as the lesser throes of ordinary toil may safely be—and there ensues a madness or a torpor. And since a man is not the less a husband and a father because he is also a Dryden, and the broad course of time and life must be given to the common cares of the whole humanity that is in every man—we must, if we would have such efforts repeated, reconcile it with the standing reason of this favourite of Nature, that he shall so order his existence as to keep that intellectual power which might have been profitably diffused over a wide space, concentrated and compressed for the exhausting energy of divine moments. It is the same with the hero. He too puts forth one at least of the noblest attributes of man in that splendid perfection which implies consummate felicity in the act, and which cannot be observed of other men without drawing from them precious worship.

‘Sound—sound the clarion! fill the file!

To all the sensual world proclaim—

One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name.’

But what nation ever proclaimed to her soldiers that this was to be their sole recompense? ‘England expects every man to do his duty,’ said Nelson before a battle; but, under the like circumstances, he had said also ‘a Peerage or Westminster Abbey!’

Honour, respect, fame, are not exclusively, nor even in this country pre-eminently, the reward of those who, according to Chief Justice Camden, neither merit nor require any other recompense for their zeal. They are within the reach of all who exert great talents in any sphere of life, and in no other sphere are they found or expected to be sufficient. Few ever obtained more of them, or more deservedly, than this very man; but he gained, besides, a place in the peerage, and bequeathed lordly possessions to be enjoyed, we hope, by many worthy inheritors of the line that he ennobled. The long roll of the high dignities of this state bears witness to the similar success of kindred merit in every age of our history. But it is an eleemosynary pomp that attends ‘the remains of Dryden to the tomb of Chaucer;’ his children die in misery or in exile; his great and gentle blood is forbidden to flow on; and a coroneted PRATT rolls from a Kentish palace to the prime seat of British justice, to bid future genius devote itself freely to the service of the Muse, for so may it also leave a name that shall be our glory as well as our disgrace.

Even in the injustice of Lord Camden’s view, however, there was a recognition of higher influences than seems to be congenial to the legal understandings that have in our time essayed to catch up his mantle. Not a word about honour and glory from even

the most accomplished of them—Sir Edward Sugden, for example, or Mr. Solicitor-General Rolfe. "By all means," says the latter, "let the man of genius be paid for his labour." But he already is so. As things are, we are already getting out of him the best that he can give us. It is mere *sentiment* to talk about extending the benefit to his children. What right have *they* to ask that the public should be taxed for their benefit? The only principle I can approve is to give the labourer such wages as we find by experience will induce him to go through his day's work in a manner satisfactory to us, the *public*."

With great deference we suggest that this usually acute reasoner begins here with a *petitio principii*. He assumes that this country has been, and is, deriving from the literary and scientific intellect of her sons services as worthy as that intellect could under any circumstances be made to yield. We venture to assure him that, notwithstanding the exuberance of English genius manifested in our time, it is a fact that it has added a scanty number of first-rate works—works likely to be counted among the *κρυπτα ἐς αἰ*—to either the literary or the scientific department of the English library; and the higher he rates the faculties that have been at command, the more difficult will it be for him to reconcile the aggregate issue with the opinion that the best possible system has been acted on as regards the external encouragement and direction of the resources in question as a magazine and arsenal of power. It would perhaps be considered as unfair to expect that Sir R. Rolfe should have bestowed any very serious measure of attention upon any literature but that immediately connected with the profession which he himself adorns. He knows that that particular branch of literature stands in less need of direct pecuniary support than any other, because distinction in it leads almost inevitably to the richly-endowed honours of the gown. Yet can he inform us of any *great* work that has been given to the library of English law since he first began to thumb Blackstone? Will he name any such work that has been published since that very Blackstone wrote—who wrote, as we need not remind this venerable coif, in the full belief that the long labour of his large and fine mind would, under the law which it illustrated, be secured in the possession of a perpetual copyright?

The writer of a valuable paper on *Copyright*, in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, says:—

"It is long since Johnson pronounced us "a nation of readers," but we are still very deficient in *standard works*. Have we even a good *general history* of England? No wonder that we should be deprived of such works, since public records have become so voluminous, and the *trans-*
actions

actions of nations so complicated, that whoever undertakes to do justice to such topics will find himself subjected to a variety of expenses. He must set apart three years for what apparently requires but one; he must have his residence in the vicinity of great libraries; he must carry on an extensive correspondence; he must employ clerks in making copies of official documents and private papers. The same observations are applicable to scientific labours. At present no bookseller can afford to indemnify a writer for the years he would be disposed to bestow on a favourite but insulated branch—he must have a work of *general interest*—that is, one which will take in a number of topics without going to the bottom of any. Almost every author *has* a favourite subject which he would cultivate with great zeal, did not necessity oblige him to turn aside to popular topics for the sake of a livelihood.

Mr. Baron Rolfe may doubt all this. We beg respectfully to whisper, as the poor musician did to Philip of Macedon—*Μη γένοιτο σοι οὕτως, ὦ Βασίλευ, κακῶς, ἵνα ἡμῶν ταῦτα βέλτιον εἴδῃς.*

But the Solicitor had sturdy allies; and by far the most strenuous of them seem to have taken special pains to demolish their learned leader's grand argument. When Sergeant Talfourd brought in his first bill he was met by a harmonious chorus of Humes, Warburtons, and Wakleys, who started with the Crown-lawyer's pitch-note—'it works well;' but added this generous variation—'authors themselves do not complain—where are their petitions?'

Mr. Talfourd consulted well for the dignity both of the legislature and of letters, when he resolved on introducing his measure without any adventitious supports to what he regarded as the justice of its principle. This magnanimous objection, however, was so popular among the Humites that the Sergeant thought fit to provide it with an answer, and next session he did produce abundance of petitions. A very few of these stated that the signers considered their children, dearer than themselves, as likely to be deprived of a rightful emolument by the existing regulation: and we apprehend there can be no doubt, except in the very darkest corner of ignorance or of prejudice, that *ONE* at least of them, in so thinking, by no means exaggerated the intrinsic worth of what he had done. But these were rare exceptions; the great majority of the petitioners offered no such allegations. They appeared simply as men whose lives had been conversant with literature or science, and who, after ample observation and experience, had arrived at the conclusion that a legal extension of copyright would tend to promote the absolute interests of science and letters, and, through them, of the nation in every department of its being, by inducing well-gifted students to elevate their ambition; each saying to himself, that henceforth the longest toil bestowed on
the

the most solid materials would not *necessarily* at least bring only that rate of recompense which shorter toil on things of flimsier fabric could equally command. The principle they asserted was this,—that if you say to the labourers in any department, ‘we want your labour, your utmost labour,’ you will probably, and as the general rule, speak in vain as respects the best work of the best faculty, unless you make it to be distinctly understood that this shall be rewarded on a higher scale than the best work of an inferior faculty, or the inferior work which it can itself produce without being exerted to the utmost. The burdens are very unequal in pressure: you want to see the very heaviest lifted. Can it be for the taskmaster’s advantage, to settle a schedule of payments which has no separate column for weights above a certain moderate amount?

This was their plain argument; but no reasoning, however plain and simple, can be supposed by persons of the Wakley and Warburton calibre to be advanced for any purpose but that of serving, directly or indirectly, the tangible pecuniary interests of the man that states it: and this was of course to be met, and if possible overthrown, on that footing of their own muddy level. Their answer to Mr. Talfourd now was,—‘Yes, here are your petitions at last, and what do they *prove*? Nothing but that you are the tool and mouth-piece of a parcel of conceited coxcombs, who chatter about the narrowness of the term during which copyrights are protected, while they themselves have hardly produced a volume for the property in which any sane man would give a sixpence at the end of a shorter term than the actual one.’ Then came a series of such insults as Mr. Coroner Wakley has it in his power to inflict, with perfect impunity, upon any gentleman anywhere. A few literary men, who happened to be members of the House, were conciliated, or meant to be so, by coarse flatteries interspersed here and there amidst this tissue of insolence; and the majority chuckled. But the Solicitor-General must have perceived that his recruits had thrown the position open. ‘We are not here,’ cries the member for Finsbury, ‘to legislate for the benefit of a few individuals. Our business is to look at authors as a class of men, and their books as a class of industrial produce. I find, after diligent inquest on sundry defunct tomes, that if you pass the Sergeant’s bill you will add nothing to the profits of more than one author, as authors go, out of five hundred.’ ‘Indeed,’ Mr. Solicitor must have said to himself—though he did not think fit to say so to the House—‘if this be so, there is an end of my argument. If this be so, the system does not work well.’ No, truly: Sergeant Talfourd has been well served by these your Finsbury auxiliaries. What he and his petitioners
alleged

alleged was exactly what the Coroner asserts more broadly in his own ruder dialect. The preamble of the bill suggests, as a lamentable probability, what Mr. Wakley proclaims as an auspicious fact; and the sole purpose of the bill is to render it unlikely that in fifty or a hundred years any British subject should dare to assert and exult in a condition of things so remote from what ought to be.

The accuracy or inaccuracy of the precise figures in this calculation signifies nothing. Some books, it seems, even now have a vitality greatly—nay, vastly—beyond that of the mass. No matter whether there be one such book among every hundred, or only one among every five hundred, or, as one of the cipherers says, every five thousand. The thing to be desired is that such books should be produced in far greater proportion; and the likeliest means of serving this end seems to be nothing else but the providing of stronger motives for the undergoing of that superior toil by which alone such can be produced at all.

Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, who has, we hear, realized a very handsome fortune as the publisher of the useful weekly *Journal* which bears his name, comes forward as one of Mr. Wakley's coadjutors. Quite contented with having pocketed by his ephemeral compilation, in the course of a few years' currency, more money than all the historians in the English language put together ever received for their copyrights, this worthy trafficker can see nothing but perfection in the system according to which literary profits are at present regulated and apportioned. All's well that ends well—for Mr. Chambers's till. We are well pleased that his till thrives. He started in life, however, with ambition of a different sort from that which has been thus copiously gratified. The performances of his juvenile pen afforded promise of distinction in the historical and antiquarian departments of literature. We see for what pursuits these early favourites have been cast aside. It was, as regards worldly goods, a most prudent abandonment. It was, however, though singularly successful, an abandonment of exactly the same species which we recognize in a very great proportion of Mr. Chambers's contemporaries—men who have continued to be authors, but dropped by degrees, as the experience of life grew on them, the high aspirations which apparently animated their youth, and, in place of setting and keeping before them some great plan not to be fulfilled without a life-long devotion, have bestowed their ink upon those easier kinds of literature which furnish amusement sufficient for the hour, and for which the pay of the hour is sufficiently liberal.

There is no principle of justice upon which we can defend a
statute

statute that limits the best workman to the hire of his inferior; but a great light of Mr. Rolfe's profession, who also took part in these debates, seems to us to have gone back gratuitously into a question which the bill was never meant to stir. Labouring a point which was on all sides taken for granted, to wit, that the private right in literary property shall be limited by the consideration of the public advantage, this distinguished lawyer appears to have thought his ingenuity had suggested a new and supremely philosophical argument. 'The author's right,' said Sir E. Sugden, 'must be measured by the general advantage, for his work has no pecuniary value at all unless by reason of the public acceptance and approbation of it.' Our English lawyers are hard put to it, because—it having been impossible that copyrights should be of any commercial importance before the invention of the printing-press—Rome, the great parent and mistress of jurisprudence, has left us neither rule nor principle of direct application in the matter. The very astute person in question seems to have caught at an analogy which will not bear much sifting. We allow that no field would be of much value to its lord if his neighbours had no appetite for bread. The reason, however, commonly given for protecting him in his field, is not merely that other men like bread, but that if *nobody* were protected no wheat would be grown, and that he has a preferable title to be protected because he stands by descent, gift, or purchase, in the place of him who originally reclaimed that field, and cultivated and enclosed it. But granting once more, what was settled long before the Irish Chancellor was born, that the author's right in *his own book* shall be likened not to a freehold but only to a leasehold; that in practice the *public* shall be treated as the rightful lord and inheritor of this property, and that he whose toil has given it being as a thing of value shall only draw its profits for a certain term of time, we incline to think that, in fixing that term of time, some consideration should be had of the absolute intrinsic worth of the field as an ultimate addition to the estate of the lord. It is by that worth alone that we can estimate the exertion to be remunerated. Nor does it make any difference if we consider the *public acceptance* as a domain already secured in all manorial rights and privileges, and the author as one whom the lord invites and would encourage to occupy a portion thereof, with a view to his lordship's final profit and advantage. It is not folly, in granting and drawing your lease, to have regard to the character of the farmer, and the skill and the capital he will bring to the improvement of the soil, and the condition in which the possession is to be when he finally surrenders it into your own management. Nor does the landlord expect that the tenant of his building-ground shall proceed in framing the new erections

erections without reference to the duration of his holding. But our literary legislators are for farm leases that shall tend to nothing but short-sighted scourging, with year after year scantier crops, and the final impoverishment of the ground, so that when we receive it into our own hand it shall be found not wheat-land at all, but only oat-land, or perhaps thistle-land. When they deliver the lease, indeed, they recommend the best cultivation, but the clauses enforce an opposite result. In like manner when they let out their building plot, they express great anxiety that it may be covered with noble edifices. Build us temples, dig deep foundations, hew the beech and the oak, let your quarries be of granite and marble, rear gigantic colonnades, and hang domes in the air: do this, for architecture is in itself a glorious art—you will have great delight in your labour, hard though it be, great delight and high honour in contemplating its completion, and your other advantages shall be answerable to the toil and its monuments, for they shall be not less than they would have been had you worked in lath and plaster. Rise, Inigo, and let not the Banqueting-house remain a fragment of your design. Finish your eight quadrangles, and stretch your porticos from Charing Cross to the Abbey. We will reward you as beseems the first and greatest of the nations. You shall be paid as if this your Whitehall were a continuation of Regent Street; and you shall be a Fellow of the Academy as well as Mr. Nash.

But the sum and substance of the most clamorously asserted objection, both to the late French bill and to Sergeant Talfourd's, lies in one word—Monopoly. It stares you in capitals or italics in every page of every pamphlet; it makes the black-letter heading of every thundering broadside. Monopoly is against the spirit of the English law. Free trade in every thing. Free trade in calico, in corn, above all, in *thought*! We hate Monopoly as fervently as any of these patriots—we do not admire even a monopoly of envy and misrepresentation. Monopoly has but one definition in every legal code in the world: 'an exclusive privilege of selling what others have an equal natural right to sell.' When Mehemet Ali enacts that no man shall deal in rice but himself—when the Spanish king decrees that no tobacco shall be sold but at the royal establishments—that is monopoly. When the parliament settles that no man shall sell foreign wheat in England, except on paying a certain importation duty, the act creates a monopoly for English wheat-growers, according to all those who think that foreign farmers have as good a natural right to sell wheat in England as any body of Englishmen can be supposed to have. But cases like these will not help out our pamphleteers. The free trade in the food of the mind which they
are

are for, is a free trade resembling not that which should allow all men to sell wheat, but that which renders it lawful for any man to sell for his own profit the wheat raised on his neighbour's field by his neighbour's industry. To maintain their doctrine at all, they must strike at the root of the principle assumed and sanctioned as a principle in our and in every other legislation, that the author of the 'Novum Organum' or 'Macbeth' has a natural right of property in his work. It will not do for them to add, as we all concede, that this right of property is one whereof the law may limit the exercise and the duration. Their argument is worth nothing, if the original principle is worth anything.

And, accordingly, some at least of these gentlemen are courageous enough to assert a direct negation of the principle. What can books contain, say they, but words? What are words but the images of thoughts? What are thoughts, if they be of any value, but the images of facts? This—we are not jesting—is literally the leading argument of the personage who indites 'Observations on the Law of Copyright,' and also of Mr. Wakley, or whoever put together the 'Objections to and Remarks upon Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's Scheme.' We shall transcribe a specimen of this last masterpiece:—

'The name of Southey has been brought forward as an aggrieved author. Does he rest his fame on his prose or his poetry? Prose is the staple of all knowledge; and is it then on the History of Brazil, of the Peninsular War, or his Life of the glorious Nelson? If so, then it may be asked, what were his sources of information? was he ever in Brazil? or did he accompany the army into Spain or Portugal? or was it communicated to him by others for his sole profit? or is it not the fact that every statement of the slightest value which is contained in these works was the property of others, or the common property of the world? The Life of Nelson has been the most esteemed of his prose, and how much of that work does he claim as his own? The slightest examination will convince any one that it is but a cheap and popular recast of the Life by Clarke and M'Arthur, which was published in two volumes quarto, at 9l. 9s. 6d.; therefore it is not surprising that a work should command an extensive sale which conveyed to the public in a *pleasing style*, at one-thirteenth of the original cost, every fact, both public and private, which would be cared for in the life of so great and distinguished a hero. Is it then the drapery of language which possesses such a magic value in the estimation of Mr. Talfourd? If it be so, he may retain that opinion, but he may be assured that few will admit its correctness. It is true the facts were not the property of Clarke and M'Arthur, but that Southey smuggled them away cannot be doubted. We do not complain of it; but what we do blame is the assumption that the mere rhetorical combination of words should be claimed as an absolute property, when the facts which render the combination of any value should be treated as the common property of the world. In the trade of literature author-

ship

ship has a fixed value according to the ability of the writer, and the most eminent authors have never considered it discreditable to be paid according to the quantity of pages they contribute; and no argument can justify the claim which has been set up for the style in which knowledge may be communicated.'—*Objections, &c.*, pp. 28, 29.

We need hardly point attention to the beautiful logical sequence of thought in this passage, or to the merits of the style in which so much knowledge has been communicated. The writer evidently thinks *poetry* unworthy of any consideration at all. The facts in Thalaba, Kehama, Madoc, might have been smuggled away by any industrious penny-a-liner, from the various prose works referred to in the Laureate's notes and appendices. Clarke and Macarthur had read the despatches of Nelson, the London Gazettes, and the Annual Register, long before Mr. Southey set about recasting their two volumes in quarto, price nine guineas. The facts smuggled from these documents by Clarke and Macarthur, and then smuggled from them by Southey, are the only things that give any value either to Clarke's quartos or to Southey's duodecimos. Then why should Southey have any copyright in the 'Life of Nelson?' What claim has he here above Mr. Wakley? We have no doubt that gentleman could 'smuggle away' all the facts, and set them forth in a combination of words extremely unlike Mr. Southey's. Who prevents his doing so? We venture to say the proprietors of Southey's book have no sort of objection to his trying his hand: nay, the Coroner may have access to facts which have come to light since Mr. Southey wrote, and thus produce a book more valuable than his. So be it. But why then does our 'Objector' give Mr. Southey's style an epithet? 'A pleasing style.' Is pleasure nothing? Is the power of giving pleasure even to Mr. Wakley nothing? But the true puzzle is why,—since *pleasure* is such a nothing—since the value of a book is wholly irrespective of its 'style,'—some unseen Curl or other should be so anxious to lay his own fingers on the barren, worthless, insignificant 'rhetorical combination.' Why should the combiner be deprived of this airy nothing—in order that Mr. Curl may make money by vending that particular 'recast' of 'facts,' in place of producing another, and of course at least equally valuable, recast of his own proper manufacture, or his friend Mr. Wakley's? The Coroner is a 'most eminent author'—he will not 'consider it discreditable to be paid according to the quantity of pages he contributes' to the '*People's Library*;' and these pages will be not a few, because it appears that 'the quantity of pages' is the only true standard of the 'ability of the writer.'

Having clearly established, however, that what *they* call facts

are

are the only things in a book which ought to be considered of the 'slightest value'—(they do not quite agree as to what is a fact—but no matter)—these colleagues proceed, each in his own way, to urge the same important corollary. It is that no *facts* communicated by any one whom Mr. Talfourd calls an author are of value comparable to the facts constituting the essence of mechanical inventions: yet we already concede a longer copyright to the author in his book than to the mechanist in his engine; whence it follows that the claim patronized by the Sergeant is not only unjust but absurd—a piece of unparalleled presumption and impudence.

We have no hope of converting these writers; but we think any candid mind will acknowledge, after a little reflection, that the two cases furnish no parallel: first of all because the claims thus opposed to each other are not derived from intellectual exertions set forth in results of the like kind; secondly, that, granting both parties to have a right to protection, the measure of the protection to be settled on due consideration of the public claim paramount, the public interest requires that the measure should be diverse in the two cases; and, thirdly, that though under the existing law the mechanist is protected for a shorter period than the author, the protection which he receives is by far the more profitable of the two.

'Copyright and patent-right,' says the *Observer*, 'must be considered as *synonymous*; and the legislation that is required for the one is all that can be required for the other.'—p. 6.

Upon this principle, of course, the protection now given to the author should be diminished. The '*Observer*,' and his brother the '*Objector*,' would think themselves very indulgent to the highest author if they consented to place him on a level with the lowest of the other class; but even suppose they should be so liberal as to bracket a Milton with an Arkwright, a Shakspeare with a James Watt—we apprehend it might be made evident almost to a spinning-jenny that the protection in the one set of cases would be so unproductive, that those enriched by the other would not consider it worth *their* while to accept all its profit as a gratuitous addition to their own. All inventions now securable by patent privilege have for their end the extension of man's power over the material elements with which he is surrounded, to the increase of his facilities for acquiring wealth, or, at any rate, to the direct increase of his physical enjoyment. It is most just and necessary that the inventor should be rewarded, and that in proportion to the value of the invention. But there is little danger lest any invention conducing to such ends as these should not be rapidly

rapidly appreciated; and if the inventor be allowed to have the direct pecuniary profit thereof for a very limited time, he derives great profit in proportion to the labour he bestowed.

But while his protection lasts, it is a bar against improvement. Every invention in that kind is directly engrafted on another; your foot, though prepared to make the next step, is kept powerless until there is liberty for it to occupy and start again afresh from the point of my halt. Nay, starting from the same previously attained line, you and I may have at the same moment descried the next important point, and yet, if I be the first to tell the world I have descried it, your equal acumen is baffled—you take nothing by it. Until I have had leisure to make my profit of the *new* step, not only your naturally equal right to that, but the consequent right of proceeding still further for yourself, is impeded. Now, in no department of literature does a like impediment arise out of copyright. The *knowledge*—all that these calculators can pretend to think of any worth—is given freely to the world, for every one to apply and extend freely, from that hour and for ever, as his powers enable him. Even in history, whether civil or natural, this is the case. No historian pretends to prevent his rival or successor from making what use he pleases, or can, of any *fact* which he discovers, or even of any reasoning by which he brings out the consequences of that fact. You are welcome to take the fact and my opinion of its bearing into your mind, and make your own use of it, in the composition or revisal of your own book. The only claim *here* is that it shall not be allowed to transfer bodily one man's labour to another. But the protection that is the shorter in term protects a totally different species of claim. One man buys a copy of *Macbeth*, another a model of the steam-engine. He that carries the book home with him has, indeed, acquired a treasure, if he has brains and a heart as well as fingers and eyes. He is at perfect liberty to penetrate, if he can, all the meanings of the poet; to appropriate all the lights he has here thrown on man's nature, and on woman's, for the counsel and direction of his own life; and also to investigate and extract for his own benefit as an artist, if he be one, whatever lessons that work can afford him, in the construction of a fable, in the development of a character, in the choice and balance of language, in the modulation of verse. All this liberty is at once his; to make the most of it, he needs not wait until the copyright expires. He may produce as soon as he likes his own tragedy, in elaborating which he shall have drawn all the benefit that any artist as an artist can draw from the study of the Shakspearian model. The only thing he may not do is to multiply copies of the model to be sold, for his own profit, as *models* for the use of other students, who have it equally in their power as he had to purchase their own models of the maker. What parallel

parallel is there between this case and the buyer of the model-engine? That, as far as revelation of knowledge goes, is as good, nay better, for more convenient as a subject of study, than the black colossus which Mr. Watt has caused to be constructed after its proportions at Soho. But, the patent right still in force, is the purchaser allowed to make such use of that model as the purchaser of the copyright tragedy may make of it? Is he at liberty to extract and appropriate for his own behoof the addition which Mr. Watt has made to the resources of mechanical science? Is he at liberty to make forthwith a machine of his own, in constructing which the science of Watt shall be as freely at his service as the art of Shakspeare is at the service of the student of Macbeth?

‘Would Parliament’—this Observer goes on—‘consent to continue to the discoverer of any powerful bleaching agent, such as chlorine, a patent right to the exclusive use of such discovery for the period of his life?’—p. 7.

The man who talks of his ‘bleaching agent, chlorine,’ as a power legitimately compared in its operations with literature, is blind to the distinction between matter and spirit. No man who believes himself to be anything better than a machine, his own principle of being anything nobler than so much gas in a bottle, could dream of putting the several powers on the same footing. But there is no doubt that five years’ protection in a superior bleaching-drop would enrich a man more than fifty years’ sale of a new Macbeth; and there is another point which may possibly be brought within this writer’s comprehension.

The extension of copyright proposed by Mr. Talsourd was proposed only for first-rate productions—in the case of literary works which embody the effort of consummate intellect. And in all such cases we know well that the work is the work of the individual mind from which it comes. ‘I am sorry,’—said Davy, when near his end—‘I am sorry to leave the world when *it* (the world!) has come so near the brink of *three* great discoveries.’ He had no doubt that they would soon be made, whoever might die or live,—made soon, very soon—no matter whether in England, in France, or in Germany! Sir Humphry might have been a great poet—he had in him poetical faculties that might, perhaps, have been developed as illustriously as his philosophical genius. But what dying poet would ever have ventured to prophesy that the world was on the eve of giving birth to three great poetical geniuses—or master-pieces?—But in truth will either ‘Observer’ or ‘Objector’ pretend gravely to believe that any man but Dante could ever have written the ‘Divina Commedia?’ The telescope, we may be almost certain, would have been discovered by some one else if Galileo had not found it out. What contests there were

were between Newton's and Leibnitz's followers as to which of them had the true merit of such and such discoveries! In fact, there always has been a neck-and-neck chase between men of science and discoverers in arts and physics; and no wonder, for all such discoveries hang one upon another, as natural steps in the progress of a power which can be traced, and every new development of which we can appropriate and apply as soon as it is made cognizable to our senses: whereas the influence of mind in the other case is purely upon mind, and no man can trace its working.

The mechanist gives in his *specification*. As far as the particular invention is concerned, here is the spirit of the man condensed and made transferable, so that whoever comprehends the specification stands henceforth to the invention, as a thing of practical use, in precisely the same relation as the inventor. But who can give a *specification* for the making of an 'Inferno?' If any one undertakes to do so, it will not be a Dante, but a Demis. And—

'To solve a point which puzzled Warburton'—

let us add, that in our opinion, whenever a *specification* can be given, the work to which it refers ought to be treated not as a literary work, but as a mechanical invention, and distinctly by the law taken out of the one class, and put into the other. No jury could be at a loss to decide to which class any possible production *de facto* belonged.

'What English author is to be compared to Watt or to Arkwright? These authors have written in a language which can be read and understood in every nation of the world, and will continue to be read so long as civilization endures.'—*Observations*, p. 41.

We are not so sure of that. The works of 'these authors' may very probably be followed by others which will supplant them effectually. Where steam is now, electricity may come to be—for all this hissing and panting drudgery, a silent flash. A hundred years hence Arkwright's best jenny will, we doubt not, be considered as an antiquarian curiosity, much on a par with the handloom of the Hindoo. But grant these magnifiers of boilers and spindles and 'bleaching agents' all they demand. We have no desire to undervalue such inventions; but we think there is little of justice, to say nothing about generosity, in thus exalting them at the expense of their country's literature. 'There is no absolute utility in poetry,' says Sir Humphry Davy;—'but it gives pleasure, refines and exalts the mind.*' A pregnant *but*. Without literature—poetry and romance included, as leading portions of it—without that softening, and refining, and exalting of the

* 'Consolations in Travel,' p. 243.

general mind which Sir Humphry's notion of 'absolute utility' excludes—society could never have afforded that protection against barbarism, without which your grand discoveries in physical science or in mechanical art could never have been made, or if made, must have been profitless to the inventors. And if literature could be extinguished, instead of only being depressed and discouraged, as our mechanical age and its legislation tend to discourage it, what would all these boasted inventions be worth—if indeed they could survive it—what would they be but pests of mankind and instruments of destruction?

We are not so silly as to impute to any *gentleman* in the late House of Commons any participation either in the motives or the critical opinions of these pamphleteers. We give them credit for loving and honouring literature—one at least of their number is himself among the most distinguished men of letters now living among us. But none of them are so situated as to have been naturally led, of late years at least, to bestow much consideration on the weight of the claims which they have enabled grovelling spirits to baffle for a season. Mr. Macaulay's speech on the 5th of February last was, like all his speeches and writings, brilliant. He can never disguise his splendid gifts, to however unworthy offices he may occasionally lend them. But we have never read a declamation that left the questions really at issue more utterly untouched.

It is sufficiently clear that this eloquent member, when he delivered his speech, had never read Mr. Talfourd's bill; for one of his chief topics is the possible danger that, were copyrights protected beyond the author's lifetime, a valuable work might be arrested in what Milton calls *its* 'life beyond life,' through some aversion towards the doctrine or subject-matter of the work entertained by the family or other holders of the literary property in question: the fact being that in the Sergeant's bill there was included a clause distinctly providing for such a case, however unlikely to occur, and rendering it lawful for any man to reprint any work which should have been what is technically called *out of print* for a certain brief period—namely, five years. Mr. Macaulay ought surely to have understood the bill before he attacked it—but the omission was especially remarkable, inasmuch as the bill had been before the House during several years, and frequently discussed in Mr. Macaulay's hearing, though he never thought fit to take any part in the discussion, or signify his opinion one way or another, until on that final Friday night. This particular clause was not, we think, a sufficiently stringent one; Mr. Macaulay, with a very slender exertion of his ingenuity, might have pointed out how it could be rendered effective—but he had no right to treat the clause as a nonentity—as if Mr. Talfourd had

never

never seen that some such provision ought to be included in any bill on this subject. Had he made the fit preparation for entering on such a debate, in the doubly authoritative character of a cabinet minister and a distinguished literator, he would have given attention also to a certain document, which, though published anonymously in a provincial newspaper, at once affiliated itself on a most illustrious pen, and was of course a subject of conversation in most literary circles throughout the country. In this dignified and modest paper Mr. Macaulay, had he condescended to have read it, would have found every argument of his speech anticipated—we think conclusively answered.* But it was not answered by anticipation only. In the *Examiner*, shortly after it was delivered, a writer—of course of his own political party—but remote from the ignorant and interested *clique* by which the opposition to the bill was throughout stimulated and kept alive—a writer, whoever he be, of singular acuteness and dexterity, published a critique from which we must indulge ourselves in some quotations:—

‘It is impossible not to entertain a high respect for Mr. Macaulay’s talents, but their display has, on many occasions, been attended with evidences of a want of what we will venture to call logical honesty. A certain trickiness pervades his reasonings. His favourite mode of argument is to lay down some acknowledged truism—surrounding it with a profusion of illustrations and a copious variety of research, under which he insinuates fallacies unworthy of a schoolboy. He takes commonplace for his premises and paradox for his conclusions; and the richness of a fertile memory conceals the meagreness of a most defective logic.

‘Mr. Macaulay began by certain propositions on the subject of property, which, taken in one sense, mean everything most dangerous, and taken in the other mean everything most commonplace. He contended that, according to Paley, all property is created, not by an inherent right in itself, but by the common consent, for the public expediency. If we grant this as a dogma applicable to the *origin* of all property, it is a tyro’s commonplace. If we accept it as applicable to the *protection* of property, and hold that, because expediency has been the origin of property, therefore, whenever the legislature think it expedient, they may protect one kind of property and make the public a present of another, no Jacobin ever uttered a sentiment more monstrous. The law has already declared that all literary works are, *bond fide*, property for twenty-eight years; the question, therefore, never was whether they are property or not, but whether the protection should be extended for a longer period. To argue, by the general laws relating to property, that the term of protection should not be so extended, any man who pretended to the character of a reasoner should have shown what distinctions existed between this class of property and the various other classes which the law does protect. Mr. Macaulay never attempted to

* We shall append the important paper in question to this article.

do this. He was contented to reduce literary works to the origin of *all* property, and, having stated the origin, to get rid of the protection!

'Mr. Macaulay then proceeded to place his argument upon two propositions—1st, that the proposed boon of extending copyright for sixty years* after the author's death would be no boon to the author; 2dly, that it would entail a most onerous tax upon the public. Now, to support the first, Mr. Macaulay had recourse, as is usual with him and with all rhetoricians, to an illustration instead of an argument. And to what an illustration! "Why," said he, "would not Dr. Johnson have thanked the man who gave him two-pence to buy a plate of beef much more than the man who told him, that after he was dead, some bookseller would be enjoying his copyrights for sixty years?" Again we repeat, what an illustration! In the first place, Dr. Johnson had no children—not one for whose worldly interests he cared a rush—to better by the fruits of his labour; and, in the second place, Dr. Johnson had sold all his copyrights. As well might we argue against giving a man the power to bequeath his property in house and land, by instancing some bachelor spendthrift who has no children to care for, and who has sold both house and land twenty years ago! The question is, whether the extension will benefit the author who *has* children or relations to whom he can leave nothing else but the costly creations of his genius, and who, in that hope, has *refrained* from selling the heritage he can bequeath.'

We think Mr. Macaulay's reference to Dr. Johnson was unjust as well as ungraceful. He had no right to take him as he was in the early period which he so sadly mentions as 'my distress;' at which period, be it observed, Johnson had produced no works of lasting value except his 'Imitations of Juvenal,' and the 'Life of Savage,' to the well-known history of which last piece Mr. Macaulay's unfeeling allusion obviously belongs. But if he were to cite Dr. Johnson at all as to this subject, surely he ought not to have suppressed what was Dr. Johnson's own recorded opinion about it when it was the great topic of thought and discussion among all literary men as well as all lawyers and all statesmen—in 1773. 'Dr. Johnson,' says Boswell, 'was zealous against a perpetuity; but he thought the term of the exclusive right of authors should be considerably enlarged. He was for granting a *hundred years*.'†

But we must resume the *Examiner* :—

'The Sergeant had talked, two or three years ago, too sentimentally perhaps, of Milton's granddaughter in poverty and destitution, while the *Paradise Lost* was in every library. "See the refutation," cries Mr. Macaulay, "of your own argument! Copyright was then perpetual. The bookseller was prosecuting the pirate, and Milton's granddaughter was starving." Your pardon, Mr. Macaulay. You

* The ultimate proposition of Mr. Talfourd was for a period of *fifty years*. See his Speech of Feb. 5, 1841—the one to which Mr. Macaulay was replying.

† Boswell, vol. ii. p. 233 (Edit. 1835).

correct the illustration, but you do not touch the argument. Supposing Milton had *not* sold the copyright, the granddaughter would have been affluent; and Sergeant Talfourd might well have replied—"Had Milton been living now, under the operation of the existing law, my boon, carrying his property beyond the term for which he had sold the glory of ages, would have placed his children out of want." We think it right here to point out one part of the question, in which Mr. Macaulay and the other opponents of the measure have laboured under the grossest ignorance. Milton and Johnson sold their copyrights, and therefore it is argued that booksellers, not authors, would be enriched, if protection to copyright were extended. *We venture to say that at this time there are very few authors of eminence who do sell their copyrights, and whenever they have done so, ere reputation had given permanent value to their works, their first object is to re-purchase them.* To say, then, that the power of leaving to those in whose struggles with fortune they feel anxious, some income more or less derived from their own toils, would *not* be a boon to men of that genius whose works survive their dust; to say that it would not inspire many an effort in laborious life, and whisper comfort to many a great soul in the agony of the last farewell, is an assumption which Mr. Macaulay may well endeavour to conceal amidst the flowers and weeds of his rhetorical exuberance.'

It was unworthy of Mr. Macaulay to dwell on the case of Milton as the holder or seller of literary copyrights. Milton, indeed, at the close of his *Areopagitica*, expresses in a strong parenthesis his sense of the flagrant injustice of not respecting a man's right in his 'copy;' but we all know that in his day the readers of high poetry in the English tongue were so few, that no copyright in such poetry could be considered by any author a matter of direct pecuniary consequence. The production of such poetry might lead to worldly advancement in many ways. Milton's literary reputation obtained for him the notice of the Egertons and others in early life, and in middle life a high post under Cromwell. The idea of deriving any considerable emolument directly from the sale of his writings never entered his mind, any more than Virgil's, or Chaucer's, or Spenser's, or his immediate predecessor Shakspeare's. He was not in his old days, when 'Paradise Lost' was completed, so rich as to be above taking whatever a bookseller would give him for authority to publish it; but neither was he so abjectly poor that Simmons (his publisher's) 15*l.* in hand could have offered any inducement whatever for him to deprive his children of an ultimately profitable possession, could he have foreseen the extension of literary taste and curiosity developed within 1674, when he died, and—(to waive once more a perpetuity of 'interest')—1734 (fifteen years after the death of Addison), when, under Sergeant Talfourd's bill, the copyright of the English epic would have expired.

'But'—the *Examiner* proceeds—'this additional term of copyright will

will be a prodigious tax upon the public! To doubt this—to doubt that monopoly increases the price of the article, is to doubt that arsenic poisons! Softly, Mr. Macaulay. There is a law in political economy that precedes the one that you advance—viz.: *There is no enterprise in competition where there is no protection to property.* At this moment the works of many of the greatest writers in the language are both scarce and dear, nay, even uncollected, because, without the protection of a copyright, no bookseller will venture to print them. If, without copyright, works became cheap and plentiful, it would be easy, Mr. Macaulay, to prove your case. Have the goodness to name the great masters of our language whose works find good and cheap editions *because* there is no copyright. There are no cheap editions of Bacon, Locke, Cudworth, and Hobbes, our greatest philosophers; none of Raleigh and Browne; none of Swift, Steele, and Bolingbroke; none of Dryden; only very recently a cheap edition of Spenser. For centuries the works of the great Elizabethan dramatists (Shakspeare alone excepted) found no cheap editions. Talk of the want of copyright making books cheap! Why the first thing a bookseller does when he reprints a standard author is to *create* a copyright, which did not exist before.*

‘Works are cheap or dear, not in proportion as there is a copyright or not, but in proportion as they are more or less popular in their nature. Newton’s *Principia* is published, we believe, at about 4l. 4s.; Goldsmith’s poems may be had for a shilling. Why? because the sale of the *Principia* depends on a few, and the sale of a few copies must therefore suffice to remunerate; but Goldsmith is read by the many, and to the many therefore the bookseller adapts the price. So little has copyright to do with the question of high or low price, that if we take two writers equally voluminous and of the same class in literature, viz., Dryden and Byron—we find that we cannot buy the only good edition of Dryden under nine or ten guineas, and we may buy an excellent edition of Byron for 1l.’

The *Examiner* proceeds to the member for Edinburgh’s third argument—that about the danger of a man’s heirs disliking his book, and endeavouring to suppress it. Mr. Macaulay alleged that Richardson’s son would have deprived us of ‘*Clarissa Harlowe*,’ and that Boswell’s heir would have suppressed the ‘*Life of Johnson*.’ The *Examiner* replies:—

‘An author is sufficiently sensitive on the subject of his works, and sufficiently keen in his desire for fame, to take very good care to whom he bequeaths the property of his reputation. The vain, prim, penetrating Richardson would very easily have seen whether or not his son valued or disapproved his novels, and would have bequeathed them accordingly. James Boswell was far too alive to his own consequence to have permitted a single doubt on the mind of the inheritor of his delightful book, as to its future publication. Where the son, therefore, wounds the author in his most sensitive point (and in the intimacy of near relationship the disposition could scarcely be concealed), we think that the practical result would be, not that the world

* That is to say, by employing some skilful and learned editor, whose preface and annotations shall, in fact, give the new edition the character and value of a new book.
would

would lose the book, but that the son would lose the legacy. On the other hand, it must be observed, that where one man would be indifferent to his father's fame, a thousand would be zealous for it. If the law imposed on the descendant the *moral obligation* of attending to the memory of the progenitor, we believe that his natural and chief anxiety would be to give to the public a much better, and certainly a much cheaper edition, than a bookseller would be inclined to do in the mere avarice of speculation, and with the uncertainty of adequate protection for the capital he is to risk.'—*Examiner*, Feb. 28, 1841.

If it were worth while to dwell further upon the particular cases adduced by Mr. Macaulay, we could easily show that he spoke on gross misinformation concerning them. The grandson (not son) of Richardson to whom he alludes, was the Rev. Samuel Crowther, vicar of Christ Church, in London, a most worthy man, and of some note as what is called 'an evangelical preacher.' In a note to his funeral sermon, his friend Daniel Wilson (now the exemplary Bishop of Calcutta) made the statement on which alone Mr. Macaulay had to rely—it is in these words:—'Mr. C. once said, in a humorous way, I am an unworthy grandson never to have read those celebrated works.' Does it follow that Mr. Crowther would have suppressed them without first reading them, or that, if he had read them, he would have been willing to suppress them at all? But he was only one of several sons of one of Richardson's daughters: other daughters also left sons; and even Mr. Crowther's own brother, the surgeon of Bethlehem Hospital, was a man of habits and tastes totally different from his. In no case, therefore, could the Rev. Vicar have had the power to keep back a new edition of the *Clarissa* even for a single year.

The orator was equally in the dark about Boswell's family. He depends, we presume, on a very striking and beautiful passage in Mr. Croker's Preface to the 'Life of Johnson,' viz:—

'Mr. Boswell's father was, we are told, by no means satisfied with the life he led, nor his eldest son with the kind of reputation he attained: neither liked to hear of his connexion even with Paoli or Johnson; and both would have been better pleased if he had contented himself with a domestic life of sober respectability.'

'The public, however, the dispenser of fame, has judged differently, and considers the biographer of Johnson as the most eminent part of the family pedigree. With less activity, less indiscretion, less curiosity, less enthusiasm, he might, perhaps, have been what the old lord would, no doubt, have thought more respectable; and have been pictured on the walls of Auchinleck (the very name of which we never should have heard) by some stiff, provincial painter, in a lawyer's wig, or a squire's hunting cap; but his portrait, by Reynolds, would not have been ten times engraved; his name could never have become—as it is likely to be—as far spread and as lasting as the English language; and "the world had wanted" a work to which it refers as a manual of amusement,

ment, a repository of wit, wisdom, and morals, and a lively and faithful history of the manners and literature of England, during a period hardly second in brilliancy, and superior in importance, even to the Augustan age of Anne.'—Pref. vol. i. pp. xiv. xv.

Now every reader of Scott knows that the ancient judge of the Court of Session *had* the feeling here commented upon: but we beg leave to remain extremely doubtful as to Sir Alexander Boswell's share in the tradition. Those who are aware of certain facts in the history of Mr. Boswell and his family, of date long subsequent to his connexion with Johnson, cannot need to be informed that his son might very well have wished that, instead of embracing a gay and chequered London career, he had 'contented himself with a domestic life of sober respectability.' It was, we are persuaded, only because the connexion with Johnson was what first knit Boswell to London habits, that Sir Alexander could ever have thought or spoken of that connexion with regret. The author of '*the Justiciary Garland*' had not one jot of the old-fashioned Hidalgo prejudices of his grandfather; but he was an eminently decorous gentleman in his own domestic habits and relations—besides being a very clever, a very accomplished man, a man whose own personal ambition was literary. His father's *faults* and their issues were known to him, and he could not but lament them;—but what reason is there to suppose that he would, if he could, have suppressed the most delightful book in the world, which had given his father a high place in the roll of English authors, merely because that work contained plentiful illustrations of what he might consider as a *foible*, when he could never have had the slightest power to suppress the collateral records of Johnson's life by Hawkins and Piozzi, in which that weakness, if such it were, is blazoned abroad, without any compensating proof or acknowledgment of the man's remarkable talents and the many sterling virtues of his original character? But Sir Alexander had a brother—James, the editor of Shakspeare—a London diner-out, a wit, a man of clubs and jokes and literary gossip by profession. James the younger owed his start and much of his standing in London society to nothing else but his being the son of Johnson's Boswell. He was an easy-going bachelor of the Temple—he worshipped his father's memory—would he have concurred in extinguishing the source and monument of his father's fame? But how extinguish it?—What hope of doing so?—Mr. Boswell's melancholy and deplorable death was in 1795—his sons were children at the time of his death—he left Malone his literary executor, and the book had been reprinted over and over again long before Malone died. Unless both sons had been idiots, they must have seen that any hinderance of the circulation of
the

the book after it came into their hands could serve no purpose but to excite new curiosity about its contents, and cover themselves with ridicule and contempt. We think it much more probable that, if these gentlemen had had the control of their father's book, we should have received an embellished edition of it from that private press which in the days when we enjoyed the late baronet's acquaintance formed the chief amusement of Auchinleck.

Mr. Macaulay, however, takes good care to destroy his own argument, for, after expatiating on the danger of wilful suppression, he goes on to declare his conviction that the extension of copyright must tempt on a vast extension of piracy. Well—in what cases would the temptation to piracy be the strongest? Piracy of books is checked by nothing but the consent of honourable traders not to sell piratical copies. But for this, every author or other proprietor of a book must keep a regiment of spies—an indefatigable ambulating army of policemen in his own pay. But who dreams that the body of retail booksellers would act in combination all over the country to protect a right which they all knew to be kept wilfully in *waste*? The old firm of Curl and Co. would have been very alert in baffling the suppression of *Bozzy*, and 'Our Fathers of the Row' would have cast a broad shield over the for once well-employed outlyers of *the Trade*.

When Sir Edward Sugden alarmed the House by his predictions of the numberless intricate lawsuits that must needs follow, were the protection of property in a book extended to the author's family—it appears to us, with profound submission, that he was arguing against perpetuity of copyright. We do not believe that the argument ought to have had much weight even with reference to that *imaginary* proposition; but we are at a loss to understand how Sir Edward could suppose it to be at all applicable to a proposal for protection during such a period of years as is sanctioned by the French or by the Prussian statute, or even as had been recommended by Mr. Talfourd and M. Guizot.

We are not going to speculate about the causes of the fact—but a fact it is—that men distinguished for extraordinary intellectual power of any sort very rarely leave more than a very brief line of progeny behind them. Men of *genius* have scarcely ever done so. Men of *imaginative genius* we might almost say *never*. With the one exception of the noble SURREY, we cannot at this moment point out a representative in the male line, even so far down as in the third generation, of any English poet; and we believe the case is the same in France. The blood of beings of that order can seldom be traced far down, even in the female line. With the exceptions of Surrey and SPENSER, we are not aware of any great English author of at all remote date from
whose

whose body any living person claims to be descended. There is no other real English *poet* prior to the middle of the eighteenth century, and, we believe, no great author of any sort—except Clarendon and Shaftesbury—of whose blood we have any inheritance among us. Chaucer's only son died childless. Shakespeare's line expired in his only daughter's only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age left any progeny—nor Raleigh nor Bacon—nor Cowley nor Butler. The grand-daughter of Milton so often alluded to in this controversy was the last of his blood. Dryden's three sons all died childless. Newton—Locke—Pope—Swift—Arbuthnot—Hume—Gibbon—Cowper—Gray—Walpole—Cavendish—and we might greatly extend the list—never married. Neither Bolingbroke, nor Addison, nor Warburton, nor Johnson, nor Burke, transmitted their blood. Monsieur Renouard's last argument against a *perpetuity* in literary property is (vol. i. p. 449) that it would be founding another *noblesse*. Neither jealous Aristocracy nor envious Jacobinism need be under much alarm. When a human race has produced its 'bright consummate flower' in this kind, it seems commonly to be near its end.

But to return to Mr. Macaulay. A man may declaim about the evils and dangers of *monopoly*, until, as the Rev. Sidney Smith expressed it, 'he stands plashing in the slop of his own rhetoric.' There was no justice in branding the author's original claim as a claim of monopoly—but that claim has been set aside, and the author acquiesces. He says:—you have settled that I shall not have a perpetual interest in the fruit of my labour, but that I shall have as much profit from it as will not interfere with the interest of the public. Now the interest of the public is to have good books first, and then to have the good books cheap. And it is for you to show, not that by restricting authors' rights to the narrowest possible limit the public will have cheap books, but that they will get books that shall be both good and cheap.

Now we must beg leave to observe, that our supply of good and cheap books *has* hitherto, down to a very recent day indeed, been mainly the result of a real monopoly—or something in practice very like one; though a monopoly which did not in any case exist for the *direct* benefit of any individual author or author's descendants whatsoever. We have had good and cheap Bibles—that was a complete monopoly. We have had good and cheap editions of the ancient classics, chiefly because the universities have supplied them, and they enjoy by law a perpetual monopoly in editions prepared and printed under their auspices,* and indeed in all copyrights bequeathed to or

anyhow

* We do not wish to enlarge upon a fact which, if the decision of 1774 was just, must

anyhow acquired by them. We have also had good and cheap editions of our own old English classics, mainly and chiefly because, though the monopoly of them was abolished by law, the *custom of the trade* came in lieu of the privilege. Till very lately, whenever the works of any great old English author began to be scarce in the market, some half a dozen eminent publishers met, and agreed to take on themselves conjointly, in shares, the risk and cost of a new edition. From their command of capital and the extent of their combined connexions throughout the retail trade of the provinces, they could venture to undertake what, in the existing state of the law, no one house, however respectable, could have dreamt of—because no single firm could have been sure that some equally powerful rival would not be in the field on the same day or the next. Moreover, it is a fact highly honourable to the booksellers as a body of traders, that they were very slow to avail themselves, as against each other, of the legal decision of 1774. A strong feeling remained that the man who had run the hazards of a publication should not be early or rashly interfered with in the commercial management of his volumes. We have often seen this customary sort of *monopoly* grossly exaggerated as to the extent of its operation; it was never an unquestioned thing, and it was every now and then broken in upon; but a more frequent complaint, and (however hard particular cases might appear) a far more groundless one, was that it operated injuriously towards the class of authors. Sometimes, without doubt, the degree of advantage thus retained for a publisher's estate appeared to contrast painfully with the condition of an author, or the immediate descendants of an author, who had, from want of foresight or under pressure of poverty, disposed of his work before the value of even its legal copyright—of perhaps only fourteen years' duration—had been at all comprehended or suspected by either himself or his publisher.* But in general the

must be pronounced disgraceful to the legislature; but Oxford, Cambridge, and even Eton, &c., had influence enough to get all this secured to them by a special statute the year after the House of Lords put an end to the perpetuity claim of authors as to their own books! In 1775 parliament renewed to these powerful and wealthy corporations what it had in 1774 for ever abolished as to individual writers and their natural heirs or ordinary assignees. The Scotch universities on their part had exemptions from various taxes, on paper, &c., which gave them a practical perpetuity of copyright also, or advantages very nearly equivalent.

* It is stated, for example, in a MS. 'Essay on the Copyright Question,' by John Smith, LL.D., the head of a very respectable old bookselling house in Glasgow, that at the sale of Mr. Creech's literary property in Edinburgh, in 1816—that is, twenty years after Burns's death, and consequently six years after, as the law then stood, there could have been any copyright in the last fragment of his poetry, the *customary copyright* of Burns's works was sold for exactly 4160*l.*; and certainly this must seem remarkable, when, as we all know, the poet himself never received more than at the utmost 900*l.* for all his literary labours. Since we have alluded to Dr. Smith, we may observe that

the effect of this sort of understanding among the respectable part of the bookselling body was favourable both to the public and to the really meritorious author. The result of it was, that the publisher of a *good* book might fairly calculate on having a longer interest in it than the mere letter of the law guaranteed; it seemed therefore *safe* for him to print it in a careful manner, employing men of education to look after the text—and it was his obvious interest to sell it cheap, because much more money comes of a large sale of a cheap book than a small sale of a dear one. But it was also a natural result of the system, that when a man had produced one book which the world pronounced to be good, his publisher would deal with him on superior terms as to subsequent undertakings. In other words, most good authors were to a certain extent partakers virtually in the beneficiary effect of this customary prolongation of copyrights; and *all* might hope to be so.

But this whole system has of late been disturbed to its foundation. The enormous increased facility of printing through the introduction of steam-power, and the enormous increased appetite for reading, have come together, and acted and re-acted on each

that he was the first of his profession who petitioned the Commons in favour of Mr. Talfourd's bill; and his petition was alluded to with high praise by one whose praise is worth something—Lord Mahon. We extract part of it:—

'That your petitioner has for upwards of thirty years past exercised the profession of publisher and bookseller in this city, which profession had previously been carried on by his grandfather and father in the said city since the year 1751.—That the question of copyright consequently became frequently the subject of consideration to your petitioner, and that about twenty years ago he wrote an Essay claiming for authors *the perpetuity* of their own copyright, the argument of which was founded upon the established principles of law, equity, and reason.—That your petitioner has obtained estate and competence by the sale of books published or sold by him, which property he has a right to entail or give in legacy for the benefit of his heirs, while the parties who have produced the works that have enriched him have no interest for their heirs by the present law of copyright in the property which they have solely constituted.—That in many instances the limitation of the period of copyright by the present law deprives authors of distinguished talent and learning of adequate remuneration for works on which they exhausted their time and intellect, and by which they essentially promoted the virtue and happiness of mankind.—That the reserve of copyright to authors who have survived the term of sale allowed by the present law has been highly beneficial to said authors, and ought equally to have been participated in by the heirs of authors who pre-deceased previous to the expiry of the period limited by the Act.—That if authors or their descendants were entitled to grant leases of their copyrights, it would be the interest of the lessee to provide accurate copies, and at prices adapted to the circumstances of all publishers.—That your petitioner craves that a clause may be inserted in the Bill before your Honourable House, providing that no author can dispose of copyright at any one time for a longer period than twenty-one years, at the expiry of which period the copyright to revert to the author or his family.—That *the present acknowledgment of works that were long neglected* supports the propriety and equity of such a limitation.—That your petitioner is decidedly of opinion that the cultivation of the national literature would be cherished and strengthened by the proposed extension of the term of copyright.'

We do not at all adopt Dr. Smith's plan; but it is very agreeable to have to point to such a paper as coming, not from an author by profession, but a bookseller of large experience.

other

other to such an extent that already, after the lapse of but a few years, we cannot be blind to the near consummation of the inevitable revolution. The aggressive spirit of the age is visible everywhere—nowhere more than here. When so many privileges, possessing all the sanction of law, were exposed to hourly attacks—so many overthrown at once, or after brief resistance—so many more reduced to a conscious imbecility and tottering uneasiness—what chance was there for a mere tenure of conventional usage to stand its ground in the face of such potent temptations?

Accordingly, the leading publishers of the kingdom, as soon as the real objects of Mr. Talfourd's movement were understood by them, petitioned, we believe without exception, in favour of his bill. They perceived plainly that unless some change were made in the law, it could no longer be for their interest to risk their capital in great undertakings; and they saw—on we may be sure very ample reflection—no plan so feasible for prolonging their interest in adventures of that high class as the enactment of a law which should entitle the author to an assured prolongation of the usufruct of his work.

They probably were not very sanguine in their anticipations of the result of their petitions. They probably feared that the tide was turned against high original literature, and that their reclamations would be even less attended to than those of the author of 'Ion' and his brethren. Nor were they mistaken!

Already they are found in all directions preparing against the storm, by turning their immediate superior command of resources to the production of those cheap books, those *books for the people*, by which alone, as they well see, the gain is henceforth to be realized—*unless* the law be remodelled as respects this department of business. Amidst this tumultuous rush to meet this universal demand for cheapness first, cheapness middle, cheapness last—to what quarter shall we look for the determination to conduct a publishing business on that sort of footing which shall be serviceable to the carrying on and sustaining of the great labour of intellect? It seems to us very doubtful that the supply of good accurate editions of old books, unless in some comparatively rare cases, can be maintained. Look at the reprints of the American press—or the Belgian pirates—and say, on what grounds we are to expect a succession of better things *here* when the conventional system of protection for old copies shall have been utterly destroyed. But, at any rate, what has hitherto been a principal, though not legally fortified, motive in the undertaking of such new publications as cannot be expected to gratify public appetite on the instant, so as to excite a vast demand and bring a large immediate incoming of money—that will be no more. As

to what classes of new books are we to look for eagerness on the part of booksellers, except those which shall either promise a prodigious immediate demand on the part of the public, or infer but a very small demand on the part of the author?

There could be no chance for success in any attempt to procure for the publishers, as a separate class, a legal substitute for the customary protection that has received its death-blow. We do not see how, as regards the *period* of protection, they can be placed in a position more favourable to the great national interests at stake, otherwise than through and in the author; whose natural claim has in it a strength acknowledged of all candid men. In what precise manner the author's, and through him the bookseller's, interest might best be extended or increased, it is not our business to decide. We have the examples of France and Prussia before us, and we may at least say that no other plan has as yet been suggested here, of which M. Renouard's treatise does not furnish abundant proof that it had been proposed, and explained, and very leisurely considered in both those countries before they formed their actual codes.*

There is a party in France, in whose favour the eminent bookseller Bossange has written and published a pamphlet, according to whom the true wisdom would be to make the control over the press terminate with the author's life, but give his heir a right to be paid by any house that chose to print the book thereafter a per centage on the profits of their edition. During what number of years this right should be protected, they do not seem to be agreed. Such a right *for ever* was, as we have seen, the principle under the old Prussian law. It was found extremely difficult to enforce even in that country, where the printers were few in comparison with ours, and all obliged to be (as is still the case even in France) registered and licensed. We are at a loss to conjecture how it could be rendered of practical avail here in the case of any book possessing remarkable attractions; surely, in such cases, the competitors would crush each other to nothing in the squeeze. But our readers may be willing to see how this question is disposed of by the principal French authority:—

‘Examinons les inconvéniens inhérens au mode de redevance considéré en lui-même.

* We have already expressed a hope that whoever undertakes the drawing of a new Literary Property Bill may study the Prussian code in all its details. It includes provisions which seem to answer most completely all the hackneyed objections about impeding the manufacture and improvement of school-books, books of extract, &c. &c. Perhaps some of the regulations on these heads might seem at first sight too *liberal*; but we are assured that in practice they are found to work well, and though we need not adopt one of them literally, without careful consideration, we believe their tenor in general would afford a valuable guidance.

‘Ce qui le rend inadmissible, c’est l’impossibilité d’une fixation régulière, et l’excessive difficulté de la perception.

‘Peut-être, à force de soins, surmonterait-on les obstacles à la perception ; mais, quant à la fixation de la redevance, le règlement en est impossible.

‘Cette fixation ne peut dépendre ni de la volonté arbitraire de l’auteur, ni de l’évaluation que jugerait à propos de faire toute personne qui voudrait user du droit de copie. S’en rapporter à l’appréciation du débiteur de la redevance est une absurdité manifeste ; mais il serait absurde, au même degré, de s’en remettre au prix que demanderait l’auteur. Que serait-ce, en effet, autre chose que de lui conférer le privilège d’exploitation ? Il vaudrait mieux mille fois lui attribuer franchement le monopole sur son ouvrage que d’arriver au même résultat par cette voie détournée.

‘Demanderait-on à la loi de déterminer une redevance fixe ? mais quoi de plus injuste qu’une mesure fixe, rendue commune à des objets essentiellement inégaux ? Prendrait-on pour base le nombre des exemplaires, l’étendue du volume, son prix de vente ? mais il est des ouvrages dont cent ou cinq cents, ou mille exemplaires suffiront à jamais à la consommation, tandis que d’autres se débitent par dix et cent mille : mais l’étendue du volume varie avec tous les caprices de la fabrication : mais le prix est plus variable encore. Sans parler des hausses et des baisses dont personne n’est maître, sans parler de l’extrême facilité des fictions dans les prix, et de l’impossibilité de les constater, ne sait-on pas que l’on fabrique des *Télémaque* à vingt sous, et d’autres, qui ne seront pas trop chers à cent ou deux cents francs ? Avec le texte qui ne varie point, il faut parler du papier, des caractères d’impression, des soins typographiques, des ornemens accessoires de gravure ou autres, objets tous variables à l’infini. Si votre redevance a pour base une valeur proportionnelle, chaque *Télémaque* de deux cents francs produira, pour le seul droit de copie, plus que ne vaudra, dans l’autre édition, chaque exemplaire tout fabriqué ; et cependant ce sera toujours le même texte qui n’aura pas plus de valeur intrinsèque dans un cas que dans l’autre.

‘Resterait un dernier mode de fixation ; il consisterait, en cas de désaccord entre le débiteur de la redevance et l’auteur, dans un règlement par experts, variable suivant les circonstances. Mais qui ne voit tous les frais, tous les délais, tous les procès auxquels chaque affaire donnerait lieu, pour n’être, la plupart du temps, que très capricieusement décidée ?—*Renouard*, vol. i. pp. 464, 465.

Lord Howick, in the course of one of the debates, alluded to M. Bossange’s plan as worthy of consideration. He did not appear to have at all made up his mind, however, on the subject : except that ‘no doubt *some alteration* is necessary ; no doubt, under the existing statutes, too much advantage is given to the authors of ephemeral productions, over those whose works require deep research and deep thought.’*

Sir John, now Lord Campbell, was of the same opinion with

* *Mirror of Parliament* for Feb. 4, 1840.

Lord Howick, and Mr. Buller, and almost all the educated Whigs who spoke, that *something must be done*; but, as might not unnaturally occur with an attorney-general, he was for leaving the law as it stands, only giving the Privy Council the power to extend the author's privilege, as they now can a patentee's, on special cause of grievance and hardship shown. Our objections to this are many. For one thing, we are far from sure that the Privy Council, notwithstanding the splendid elements that body includes, could supply a proper regularly-working tribunal; secondly, there would always be a suspicion that government or party favour had intervened; and, thirdly, not to go any farther, why should any author be called on to present himself as, in his own opinion, entitled to a special measure of protection? The more clear his deserts, the more would be his reluctance to stand in that invidious attitude before those claiming to be his peers. In fact, we strongly suspect that this, like another scheme which some of the Radical pamphleteers are so generous as to propose, that of a new *Academy*, with settled pensions for different classes of merit, would end in a nest of jobs. These seem to be about the worst shapes in which the old plan of patronage could be attempted to be revived.

It is something, however, to have such persons as these, high and low, on our side, in allowing that there is a clear necessity for doing something which shall hold out higher inducements to the undertaking of really high and noble tasks in science and in literature. If nothing be done, it is pretty obvious that one result, not likely to be contemplated with particular satisfaction by the democratical levelling spirit of our times, must ensue. Mr. Macaulay serenely tells us, that 'we cannot look for literature to the rich and noble. The desire of distinction may prompt to labour, but generally, in a country with institutions like ours, this desire among men born to wealth and station takes a political direction.' We have always had, and we certainly have now, a fair proportion of our supply from the most fortunate classes of society; but Mr. Macaulay states the general fact accurately. Unless *something be done*, however, we shall have none to look to but the first-born of the Egyptians. Literary and scientific eminence must become a prize reserved for the exclusive ambition of the rich. No able man, who has not inherited the means of pecuniary independence, will devote himself to any work involving the necessity of much costly preparation of any sort, and then much time in the execution. The already sufficiently developed tendency will become, year after year, more marked in its effects. The great stream will be lost in a delta of ditches; and that would be a disgrace which all the bleaching agents in Manchester could never wipe out.

We have declined offering any scheme for a new bill as to the extension of copyright: but we are clearly of opinion that nothing can be done that would really promote the interest of good authors, unless it should also directly tend to keep up the character of our publishing trade. And we may here say a word on another *novelty* most injurious to this honourable profession—the publishers who still do produce books of their own, and limit not their views to the watch of expiring copyrights; and this is a grievance which exists only in the non-enforcement of the existing law—we mean the constant introduction of foreign impressions of English works still under statutory protection. The same evil operates elsewhere—the French booksellers are robbed in this way by the pirates of Belgium and Switzerland to a prodigious extent; and, we are sorry to say, we have looked in vain for any contradiction of a statement which lately ran the round of the European journals, to the effect that King Leopold had in his own royal person urged on the thieves of his Brussels press the wisdom and propriety of extending their field of industry by laying the holders of German copyrights also under systematic contribution to their respectable exchequer. The sea renders our protection against smuggling generally more easy than can be hoped for in the case of countries having a long conterminous line of frontier; but the Custom-house allows every English traveller from the Continent to bring home with him one copy, for his personal use, of each of as many foreign-printed English books as he chooses; and this opens the door for illicit importation on a scale which does interfere very seriously already, and must do so more and more every year, with the just profit of the English author and publisher. Before a new book by an author of any considerable reputation in the lighter branches, or of really high and established name in any department, has been on the London counter for a week, it is reprinted at Brussels and Paris—badly and inaccurately, but very cheaply—and in a month every meretricious little lounging-place called a *Library* in our coast-towns, and by and by all over the interior, can be supplied with as many copies of the pirate's volumes as there is any demand for among such customers as theirs. The London publishers find it impossible to resist effectually this continual invasion of their rights; in fact, they have of late abandoned all thought of resistance, and such is the audacity inspired by the experience of impunity, that if our reader will refer to the catalogues stitched up with the number of 'Bentley's Miscellany' for this month, he will see very modern English books openly advertised for sale, with the inviting blazon of '*French Impression*.'

But even this is a mere trifle compared with the effects of custom-house

tom-house negligence about pirate-books imported into the British dependencies abroad. It is a fact well known to every English publisher, that no matter what he pays for his copyright—no matter how carefully he has his book printed—no matter how reasonable the price he asks for it—he has no chance of drawing any profit from the sale of his book in the vast market of our colonial empire. The East and West Indies are wholly supplied by the pirates of the United States. A new English book is necessarily dearer than a new French, Belgian, or American one—even laying payment for authorship out of the question—by reason of the higher rate of wages enjoyed by English paper-makers, printers of every class, and binders—and also of the greatly heavier duties imposed here on every article which enters into the material fabric of the book. But, though every care is taken about levying these heavy taxes on the publisher's manufacture, no care at all has been taken about securing him in the profits which ought to be the recompense of his enterprise. Every complaint is met by a solemn shrug, and something about 'practical difficulty.' We venture to say, that if the Government would name a commission, consisting of half-a-dozen experienced booksellers and as many shrewd lawyers, there would be no practical difficulty in obtaining the details of a regulation that would effectually stop this disgraceful mischief.

We shall not at present enter upon a very interesting question closely connected with all the main topics of this paper—the possibility of a general agreement for the *international* protection of copyrights. This large and important theme must be reserved.

. We now invite the reader's attention to the anonymous letter which we alluded to (p. 209) when about to notice Mr. Macaulay's speech of Feb. 5, 1841. We felt that these observations ought to be considered apart from anything of ours.

' To the Editor of the Kendal Mercury.

' 12th April, 1838.

' Sir,—Having read in your paper of the 7th instant a petition against Sergeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill from the compositors, pressmen, and others employed in the town of Kendal, to be presented to the House of Commons by the representative of that place, I am induced to make a few remarks upon the same, in which I shall endeavour to be brief.

' In the first clause the petitioners declare "that they view with alarm and regret the measure to repeal the existing law, and to substitute a law highly injurious to the interests of the community, the literature

nature of the country, and more particularly to the interests of the petitioners."

The effect of the extension of copyright proposed in Sergeant Taft's bill would, according to the words of the petitioners, be to render works having that privilege "a mere dead letter, or confine them to the hands of the wealthy, and could not be productive of any real advantage to the authors."

If certainties and probabilities be looked at with more discernment than is shown by these petitioners, it will be found that a book for which there is a great demand would be sure of being supplied to the public under any circumstances; but a good book for which there might be a continued demand, though not a large one, would be much more sure of not becoming a "dead letter," if the proposed law were enacted than if it were not. It is well known among the intelligent that the non-existence of copyright for English authors in America is a great hindrance to the republication of standard works. The speculation being left open to unlimited competition, publishers do not risk their capital, fearing that some one may afford to undersell them by sending forth the work incorrectly and meanly executed; and thus they who wish to be possessed of standard works are in many cases disappointed. So much for valuable works becoming, through the proposed bill, a "dead letter."

Further, it is well known that readers in the humbler ranks of society are multiplying most rapidly. Is it then to be supposed that the possessors of copyright would be blind to this fact, and, when a work was in course of becoming an object of request to the people at large, would be so unmindful of their own interests as not to supply a widely-increasing demand at a reduced price? Besides, as long as the privilege remained in the hands of the author's children or descendants, who can doubt that they would be peculiarly prompted to extend the circulation of his works, not merely for their own pecuniary advantage, but out of respect or reverence for his memory, and to fulfil what could not but be presumed to be his wish?

In the next clause it is asserted "that the profits enjoyed by literary men of the present day are of the most ample description; as, under the present laws regulating literary property, authors of ordinary talent have acquired both fame and opulence." The petitioners, if they had looked with care no further than their own neighbourhood, could not have made this unqualified assertion. The late Mr. Coleridge resided many years among the Lakes, where his son now resides. It will hardly be disputed that the father was a man of first-rate genius and attainments. Fame, indeed, he acquired, but not till many years after he deserved it; but as to his opulence, if the income tax had continued till the day of his death, the collectors of it would have had a sorry recompense for the trouble of calling upon him for his return. His son, whose powers and knowledge are the admiration of all who know him, though not inclined perhaps to dispute that gold may have abounded in the sands of Pactolus, will have no hesitation in affirming that, if he were to judge from his own experience only, the waters of Helicon can

make no such boast. Has even Mr. Southey, a most laborious writer and one of high distinction, attained "opulence" by his works, or anything like it? Yet much the greatest part of these works would become public property instantly upon the death of the author, or within less than half-a-dozen years. And what, *till very lately*, have been the gains of another author who was born, educated, and has grown old in the neighbourhood of the petitioners? The humblest of the band would blush to hear them enumerated. I forbear to speak of other highly-distinguished authors who have honoured, or do honour, this beautiful country by choosing it for their residence. Not one of them but is too highminded to repine; but the sense of justice is, I doubt not, sufficiently strong in them all to make them resent the denial to their posterity or their heirs of that moderate compensation which a rational view of their interests would lead them to aim at, and which the public might be ready to bestow.

But the next clause of the petition implies that it would be unreasonable and unjust for authors to look for such posthumous remuneration, the words running thus:—"that every book, after its author has received from the public an equitable remuneration, becomes the property of the public, who, by affording such remuneration, have purchased it." An *equitable* remuneration. Here is the Gordian knot of the question, which the petitioners cut without ceremony. A more than adequate remuneration comes in the course of a season to thousands of works intended only for the season. But can the profits of one season, or ten seasons, or twenty-eight (the utmost term now allowed by law, unless when the author is still alive), be justly deemed a sufficient return for two works (I still confine myself to the productions of this neighbourhood) by Mr. Southey—his "Life of Nelson" and his "Book of the Church?" They are both of interest, eminently national: the one will animate our youth to heroic enterprise, strengthen their patriotism, and tend to form and fix their principles, as long as the English navy shall endure; and the other maintain an enlightened attachment to the Church of England, as long as Providence shall allow it to exist.

Another clause asserts "that the proposed law would, if carried into effect, destroy all those useful and hitherto-considered necessary compilations for the instruction of the young, which have been so eminently useful in exciting in the youthful mind a taste for literature and science." Now, so far from there being just reason for apprehending this consequence, the direct contrary would ensue, inasmuch as, by extending the term of copyright, authors would be under less temptation to prevent copious extracts being made from their works. For even supposing, which we are not warranted to do, that they would deem it injurious to their interests during their lifetime, they would be more willing to put up with the loss, if the law allowed it to be possible, at least for their children or grandchildren to derive an equivalent from their labours, when they themselves shall be no more.

Still confining our views to this neighbourhood, what is the fact? There is lying before me a book entitled "Gleanings in Poetry," the preface to which compilation is signed "Richard Batt," and dated "Friends' School,

School, Lancaster." This book extends with its notes to 612 pages, of which 25 are from the poems of Mr. Wordsworth. Did Mr. Wordsworth ever complain of these extracts, which were made without application for his consent? Or did any other writer, from whom copious extracts are taken, utter such a complaint? Again—there was lately published by Mr. Housman, of Lune Bank, near Lancaster, a Collection of Sonnets, from different authors, filling 300 pages, of which pages not less than 57 are from the same author. Did Mr. Wordsworth complain of this liberty being taken? On the contrary, when the editor informed Mr. Wordsworth that the publisher of his works had threatened him with an application to the Court of Chancery for an injunction, Mr. Wordsworth's immediate reply was that he found no fault whatever, and the thing was dropped. Now, the petitioners might have known this, for the fact was published in your paper at the time it happened, probably by the editor or some of his friends; and what is thus true of one individual, it may be confidently affirmed, would have been equally so, if a like liberty had been taken with the works of any other distinguished author, who resides, or has resided in this neighbourhood.

To conclude. The objections against the proposed bill rest upon the presumption that it would tend to check the circulation of literature, and by so doing would prove injurious to the public. Strong reasons have been given above for believing that these fears are groundless, and that such an extension of copyright would cause the reprinting of many good works, which otherwise, to give back the petitioners their own words, would nearly remain a "dead letter." But what we want in these times, and are likely to want still more, is not the circulation of books, but of good books, and above all, the production of works, the authors of which look beyond the passing day, and are desirous of pleasing and instructing future generations. Now there cannot be a question that the proposed bill would greatly strengthen such desire. A conscientious author, who had a family to maintain, and a prospect of descendants, would regard the additional labour bestowed upon any considerable work he might have in hand, in the light of an insurance of money upon his own life for the benefit of his issue; and he would be animated in his efforts accordingly, and would cheerfully undergo present privations for such future recompense. Deny it to him, and you unfeelingly leave a weight upon his spirits, which must deaden his exertions; or you force him to turn his faculties (unless he is unjust to those whom both nature and law require that he should provide for) to inferior employments. And lastly, you violate a fundamental right, by leaving that species of property which has the highest claim to protection, with the least share of it; for as to the analogy, which has been elsewhere much dwelt upon, between literary property and mechanical inventions and chemical discoveries, it is, as might be shown in a few words, altogether fallacious.

'I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

'A. B.'

ART. VII.—1. *Report from the Select Committee on British Channel Fisheries; with Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.* 1833.

2. *A Treatise on the Management of Fresh-water Fish, with a View to making them a Source of Profit to Landed Proprietors.* By Gottlieb Boccus. London. 8vo. 1841.

BUTCHERS' MEAT has risen of late considerably in price, and it is still rising. Housekeepers are now paying 9d. or 10d. a pound, where last year they paid 6d. or 7d. The Scotch and Irish steam-vessels unremittingly pour their living freight upon the banks of the Thames in addition to the contributions that the railroads are constantly dispatching to the London shambles; yet the gigantic metropolis has stomach for them all; and, like Vathek's 'Giaour,' incessantly mutters 'more—more!'—In truth, were it not for the supplies that steam regularly contributes in aid of those which formerly fed the great city, its flesh-markets, now that it is grown greater than the greatest, would, so to speak, not be furnished at all; and as it is, the poor people do not think of meat as they did two or three years ago. This is a bad state of things; and in looking for a remedy we naturally turn first to the ocean which embraces our isles; there, indeed, is

'A harvest ripe for the gathering at every time of the year, without the labour of tillage, without the expense of seed or manure, without the payment of rent or taxes. Every acre of those seas is far more productive of wholesome, palatable, and nutritious food than the same quantity of the richest land; they are fields which, perpetually "white to harvest," require only the labourer's willing hand to reap that never-failing crop which the bounty of Providence has kindly bestowed. Had it not been ascertained by actual experiment, it would have been considered as fabulous to assign to the female cod from three to four millions of eggs.'

So said we (*Q. R.* vol. ix. p. 266) five-and-twenty years ago;—but our statements have seldom, we believe, been found extravagant, and in this case the result of subsequent experiments is that nine millions of ova are comprised occasionally in the roe of one codfish.—

Nor is it from the deeps alone that this plentiful harvest may be secured.

'The law of Nature,' says Mr. Yarrell, 'which obliges mackerel and many others to visit the shallower water of the shores at a particular season, appears to be one of those wise and beautiful provisions of the Creator by which not only is the species perpetuated with the greatest certainty, but a large portion of the parent animals are thus brought

brought within the reach of man, who, but for the action of this law, would be deprived of many of those species most valuable to him as food. For the mackerel dispersed over the immense surface of the deep, no effective fishery could be carried on; but approaching the shore as they do from all directions, and roving along the coast collected in immense shoals, millions are caught, which yet form but a very small portion compared with the myriads that escape.*

The harvest, then, is everywhere ready. But where are the labourers to gather it in? It is with us an old subject of lamentation, that the Celtic tribes still retain those prejudices against fish and fishing which almost characterized the uncivilized ancient Grecian; and true it is that they cannot be easily made deep-sea fishers: but the difficulty, though great, is far from an impossibility, and we hope the time will yet arrive when the Irish peasant will diligently search for treasure where he will be sure to find it.

But we shall look in vain for this desirable change of character, to any great extent at least, till there is such a steady demand for the article as will insure a constant and lucrative employment for the poor, and a satisfactory return for the investment of capital by the rich. Now fish, with the exception of some of the more common kinds, such as sprats, herrings, and mackerel, is looked upon by all classes at present as a luxury, and not as a necessary of life, as it once was. In some of our inland counties the peasantry know not the taste of fresh sea-fish, their ideas upon the subject being for the most part limited to the flavour of red herring, which, by the way, is among them more frequently used as a sovereign remedy to restore the healthy function of digestion to their horned cattle, than as a solace for their own palates; or, as they say—for a cow that has lost her quid. To bring this back they administer a portion of red herring, and mostly find that the power of chewing the cud is restored to the animal. But if the taste of fresh fish is unknown to the poor in some central localities, they too commonly despise it on the sea-coast. A duke does not scorn a dish of crimped skate, yet we have seen those fish thrown from the seine and left to decay on the shore in the west of England as worthless, when some of the neighbouring poor wanted a dinner.*

Time was when fish formed a great part of the diet of the people of this country, and when religious observances lent their aid to enforce a system which operated beneficially both on body and mind. Abstinence from flesh on certain days and at certain seasons was rigidly prescribed by the Roman Catholic ritual; and it seems to have been considered almost an article of faith, the

* See Q. R. vol. lviii. p. 369.

breach of which was unpardonable. When Cardinal Wolsey was dying at Leicester Abbey, 'after he had eaten of a cullace made of chicken a spoonfull or two, at the laste quoth he, "Whereof was this cullace made?" "Forsothe, sir, of a chicken." "Why," quoth he, "it is fasting day!" (being St. Andrew's Even). "What though it be?" quoth his confessor, "ye be excused by reason of your sickness." "Yea," quoth he, "what though? I will eate no more." Then was he in confession the space of an houre*.'

In *The Forme of Cury* compiled about 1390 by the chief master cooks of our second Richard, whose merit as the 'best and ryallest vyand' of all Christian kings is duly set forth, there are no less than twenty-five receipts for dressing fish—to say nothing of *Furmente with Porpeys* and *Porpeys in brothe*, &c., for the porpoise is a mammal, and no true fish. Again, the *Servicium de Piscibus* (1381) gives thirty-three *formulae* for dishes applicable to fish-days and consisting principally of fish, whilst those for flesh-days are no more than fifty-eight. In the *Rolls of Provisions* expended by Sir John Nevile of Chete, Knight, on occasion of the marriage of Roger Rockley with his daughter Elizabeth Nevile 'the 14th of January, in the 17th yeare of the reigne of our Soveraigne Lord King Henry VIII.,' we find the following bill of fare:—

* *For Frydays and Saturdays.*

'First, leich brayne.† Item, frometye pottage. Item, whole ling. Item, great goils [jowls] of salt sammon. Item, great salt eels. Item, great salt sturgeon goils. Item, fresh ling. Item, fresh turbut. Item, great pike. Item, great goils of fresh sammon. Item, great ruds. Item, baken turbutts. Item, tarts.

'*Second Course.*—Martens to pottage. Item, a great fresh sturgeon goil. Item, fresh eel roasted. Item, great brett. Item, sammon chines broil'd. Item, roasted eels. Item, roasted lampreys. Item, roasted lamprons. Item, great burbutts. Item, sammon baken. Item, fresh eel baken. Item, fresh lampreys baken. Item, clear jilly. Item, gingerbread.'

Again, at the Lammas assizes, in the 20th year of Henry the Eighth, the same Sir John Nevile provided thus for

* *Fryday and Saturday.*

'3 couple of great ling. 40 couple of heberdine [Aberdeen ling]. Salt sammon (20s. worth). Fresh sammon and great (3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) 6 great pike. 80 pickerings. 300 great breams. 40 tenches. 80 toul-ing eels and brevet eels, and 15 ruds. A firkin of sturgeon. In fresh seals, 13*s.* 4*d.* 8 seame of fresh fish. 2 bretts'—

the only flesh among these items being that of the seal, which,

* Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.

† This seems to have been a jelly composed of cream, isinglass, and other gentle ingredients.

from its amphibious nature, was one of those mammiferous animals which the church allowed to be eaten on fast-days.

All this, be it remembered, was at a period when our gentry lived almost entirely in the open air as long as daylight lasted, and sometimes longer, liking better 'to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak.' The fish fare did not prove insufficient for people who led that healthy life; but how beneficial would it be with our lazier habits! Sumptuary laws are now out of the question; but if we were all obliged to keep the old fasts, none but invalids—and not many of them—would be the worse for the regimen. Let any one who is not in a course of strong out-door exercise, and is beginning to be *hipped*, as the phrase goes, confine himself to fish two days in the week, and he will soon find that he has a much clearer head, and a much lighter heart. There is no article of food that requires less extensive preparation. The pot, the gridiron, the frying-pan, and the oven, may be brought to bear upon these sapid esculents, as well as the best-mounted *batterie de cuisine*; though upon no viands can the latter be more effectually directed. The *Cuisinier des Cuisiniers* has nearly a hundred excellent receipts for fish. How seldom are fish-soups* or cold fish seen on our tables! yet the former are excellent; and what is better than slices of a fine salmon fried, as Jewesses only now fry them, served cold? In the 'Expenditure of the Lord Steward of the Royal Household for 1840,' given in the *Times* of last October, we have the following items:—

' Butcher's meat	£10,000
Poultry	4,260
Fish	2,188
Bread	2,350.'

The item of fish being the smallest, and that of butcher's meat amounting to more than the other three together; and, in most cases, private households would show a similar proportion.

Supposing, however, that we were all to take to a larger consumption of fish, would, it may be asked, the present supply be equal to the wants of the metropolis?

'There is a general complaint prevalent in London and its environs, that fish is not so plentiful, and consequently not so cheap, as it was wont to be some two or three years since, although no reason can be assigned for the cause of this falling off; nevertheless, the circumstance will admit of an explanation. There are many persons who are in the habit of buying up large stocks of fish at Billingsgate daily, and of exporting them into the

* A turtle is *not* a fish; it is a reptile; and, therefore, we dare say nothing more of it here than that Professor Owen has lately discovered a multitude of fossil species at Sheppey, and not a single anthropolite among the lot! Turtle without aldermen seems a strange dispensation; but so says the Professor.

interior of the country, where they meet with a ready and advantageous sale. This expedient is greatly facilitated by means of railway conveyance, and vans may be seen in regular attendance at the Gate, waiting to take in the supplies of fish, which are promptly despatched by the various trains to the more central towns and districts of England. This circumstance tends most materially to affect the poor industrious market-women who are in the habit of hawking their wares about the different parts of the metropolis and its suburbs for sale.'—*Times*, 15th October, 1841.

We are sorry for the poor hawkers of London, but still it is to the railroads we must look in great measure for carrying a taste for fish into the central counties, and thus assisting to create that steady demand which will, in our opinion, produce a constant and adequate supply, and restore fish to the regular place on English tables which it once occupied. Neither ought we to forget that railways may bring fish up as well as carry fish down. And, in truth we believe there would be no great want of fish on the Londoner's board, if the supply to the metropolis were but fairly used.

The Select Committee of 1833 say they

'have examined the clerk of the fish-market at Billingsgate, and some salesmen and fishmongers who frequent it, in reference to the present state of the supply of fish to that market, and the regulations under which the market is conducted; with a view to ascertain whether any improper monopoly or regulations exist affecting the supply of the market, or tending either to increase the price of fish to the consumer, or to lessen the fair profits of the fishermen; *but your Committee do not feel that they have fully investigated the subject*, although from the evidence which has incidentally come before them it has not appeared that any such monopoly or injurious regulations exist, either in the mode of supplying the market or in the sale of fish.

'It appears, however, to your Committee to be desirable that a more efficient remedy should be provided to enable the clerk of the market to prevent the sale of fish in an improper state; there being now no other remedy than the forfeiture of the fish, and the expensive and dilatory proceeding by indictment. Your Committee therefore recommend that a clause should be inserted in any Bill which may be introduced upon this subject, inflicting a pecuniary penalty for this offence, recoverable by summary proceeding before a magistrate.'

The wording of the first of these paragraphs is cautious enough. It will not be denied that the bulk of the fish sent to this great town is so consigned that it gets into comparatively few hands, or that the dealers place their own value upon the article, regulating the supply of cod, &c., from the well-boats and store-boats lying near Gravesend, and feeding the market with the stock there accumulated to the profitable point, taking care that there shall

shall never be such a glut as to lower the price desirable for the dealer. Nor is this the worst of it. Quantities of salmon are held back till the ice has no more power over the decomposing animal substance, and the fish are spoiled. Then step in the authorities to prevent the sale; and scores of putrid salmon are thrown into the Thames, where they may be seen and smelt floating about for hours. There is no want of display of civic indignation when unwholesome meat or fish—the latter often no worse than a Parisian eats with a relish—is offered for sale; though such an exposure might, we incline to believe, be safely left to the senses of the purchasers; but not a word is uttered condemnatory of this enormous and wicked destruction of excellent food. We have had again and again special committees on British fisheries, and we hope that some active Member will take up the more limited inquiry relative to the consumption of what is actually supplied. A searching investigation as to the state of fish-markets, with their apparatus of middle-men or fish-salesmen, &c. &c., and the practices of fishmongers, would disclose curious facts. Some of the tricks of the trade are shown up in the article above referred to*—those unpunishable tricks by which the public are robbed and starved in the midst of plenty—whilst a hungry boy is sent to take his trial for stealing a loaf. Let any Member of Parliament move for an accurate return of the quantity of fish thrown into the Thames at Billingsgate, *and below that market*, during the last five years—if he can get it—by way of a beginning.

Why should there be any restriction at all? What would be thought of a set of laws passed to regulate graziers and market gardeners in the sale of their produce, or to control wholesale grocers or cheesemongers in the disposition of their goods? Look at the last census. Hear the cry of the multitude for food. These are not times to abuse God's gifts. If there must be laws to fetter the diffusion of what might again be considered a general necessary of life, let them not be such as those under which our municipal authorities raise a hue and cry against the sale of bad fish, whilst the monopoly that keeps it up till it is bad is tolerated.

The Committee of 1833 owed its appointment to petitions from various places complaining of distress in our Channel Fisheries; and the Committee, after an inquiry which took in the coast from Yarmouth to the Land's End, reported that they found this large portion of our fisheries, and the various interests with which they were connected, to be generally in a declining state; that they appeared to have been gradually sink-

* Q. R. vol. ix. pp. 277 et seq.

ing since the peace of 1815, and more rapidly during the ten years immediately preceding the investigation ; that the capital employed did not yield a profitable return ; that the number of vessels and boats, as well as of men and boys, was much diminished ; and that the fishermen's families, who formerly paid rates and taxes, were then, in a greater or less degree, dependent upon the poor-rates. Among the causes which, in the opinion of the Committee, had tended materially to produce this depression, were :—

1. The interference of French fishermen.
2. The quantity of foreign-caught fish sold in London. And
3. The decrease and scarcity of fish in the Channel.

As to the first of these points, the Committee rely upon evidence that for a long time past, and up to the period of their labours, large fleets of fishermen from Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, &c., had been accustomed to work off the Kent and Sussex coasts, often within half a league of the shore, and occasionally much nearer ; and in the bays and shallow waters, in which it is particularly necessary for the preservation of the brood of fish that such as frequent those waters, during the breeding season, should not be disturbed, nor their young destroyed. It appeared that the French fishing-vessels had greatly increased since the peace ; there being, at the date of the Report, three hundred sailing out of Boulogne alone ; and that they were more numerous, and of a much larger tonnage, than those employed by our countrymen upon that coast, being generally manned with double or triple the number of men, and furnished with nets and fishing-gear of a description superior to those of our people. In consequence of this superiority on the part of the French, it was averred that the English fishermen, coming in constant competition with their rivals, had sustained so great injury, and such frequent loss and damage of their nets, &c., especially in the herring and mackerel seasons, that they had not only been unable to earn a livelihood as they used to do by their trade, but had, in some instances, been wholly ruined, or had withdrawn altogether from the occupation ; whilst the French fishermen, continuing upon our coast, and sometimes not returning into their own ports during the whole period of the seasons last above mentioned, made a constant practice of selling their cargoes of fish at sea, and of shipping them into carrier-boats coming from the Thames and other parts, and into others which met them in the bay of Dover and elsewhere on the coast, for the supply of the London market. But this was not all—for it was proved to the Committee, that in other seasons, during which the French were fishing with hooks and lines for turbot and other sea-fish in the Channel, they were accustomed to come in great numbers every morning, from Boulogne and other

other places, into the English bays, before they began fishing; and there drag with nets for bait in the shallow waters close upon the shore, taking and destroying an immense quantity of the young and unsizeable fish—and this at periods of the year when the French are not permitted to fish in the bays upon their own coast; and when our fishermen leave their breeding-grounds undisturbed as much as possible.

The Committee observe, that this last-mentioned practice caused great injury, as tending to diminish the quantity of fish upon our coasts; and that while these proceedings were taking place upon our side of the Channel, the fishermen of England were not allowed to fish within three leagues of the French coast; but, on approaching that limit, were warned off. Nor do the Committee forget the attention paid by the French government to the encouragement and extension of their Channel fisheries as a nursery for seamen; in which view they require for each fishing-vessel eighteen or twenty men; bounties being also granted in aid of all their fisheries.

The Committee suggest that foreigners should be prevented from fishing within one league, or such other distance of the English coast as by law or usage is considered to belong exclusively to this country; and required to observe such regulations as may be imposed upon our own fishermen, for the better preservation of the brood of fish in our shallow waters;—also, that all officers of the revenue and vessels cruising upon the coast should be instructed to prevent foreign fishermen from fishing within such prescribed distance, and to protect the English from aggression at sea.

With regard to the second grievance, the Committee strongly condemn the *importation of foreign-caught fish*, as extremely injurious to the English fishermen, not only by preventing such of them as live at a distance from London from sending their fish as they used to do to the London market, but also by inducing the French fishermen to remain upon the English coast, and thereby creating a destructive competition as applicable to the coasts of Kent and Sussex. The Committee express their surprise at finding that, notwithstanding the prohibitions of so many statutes, a very large illegal importation of foreign-caught fish did in fact take place. It had been proved that about one-third of the fish supplied to the London market was procured from foreigners: but this estimate included turbot, eels, and lobsters, which might be legally imported.

The *scarcity of fish in the Channel* is the third complaint; and the Committee declare it to have been satisfactorily proved that this scarcity has been occasioned by the great destruction of the
the

the spawn and brood of fish consequent upon the non-observance of the laws which at present exist for their preservation, and by which the fishing with ground or drag nets within a certain distance of the shore during particular seasons, or at all seasons of the year, with drift or floating nets having the mesh of the net under certain dimensions, has been declared unlawful. The Committee state their opinion that these statutes should be revised; and that a bill repealing such of the provisions as do not relate exclusively to the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, and enacting others in lieu of them, with better remedies for their observance, should be introduced in the then next session of parliament.

A fourth alleged mischief was *the stow-boat fishery, or catching of sprats for manure*, prevailing principally upon the Kentish, Norfolk, and Essex coasts. The nets are described as so small as 'not to let a pen pass through,' enclosing

'not only sprats, but the spawn and young brood of all other kinds of fish; and as these nets are frequently drawn along the ground and in shallow waters during the breeding season, and in the winter months before the young fish are gone into deeper waters, an immense destruction of the brood of fish is the inevitable consequence; whilst, from the almost unlimited demand for this species of manure for land, and there being a ready sale for all that can be procured, this branch of fishing has greatly increased, and there are at present from 400 to 500 boats engaged in stow-boating on the Kentish coast only, which remain upon the fishing-grounds frequently for a week together, not for the purpose of catching sprats, or any other fish, to be sold as food in the market, but until they have obtained full cargoes of dead fish for the purpose of manuring the land.'

The Committee say they were

'inclined to question whether this fishery' (which is not of long standing) 'ought not to be entirely prevented; but upon the best consideration which they have been able to give to the subject, they recommend that at least it should not be permitted to be carried on with ground or drag nets between the 1st of April and the last of November, nor with drift or floating nets in the bays during the breeding season, namely, from the 1st of May to the last of August, within a league of the low-water mark, or in less than ten fathoms water; nor at any other time with nets of so small a mesh as is now generally used.'—*Report*, p. 11.

The Committee seem, however, to have had little doubt as to what was the principal cause of the alleged depression:—

'It has been proved by the concurring testimony of witnesses from all parts of the coast, that a very great and increasing scarcity of all fish which breed in the Channel (not including mackerel or herrings, which are fish of passage), compared with what was the ordinary supply from fifteen to twenty years ago, has long prevailed; and that, operating prejudicially

prejudicially to the fishermen *at the same time that a continued fall of prices has taken place in the markets*, it is perhaps the principal cause of their distress.'—*Ib.* p. 8.

Not a few doubted the accuracy of the premises upon which the Committee came to the conclusion 'that there was a very great and increasing scarcity of all fish which breed in the Channel,' and surmized that this Report was founded upon rather one-sided evidence, produced to induce the government to interfere in behalf of interested parties upon narrow grounds. These sceptics did not understand the logic that makes a fall of prices consequent upon a scarcity of supply. Some years have elapsed since this inquiry, and there has been no renewed complaint of a deficiency till lately,—notwithstanding the steam-pace increase of our population. The government seems to have inclined to the doubting party; for we do not find that any of the recommendations of the Committee above noticed have been carried into effect by parliament, excepting that relating to the aggressions of foreign fishermen, which was very properly made the subject of a convention between her Majesty and the King of the French. Nevertheless our tables have since had a more abundant supply, and the lamentations of the fishermen have ceased. Nor is it unknown, on the other hand, that boat-owners have complained that, after having embarked their capital and contributed to the support of our fishermen in the inactive season, upon an agreement that all the produce of the nets was to be brought to them at a stipulated price, the said fishermen have sold a considerable portion of the fish so taken to boats sent out from the French coast. It may have been true in 1833 that a less quantity of fish was captured by the English fishermen; but this may have been owing simply to the better furniture of the French boats, and the skill, perseverance, and frugality of the Frenchmen.

Of late there have been symptoms of a smarter appearance about the fishing-boats of our southern counties. There one may now see sometimes a fleet of trim, lug-rigged boats making for the white-cliffed picturesque coast—not square, heavy, lumbering tubs, like the generality of luggers, but beautifully raking at the stern, well found and shapely, sailing like witches. If you see one with a brilliant bit of bunting fluttering merrily, there is meaning in the signal. 'He has got turbot,' exclaims an ancient Triton lounging on the shore with a glass as weather-beaten as himself; 'his wife will give him a cabbage for supper to-night'—meaning thereby not the mere vegetable, but an abundance of savoury flesh-meat accompaniments besides. But mystery is observed after the windlasses have hauled them up high and dry.

No

No one will show his cargo till the 'chaps' arrive. Down at length they come, and the glittering spoil is displayed. What groups of men, women, and children, boats, horses, dogs, and fish—what studies for Stanfield! Depend on it, if we can but get the steady demand, we shall soon match our rivals.

The way in which cargoes of shell-fish are dealt with does not argue any great apprehension of a deficiency of supply. Not long ago, after a boat-voyage in the south-west, where well-wooded banks dip their boughs into a broad, brimful, winding river that opens out from point to point into the semblance of a chain of lakes as it approaches the sea, we landed at a village celebrated for its 'carbs'—spacious, perforated trunks in which crabs, lobsters, and sea-crawfish are kept alive for the market. A large smack was lying at this village; and, as the tide receded, the men began to discharge her freight. We went on board the craft. Her hold was divided transversely: in one compartment were hundreds of lobsters and sea-crawfish; and there were as many crabs next door. The tide had left the wretches heaped upon each other, and among them a scramble was going on, literally for life. The view of the struggling mass was more than painful; the convulsive motion of the long antennæ of the sea-crawfish as they bristled up among the crowd, and the jerkings of the lobsters' tails in a vain endeavour to swim away from their misery without water. There was a basket with a whip on a boom, and into these crowded black-holes descended booted fishermen. Presently one of these familiars sang out 'Dead crabs!'—and up came the basket. An experienced glance was thrown over it by some on deck, and the best were picked out and carried to the boiler—thence to be hawked about the country as *fresh crabs*; but numbers were thrown away as past all culinary help. After a while there was a cry from below of 'Live crabs!' (males), and up came the basket with its living load, and down it was lowered over the side, reversed, and the contents pitched *en masse* into the *carb*. Here at first was more misery; but at last the wrestling animals became disentangled, and there was almost an air of composure about the stronger martyrs as they crawled off to a quiet nook, there to breathe freely after the torture. The females were treated in the same way.

The more mercurial lobsters occasionally rushed upon their fate; when a basket of them was hoisted up, a particularly vivacious one would every now and then spring out with a sort of demivolte and, falling on the deck, split his cuirass just about the point where the heart is situated; no sooner was he down and lying all abroad, than off he was hurried to the pot. It was at first a puzzle to think how it happened that they had not torn each

each other to pieces in the *mêlée*; for they were neither pegged nor tied: it turned out that the leading muscles of their claws had been cut, 'that they might not quarrel.' As in every deep there is generally a lower still, upon the removal of the crustaceans there appeared a tessellated pavement of oysters, and we almost fancied that we could hear them sigh their thanksgivings when the mass that had trampled on them was removed. Not that an oyster is much an object of pity under such circumstances, for he can make himself tolerably comfortable in his closed shell for a long time: the sufferings, however, of the crabs, lobsters, and crawfish must have been terrible; for in them the nervous system is highly developed.

A very little care would have spared the greater part of this agony and saved a considerable part of the cargo. If the well of the vessel had been fitted with iron gratings made to ship and unship, tier above tier, and a proper number had been allotted to each shelf, the crabs and lobsters would have been comparatively at their ease, with enough of moisture about their *bronchiæ* to enable them to breathe comfortably when left by the tide till they were transferred to the *carbs*. It must have been asphyxia consequent on the huddling together of such a congeries that killed so many.

An inquiry into the principles upon which the embarkation of capital and the subsistence of fishermen might be made comparatively secure, opens a wide field, into which it is our intention to enter by and by. At present our object, we confess, is primarily limited to the awakening of all the ichthyophagist in the appetites of men, so as to insure that steady demand which, we repeat, must be the keystone of the structure; although the diet is said to be so very favourable to the increase of population, that we can hardly hope to number Miss Martineau among our patronesses.

We must not, therefore, forget the finny tribes of the fresh water; and they lead us to the pretty little treatise of Gottlieb Boccus, with its well-executed cut of the *spiegel* or *mirror carp*, which, notwithstanding its superiority, does not, he tells us, at present exist in England, though it could be easily obtained from his 'fatherland,' and would well repay the trouble of importation. The author, however, trusted that before this winter set in, he should be enabled to stock the ponds of Sir Robert Adair, to whom the book is dedicated, with the brood of this species. His directions for the making, stocking, and ordering of ponds and stews are clear and precise; it is obvious that he writes from the results of long experience, and it will be the fault of the Squires if they do not avail themselves of his printed wisdom.

'The

'*The Ponds or Stews*,' he says, 'ought to be three in number, and it is requisite to make choice of a slight elevation for the first pond. If possible this should be so situated that it may receive the drainings of a village, or at any rate proximity to a farm is desirable, as all the refuse washings from such places supply food to a large extent. The object in having the first pond higher than the others, is that a supply of water may pass from it to the lower ones in succession: the ponds being connected by a water-course and protected by flood-gates, must have a sufficient depth and descent to allow the whole of the water to pass off readily to the next in succession.

'The ponds ought not to be nearer to each other than one hundred yards; the greater the distance between them the better, as each can then have the benefit of the refuse washings of the neighbourhood and adjoining fields, which will of course contribute largely to the support of the stock. Moreover, by having a long water-course between the ponds, when either of them is sluiced off, or as the term is "fished," that part of the store, which invariably escapes with the fall of water, can be recovered in a much cleaner and consequently more healthy state than those which are left behind in the slam or mud. Clay soils are not genial to fish; therefore light loamy or gravelly bottoms ought to be chosen for the ponds; if, however, the clay is not too deep, and by excavating it yellow sand can be reached, then it will leave an equally soft and pure bottom, the sides being of less importance. In clay bottoms the fish do not thrive, from want of food, in consequence of the water partaking of the racy* quality of the earth, which from its cold and sterile nature does not afford the nutriment requisite for the maintenance of the larvæ of insects, worms, and other minute living creatures, in sufficient number, and so keeps the stock lean and unfit for food.

'In forming ponds particular care ought to be taken to make the sides shelve gradually for about six yards: and they are on no account to be deep at the sides, firstly, on account of the sward nourishing large quantities of insects, &c., the legitimate food of the fish; secondly, the ponds are not so easily poached, the shallows being protected by stakes; and thirdly, protection is afforded to the brood. The only deep that ought to exist at either side should be near the sluice or flood-gate, where it should be twelve or eighteen inches deeper than the rest of the pond, in order that when the water is drawn off, the fish may be collected into a close space, and when the sluice is again closed, that an accumulation of water may immediately take place, sufficient for the protection of the brood or succeeding store. In the rainy season it is always advisable to let the ponds fill to the full extent of their prescribed boundaries, as this not only brings a large proportion of food from the adjacent grounds, but when the water is again let off or recedes, the borders produce luxuriant and tender herbage, peculiarly adapted for the food of carp, and upon which that fish feeds greedily in rainy weather, and may frequently be observed floundering half out of his watery element in order to obtain this favourite morsel.

* Racy is the term for a species of iron-stone sand found in clay strata.

'As all foliage is pernicious, and the decomposition highly injurious to fish, especially to the fry or brood, it must be fully borne in mind that trees or shrubs should never be planted on the borders or margins of the ponds; but if ornament be required, then only at a sufficient distance, for it is equally necessary to have a free action of air passing over the surface, as it is to have pure and wholesome water: in fact the removal of trees contributes largely to effect both.

'If the first pond should get an over-accumulated store of water, it must be let off by the sluice into the second, and so on to the third, and then be suffered to run to waste, for no pond ought to be allowed on any account to overflow or break its boundaries, as by so doing, and by conveying the fish to the next pond, it injures that stew by introducing fish of different growths, and so proves ultimately a serious loss: food would be then insufficient for their joint maintenance, consequently the fish would gain but little in size and weight. If the ponds have an even and well-regulated supply of water, then their depth at the centre need never be more than from three to five feet, shelving to the sides, as before stated; but if only an indifferent supply can be obtained, then they must be twelve or eighteen inches deeper. It is not, however, desirable to have the ponds so situated that a large quantity of fresh water shall suddenly be able to find its way into them, as it both thickens the whole by moving the mud, and, being colder and of other properties, it sickens the store for some time and checks their thriving. A well-regulated supply and co-equal discharge is to be recommended, and must be attended to. —pp. 1-5.

In old times almost every abbey, hall, and manor-house had its fish-ponds, or stews. Those who are curious as to the ancient construction and management may turn to Lebault's *Maison Rustique*, which was translated and published at London, in folio, under the title of the *Countrey Farm*, in 1616; and to *A Discourse of Fish and Fish-ponds*, by a Person of Honour, 'who,' says Sir John Hawkins, in a note to his edition of *The Complete Angler*, 'I have been told by one who knew him, was the Hon. Roger North, author of the *Life of the Lord Keeper Guilford*.' The plan of Lord Bacon's fish-ponds differs entirely from that recommended by Boccius; but the advantage of running water, and the disadvantage of overhanging trees, were well considered formerly.*

Herr

* Speaking of Lebault and Dubravius, the famous Bohemian bishop—whose effigy is now before us, seated under a tree by the river side, with his angling-rod in his hand and his mitre and crosier at his feet, in the act of getting a bite—Izaak Walton says—"These and all others advise that you make choice of such a place for your pond, that it may be refreshed with a little rill, or with rain-water, running or falling into it—by which fish are more inclined to breed, and are also refreshed and fed the better, and do prove to be of a much sweeter and more pleasant taste. To which end it is observed, that such ponds as be large, and have most gravel and shallows where fish may sport themselves, do afford fish of the purest taste. And note, that in all pools it is best for fish to have some retiring place; as, namely, hollow banks or shelves, or roots of trees, to keep them from danger—and, when they think fit, from the extreme heat of

summer—

Herr Boccius having, as we have seen, described the bottoms and positions which the ponds ought to have, proceeds to lay down maxims, by attention to which a lucrative rental can be obtained. The first pond, he tells us, should be the smallest of the three, the second next in size, and the third the largest.

‘In order to come to the dimensions of the ponds I shall propose the following scale:—No. 1, three acres; No. 2, four acres; No. 3, five acres: making altogether twelve acres of water, which, after the first three years of their stores, will produce an annual income from each pond in rotation.’—pp. 5, 6.

Then for the stocking we have the following directions:—

‘To stock the ponds with brood the following simple calculation is sufficient for direction: viz., to every acre of water in extent put in 200 brood carp, twenty brood tench, and twenty brood jack; thus making ten per cent. each of tench and jack to the carp: the brood must be all of one season’s spawn. Therefore to three acres there will be 600 carp, sixty tench, and sixty jack; and the succession ponds are to be stocked in like proportions, the second the year following the first, and the third again a year later, so that each pond then comes round in its turn to be fished. This first outlay constitutes the whole expense, save and except the guarding against poaching, as there will always be a superabundant quantity of brood or store to restore the stews, and sufficient left for sale.’—p. 6.

He says nothing of perch, which, when well managed, thrive admirably in sweet ponds, nor would we advise their association with carp and tench unless they are kept under the most strict surveillance; but he is strong for jack—and we think he makes out his case.

‘It has been fully proved that a given space of earth can produce only a certain quantity; so only can a given space or quantity of water produce a certain quantity either of vegetable matter or animalcules: and curious as it may appear, yet it is as true as curious, that by storing only the proper number of fish adapted to the water, the weight in three years will prove equal to what it would have been had twice the number been placed therein, so that the smaller number produces the same weight as the larger, from a given quantity of water. By overstocking the water the fish become sickly, lean, and bony; and on the contrary, when the regulations are attended to which I have laid down, the fish will be healthy, fleshy, and fat. By this it will be seen that jack become a useful appendage in well-regulated ponds, tantamount to an absolute necessity, but with the necessity a property, as it will be found that jack, carp, and tench thrive and grow in equal proportion after this system.’—pp. 8, 9.

summer—as also from the extremity of the cold in winter. And note, that if many trees be growing about your pond, the leaves thereof falling into the water make it nauseous to the fish; and the fish to be so to the eater of it.’—*Complete Angler*, ch. xx.

The

The time of stocking the pond is a consideration of no small importance.

'In stocking ponds it must be strictly observed that the jack, carp, and tench be all of the same season or spring spawn; and the period for brooding the pond is towards the end of October, or if the season be open and mild, early in November, for the following reasons. Carp and tench being fish of the same habits, they slam or mud at the same period, lying torpid through the winter months, so that they keep secure from the attacks of the juvenile jack: the jack at that age finds sufficient food in worms, &c., to subsist upon: as the spring advances, when the carp and tench leave their winter lairs, the jack then in turn become sickly as their spawning season approaches, and consequently do not annoy the carp, much less the tench: this brings them through April, when the jack spawn, and they remain quiet from that time until the wet season of July.'—p. 9.

We quite agree with our author that eels, those merciless destroyers of the spawn and fry of other fish, should be strenuously kept out of the ponds; but it is very difficult to exclude them entirely, for they have a strong propensity to travel, and, not unfrequently, take evening or nocturnal rambles through the thick dewy grass in search of frogs, or to change their lodgings.

Supposing all to go well, let us now look to the harvest time.

'Returning to the subject of the succession ponds being fished every three years, it is to be borne in mind that the store at that age is fit for market, and the calculation for three years out of three acres would give on an average as follows:—

600 carp . . .	at 3½ lbs. each . . .	2100 lbs.
60 tench . . .	at 4½ lbs. each . . .	240 lbs.
60 jack . . .	at 3½ lbs. each . . .	210 lbs.

Total weight of store . . . 2550 lbs.

'Supposing the fish to be worth 1s. per lb., the value would be 127*l.* 10*s.* for three years, or 42*l.* 10*s.* per annum; but were only half the price obtained, then as the first expense is the only one, it must be termed a profitable rental, especially as under the old system many gentlemen have large pieces of water which produce nothing.'—pp. 10, 11.

Our author has a friend in Saxony who rejoices in a domain comprising nearly eight thousand acres, of which nearly one-half is forest. On that estate are twenty-two ponds, the largest being about twenty-seven acres in extent; and the stock above recommended was calculated by this comfortable Saxon, after forty years' experience of practical results. Out of this large pond, Gottlieb—we can fancy how he devoured them with his eyes—saw, in 1822, the two largest breeding carp placed in the scale, and their united weight amounted to nearly 100 lbs., the male drawing 43 lbs., and the

female 48 lbs., *Saxon*: noble fish, even taken at our own rate of weights—but *Saxon* weight is above 7 per cent. heavier than English. In 1833 this goodly pair had increased, the male to 52 lbs., *Saxon*, and the female to 55 lbs. ! In the same year he was present at the draught of his friend's second-largest pond, covering seventeen acres. The produce exceeded 4000 lbs. weight of carp, besides tench and jack. In this pond the proprietor had left several carp for breeding, five of which weighed 103 lbs., *Saxon*; the largest of the five, a *Spiegel carp*, aged sixteen years, drew in the scale 31½ lbs., English. The age of the two taken from the largest pond could not be correctly stated, *as they were on the estate when he purchased it, some fifty years ago*. This venerable couple, it seems, continue to fulfil the divine command, nothing loth. 'These fish,' says our author, 'they treat as prize fish, and consider them infinitely better for spawn than younger ones' (p. 12). The largest English carp known to us shrink before these dimensions. The brace presented by Mr. Ladbroke, from his park at Gatton, to the late Lord Egremont, weighed 35 lbs.; nor can we find a record of a single fish heavier than 19½ lbs. Probably we do not give them time in this country; for the carp lives to a great age:—

'At Charlottenburg, the summer palace of the King of Prussia, in the ornamental waters of the domain, are a large number of carp, which are so extremely tame that they come to the surface to be fed at the sound of a bell. The keeper has his favourites; and it is said that there are some among them more than a century old. Where carp are well fed they may be seen basking in the sun on the surface of the water during the hot months of August and September, and sometimes rolling about like so many porpoise. They will scarcely retreat at the approach of any one; and become so extremely fat in stews, that a 10-lb. fish will frequently have fat an eighth of an inch thick on his sides, especially those of the *Spiegel carp* breed.'—p. 14.

We have here seen what may be done in rural economy with fish-ponds; and we earnestly call the attention of land-owners to the subject:—

'The fish salesmen of the London markets all agree that, if a regular supply of live fresh-water fish were kept up, good prices and a large consumption would be the result: as it is, what little is introduced to the markets is readily purchased by the Jews, and during the season of Lent by the Roman Catholics. At any rate, the whole system of stocked fish-ponds, arranged as I have described in this pamphlet, must be productive of profit, tending also to increase the quantity of sustenance or food at a cheap rate for our fellow-creatures; moreover, producing a gain from that which now constitutes a waste.'—p. 17.

'I do not doubt,' says he, 'that were the system which it is the object of this little treatise to describe generally adopted, a very great demand
for

for fresh-water fish would ensue ; for it is a business-like adage, that if you provide for a market by a regular supply, a market is created, and increased demand follows.—p. 1.

As a gentle stimulus, Gottlieb Boccius administers, in his Appendix, twenty-three German recipes for cooking fresh-water fish ; and, if any one should find his appetite flag, we beg to prescribe the perusal of this supplement about half an hour before dinner. We must not, however, be lured further by the captivating simplicity of *tench fried with caper-sauce*, or the more elaborate gastronomy manifested in *carp poulpeton*, or *carp with oyster force-meat* ; but earnestly advising our friends not to overlook the *jack cotelettes*, we for the present take leave with the leonine hexameter, which—Halfordian in sense though Palmerstonian in prosody—concludes the vellum MS. of 1381—

‘Explicit de coquina quæ est optima medicina.’

ART. VIII.—*Letters of John Adams, addressed to his Wife.*

Edited by his Grandson, Charles Francis Adams. 2 vols. Boston. 1841.

IF we had been aware that the Letters of Mr. Adams would have so soon followed to the press those of his wife, one article might have sufficed for both ; and if we shared the opinion which the Editor seems to have, that this batch of his family papers is less ‘attractive than the former’ (*Preface*, p. xiii.), we should certainly have thought that our readers had had quite enough of them. But though these letters fall short of what we might expect from Mr. Adams, they are in our judgment much superior—even in the lighter merits of epistolary writing—to those of his lady ; and are not without a certain, though not very considerable, degree of historical and political interest. They, perhaps, on the whole, lower the opinion we had formed of the scale of Mr. Adams’s intellect ; but they confirm our opinion that he was—bating some weaknesses from which the best and the ablest are not exempt—a good man, and an honest man ; and that his talents and character, though of no striking brilliancy, were respectable in themselves, and appropriate to the share which he was destined to take in the foundation of the American Republic.

It is remarkable that, though these volumes were printed before the Editor could have seen our observations on his former publication, his new Preface discusses at considerable length, and finally admits the justice of, the main objection we had made to that

that work—namely, that, by *selecting* particular portions of a correspondence, and omitting, even in the selected portions, such parts as might not be satisfactory to his own feelings or palatable to the national taste, an editor diminishes—not to say destroys—our confidence in the evidence and authority of the author. But having, most fairly, logically, and laboriously, arrived at our conclusion, it is comical to find that the very next thing the editor does is to acknowledge—with more candour than consistency—an essential departure from it.

For he admits that, though he has made no *addition*, he has used his discretion in making such *omissions* as he himself thought ‘necessary,’ and of ‘*selecting*, not *simply*’—(which implies that the selection is made *partly*)—from personal considerations; and of furnishing, not the whole evidence, but ‘as much’ as, in his opinion, ‘the public is desirous to see.’ This discretion, it is obvious, differs little from that dictatorial power of selection and alteration against which he had in the half-dozen preceding pages so successfully argued; and the result is that we find ourselves condemned to read the letters of Mr. Adams with something of the same kind of distrust that we did those of his wife. The editor gives us to understand that he has exercised this power very sparingly, and rather fears that he may not have sufficiently ‘*lopped*’ indiscreet passages (vol. i. p. xi); but these apprehensions seem to us to be superfluous. It is true that Mr. Adams is often coarse in his expression of a political difference; and his construction of other men’s motives and actions is apt to be habitually uncharitable: but there is little or nothing which at this day can give pain to anybody, unless, indeed, Mr. Adams’s own friends; and it seems to us that he was, or at least is presented to us in these volumes as, one of the most cautious, not to say *jejune*, correspondents that we have ever met with. Indeed, the letters themselves are in nothing more abundant than in confessing their want of interest, and in making excuses for telling nothing when a great deal might have been told:—

‘8th September, 1774.

‘It would fill volumes to give you an idea of the scenes I behold, and the characters I converse with. We have so much business, so much ceremony, so much company, so many visits to receive and return, that I have not time to write. And the times are such as to make it imprudent to write freely.’—vol. i. p. 20.

‘18th September, 1774.

‘There is so much rascality in the management of letters now come in fashion, that I am determined to write nothing of consequence, not even to the friend of my bosom, but by conveyances which I can be sure of.’—vol. i. p. 25.

‘10th

‘ 10th October, 1775.
‘ I must be excused from writing a syllable of anything of any moment. My letters have been and will be nothing but trifles.’—vol. i. p. 63.

‘ 28th April, 1776.
‘ There is such a mixture of folly, littleness, and knavery in this world that I am weary of it; and although I behold it with unutterable contempt and indignation, yet the public good requires that I *should take no notice of it by word or by letter.*’—vol. i. p. 104.

‘ 31st March, 1777.
‘ I believe you will think my letters very trifling—indeed they are. *I write in trammels.* Accidents have thrown so many letters into the hands of the enemy, and they take such a malicious pleasure in exposing them, that I choose they should have nothing but trifles from me to expose. For this reason *I never write anything of consequence from Europe, from Philadelphia, from camp, or anywhere else.*’—vol. i. p. 199.

‘ 21st February, 1779.
‘ I write you as often and as much as I ought. Let me entreat you to consider if some of your letters had by any accident been taken, what a figure would they have made in a newspaper, to be read by the whole world? Some of them, it is true, would have done honour to the most virtuous and most accomplished Roman matron; but others of them would have made you and me very ridiculous.’—vol. ii. p. 50.

‘ 19th December, 1793.
‘ The common movements of ambition every day disclose to me views and hopes and designs that are *very diverting*, but these *I will not commit to paper.* They make sometimes a *very pretty farce for amusement* after the great tragedy or comedy is over. What I write to you must be in *sacred confidence and strict discretion.*’—vol. ii. p. 134.

This last solemn recommendation of ‘*sacred confidence and strict discretion,*’ as to the ‘*very diverting*’ stories he will *not* tell her, has at least the merit of reminding us of Hotspur’s pleasantry:—

‘ Constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secrecy
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know.’

But after all, we are surprised that these reiterated apologies for silence on the most interesting subjects and during the most important periods of his life—(there are but two short letters from 1788 to 1793, during the first vice-presidency)—did not awaken some misgiving in the editor’s mind that letters so cautiously written were not likely to fulfil ‘the noble historical objects’ for which he professes to publish them.

We cannot, however, but suspect that the more immediate motive for printing these and the former volumes was, that the publication of the lives and correspondence of Washington, Jefferson,

Jay,

Jay, Morris, and other worthies of the era of independence, awakened an emulative and very natural desire in Mr. Adams's family that *He* too should have his literary monument. It was announced in Allen's 'American Biography' (1832) that his eldest son, 'John Quincy Adams, was preparing memoirs of his father's life.' We have heard no more of that work; and we suppose these volumes and Mrs. Adams's letters are intended as a substitute. We have so often expressed our dissatisfaction at biographies from the *pens of near relatives*, that we are far from blaming Mr. Quincy Adams's silence, though we certainly wish we had had a more adequate substitute than one of the least interesting collections of private letters that we have ever met with. It is, however, only fair to admit that we do not consider ourselves as very competent judges in this particular point: for there are a thousand details of the times, the localities, and the persons, which may give to passages that appear trite and commonplace to strangers, a very different aspect to those who are better acquainted with the peculiarities of American society, and, above all, the secret history of American parties. If the editor had been solicitous for the suffrages of the European public he would no doubt—or at least we think should—have given us more explanatory notes, and elucidated many passages which in their present state are obscure, and, for that reason perhaps, very uninteresting to a European reader. But with the largest allowance we can make on this score, we are still surprised how little this mass of correspondence contributes to political history, or even to Mr. Adams's own biography. The latter must still be gathered from other and very imperfect sources.

Mr. Adams was born in October, 1735. The account of his family given by Dr. Allen has some curious touches of that

— fond desire,

That longing after *aristocracy*!

which pervades the whole human race, but none, we believe, in a stronger degree than the republican citizens of America.

'His father, John, was a *deacon of the Church*, a *farmer*, and a *mechanic*, and died May 25, 1761; his grandfather, Joseph, died Feb. 12, 1737, aged 82; his great-grandfather, Joseph, was born in England, and died at Braintree, Dec. 6, 1697, aged 63; the father of this *ancestor* was Henry, who, as the inscription on his monument, erected by John Adams, says, took his flight from the *Dragon persecution*, in Devonshire, in England, and alighted, with eight sons, at Mount Wollaston. The year of Henry's arrival at Braintree—now Quincy—is not known, but is supposed to be 1632. He died October 8, 1646.'

It is quite clear that all these *details* must have been furnished to Dr. Allen by the *family*; and our readers will smile at a minute accuracy

accuracy of pedigree which *Norroy* and *Clarencieux* are seldom able to attain. The 'farmer' and 'mechanic' could not be denied, but the pain of the confession is alleviated by the addition of the dignity of 'deacon'—which, if translated into *English*, would sound as if 'Farmer' Adams had also been Churchwarden of his parish. Then, please to observe the choice of words.—These farmers and mechanics are 'ancestors';—Gray was content to call them 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet.' Then *Brain-tree*—the name of a pretty village in *old Essex*—is not good enough to be connected, in any way, with this illustrious house of Adams: it is now *Quincy*: Why?—our readers will easily guess, when they recollect that Mrs. Adams was the grand-daughter of a Mr. Quincy, that she had some wealthy relatives of that name, and that she found, in her travels in England, that there had been, in the time of Edward I., a *de Quincy, Earl of Winchester*, whose race, she 'rather believed, was not extinct'! (Letters of Mrs. Adams, ii. 181.) And then Mr. Adams erects a monument to his great-great-grandfather—Imagine any man in aristocratical England erecting a monument to his great-great-grandfather! Let the Duke of Somerset blush—the Protector has no monument! And then again, Mr. Adams pens an inscription on an ancestor about whom he knows little, concerning a *Dragon persecution* of which, we suspect, he knows nothing at all: but this *Dragon persecution* is the *Rouge Dragon* of his heraldry; and we cannot but think that, considering the circumstances, any 'boast of heraldry' imputed to Howards and Seymours could hardly exceed the ancestral pride that transpires through every line of this laboured pedigree.

Such is the preliminary absurdity of the biography of Mr. John Adams, whose real and higher claims to consideration are much more simply and more honourably told. He—the son of a 'farmer and mechanic'—was one of the founders of the American nation; of which *he and his son* were successively chief magistrates, by the free selection of their fellow-citizens. "*Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?*"

Yet, with all this real illustration, Mrs. Adams sighs—and her children record and, we suppose, participate her anxiety—for a bit of lying parchment, which should connect them with some old *Front-de-bœuf Earl of Winchester*.

These trivial indications, however, are pregnant with important considerations. America is, we believe, in personal feeling, the most aristocratic country on the face of the earth—each man's rude assertion of *equality* is no better than a disguised assumption of *superiority*; and whenever the pressure of condensed society shall force the more consistent particles to the surface, there will emerge

emerge *some* form of aristocracy, probably as decided and distinctive as anything which we have in Europe; and perhaps some future Adams may shine in future red books, as Duke of Massachusetts, Earl DE Quincy, Viscount Braintree, and Baron Adam of the Garden of Eden! Let it not be supposed that we either ridicule or deprecate such a result—'tis the natural course of human events; and few ennobled families could have a more respectable stock or a deeper root of public services than the descendants of John Adams: but we cannot help smiling at the inconsistency which fosters such natural and laudable feelings under a sour parade of republican simplicity.

John Adams, we are told, graduated at Harvard College in 1755, and 'studied law under Colonel Putnam, an able lawyer in extensive practice, from 1755 to 1758, during which time he instructed pupils in *Greek and Latin*, as a means of subsistence.' Here several doubts arise. First, we suspect that, as was said of a still greater man, there was 'little Latin and less Greek.' Though we see in his 'Defence of the American Constitution' a good deal about the ancient republics, and some references to classical authors, they are such as might be, and we think were, borrowed from translations; and we have in this correspondence little that indicates any acquaintance with the learned languages, save here and there a hackneyed phrase, such as '*dulce est desipere*' and '*non tali auxilio*:' and there is one allusion to Greek and Roman literature, which seems to negative any very familiar acquaintance with either. He writes, Feb. 3, 1777—

'It was said of Ulysses, *I think*, that he saw the manners of many men and many cities.'—i. 182.

We think that he who penned this had either never read or strangely forgotten both Homer and Horace—two pretty considerable ingredients in a classical education.

The extent of the scholastic acquirements of Mr. Adams is of very little importance, nor would it lower—but indeed rather enhance—his personal merit, if it were proved that he knew no more Greek than Franklin, and no more Latin than his own '*Diana solus*.' (Mrs. Adams's Letters, vol. i. p. 7.) But biography, to be worth anything, should be *true* in such matters; and it would be satisfactory to know whether the parade of a high classical education be not like the pride of '*ancestry*'—one of those *pretensions* which the Americans laugh at in us, but value rather exorbitantly amongst themselves.

But it is said that, 'while he was studying the law, from 1755 to 1758, he *instructed pupils*.' This seems to be a form of words adapted to veil the fact, which we have always understood to be notorious and admitted, of his having been a professed, and it has been

been said a *severe, schoolmaster*—but the very next sentence states that ‘he was long in doubt as to the choice of a profession, between the *church* and the *law*, but that towards the end of 1756 he decided for the *law*.’ He was, therefore, *not* studying the law while he was instructing pupils in 1755. This inclination to sink the *schoolmaster* is another of those indications of the aristocratical susceptibility of our American cousins: but Mr. Adams’s biographer need not be ashamed of a circumstance which must so strongly remind his readers of one of the most remarkable and honourable traits in the eventful life of the king of the French.

At this period of Mr. Adams’s life he is said to have fallen into infidel opinions, and never to have recovered from the deplorable aberration. Dr. Allen opens this important matter rather ambiguously.

‘At this early period he had imbibed a *prejudice* against the prevailing religious opinions of New England, and became attached to speculations hostile to those opinions. Nor were his views afterwards changed.’

This might imply merely, and we heartily wish it did, that Mr. Adams was a dissenter from the prevailing sect of dissenters—but from what follows it appears that Dr. Allen means that those ‘speculations’ were hostile to ‘Christianity.’ Scepticism would, at first sight, surprise us in a person connected by so many ties with the Puritan churches; but on a closer view it seems natural enough that the *Congregational* system—which erects each congregation into an independent church, and subjects both doctrine and discipline to the choice—that is, the caprice—of a voluntary association, without any respect to authority, or any control on individual speculations—should be very often found to produce schism, and to lead, particularly in warm and presumptuous tempers, to infidelity. But we are glad to say we do not find in these volumes any trace of such a rejection of *Christianity* as Dr. Allen hints at. We do not look for a *confession of faith* in familiar letters; and if our attention had not been directed to the subject by the previous suspicion, we should have seen nothing—and, as it is, we see but little—to excite any doubt that he was inwardly, as he certainly was outwardly, a *Christian*. He professes, indeed, a great indifference about what he calls *sects*, and this pretty generally implies an indifference to religion itself; but, on the other hand, his language always was, and his feelings appear to have been, respectful and even reverential to *religion* in the abstract, and to *Christianity* in particular. A phrase in a letter of the 9th of February, 1793, which seems to put on an equality ‘the consolations of *stoicism* and

and *Christianity*,' is evidently a mere familiar locution, which the sincerest Christian might have used on such an occasion. In his 'Thoughts on Government,' (1776,) after referring, foolishly enough, to the moral authorities of 'Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates, and Mahomet,' he adds, 'not to mention authorities REALLY sacred.' So, also, in his inaugural address as President, 4th March, 1797, he asserts 'his humble reverence and veneration for the religion of a people that profess and call themselves Christians,' and pledges himself (with perhaps a sly allusion to the known infidelity of his antagonist Jefferson) to consider 'devout respect for Christianity as one of the best recommendations for public employment. But what we consider more satisfactory than all the former, because it is purely accidental, is his allusion to the self-called philosophers:—

'Philadelphia, 14th December, 1794.—I fear the atheistical and theistical philosophers, lately turned politicians, will drive the common people into receptacles of visionaries, enluminees, illuminees, &c. &c. &c., for the common people will undoubtedly insist upon the risk of being damned, rather than give up the hope of being saved, in a future state. The people will have a life to come, and so will I.'—vol. ii. p. 172.

And on various other unpremeditated occasions he talks as a Christian would do of 'Christian' benevolence and 'Christian' virtues—though we do not recollect that he makes any direct profession of his own individual faith. He was constant, but somewhat promiscuous, in his attendance at public worship.

'9th October, 1774.—This day I went to Dr. Allison's meeting in the forenoon, and heard the Doctor; a good discourse upon the Lord's supper. This is a Presbyterian meeting. I confess I am not fond of the Presbyterian meetings in this town. I had rather go to Church. We have better sermons, better prayers, better speakers, softer, sweeter music and genteeler company. And I must confess that the Episcopal church is quite as agreeable to my taste as the Presbyterian. They are both slaves to the domination of the priesthood. I like the Congregational way best; next to that the Independent.'—vol. i. pp. 34, 35.

Congregational way! What important considerations that loose phraseology suggests! And twenty-five years later we find him repeating the same sentiments:—

'I have been, forenoon and afternoon, to church to hear Parson Waddell, who gave us two discourses, good and wholesome for soul, body, and estate. He is a good picture of "stalled theology," and is said to have a good estate. Last Sunday I went to the Presbyterian church and heard Mr. Grant, an ingenious young gentleman. There is something more cheerful and comfortable in an Episcopalian than in a Presbyterian church. I admire a great part of the Divine service at Church very much. It is very humane and benevolent, and sometimes pathetic and affecting, but rarely gloomy, if ever. Their creeds I could

could dispense with very well, because the Scriptures being before us contain the creed most certainly orthodox. But you know I never write nor talk upon divinity. . . . Benevolence and beneficence, industry, equity and humanity, resignation and submission, repentance and reformation, are the essence of my religion. Alas! how weakly and imperfectly have I fulfilled the duties of my own religion!—vol. ii. pp. 264, 265.

We pause for a moment to deduce from the evidence of this most respectable witness the impolicy—the sin of neglecting in our colonies the culture of our national religion, and abandoning the *pregnant* desert to the innate zeal of sectaries.

But in Mr. Adams's confession of faith it cannot be denied that an important something is wanting:—neither the motives which led him to divine worship, nor the merely moral foundations of '*his religion*,' are satisfactory to a Christian mind: but the defect, which may be only verbal, would by no means justify us in pronouncing him an infidel; and in short, if Mr. Adams was not a very dishonest hypocrite, (which his whole life and character seem to negative,) Dr. Allen, though in other respects his great admirer, must have done him, in this respect, some *degree* of injustice. And this we more readily believe from one minute circumstance: it is stated that Mr. Adams formed these unhappy infidel opinions in early life, '*nor were his views afterwards changed*.' Now we find him under date of 25th January, 1799, abjuring the idolatry which some freethinkers professed for Voltaire, '*whose materialism, &c., appear to him very superficial and nonsensical*;'—he adds, that he '*was profoundly learned in all that jargon at twenty years of age, but found it all useless, and soon renounced it*.' This proves that in one important point at least his early views were subsequently changed. We see also that Mrs. Adams (*Letters*, vol. ii. p. 232), when stating to her son the qualities which would support his father through the arduous duties of President, places in the highest rank *religion*—and expressly the *Christian* religion. But, in conclusion, we are forced to confess that the most unpleasant impression that remains on our mind on this subject is produced by the entire silence of the editor on what we must call a most serious *imputation*, which, having been publicly made, he would, we suppose, have been anxious to contradict, if he could have honestly done so.

Mr. Adams began practising the law—we suppose as an attorney—in 1758, and soon got into business. In 1761—the professions of attorney and counsel being often combined in those parts—he was admitted to the degree of barrister-at-law; and in the same year he inherited by the death of his father a small estate at Braintree—'*now Quincy*.' At this period the
British

British government attempted to introduce into Massachusetts the process of *Writs of assistance*—a kind of general search-warrant for the discovery of goods which had not paid duties. This was resisted as a branch of the power claimed by the mother-country of taxing the colonies:—the popular side was argued in Boston by Mr. Otis, an eminent lawyer of the day and afterwards a still more eminent patriot. Mr. Adams was present—but whether engaged in the cause is not stated. He, on one occasion, calls Mr. Otis '*his worthy master*:' it is therefore probable that he was employed in his office; and, perhaps, attended him in court on this occasion. There can be no doubt that Otis's example had an important influence on Adams's principles and conduct. His account of the effect of Otis's speech is remarkable: 'Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away, *as I did*, ready to *take arms* against writs of assistance. Then and there the child *Independence* was born!' So it probably was; but Mr. Adams might have wished it a more honourable parentage—for Mr. Otis—by whose zeal this legal question was blown up into a revolution—though eulogised by Mr. Adams as 'leaving a character that will never die while the memory of the American Revolution remains, whose foundation he laid with an energy and those masterly abilities that no other man possessed,'—was in truth, *at first*, no more than a disappointed place-jobber turned patriot. Dr. Allen, in the Life of Bernard, governor of Massachusetts, says that

'his [Bernard's] indiscretion in appointing Mr. Hutchinson chief-justice, instead of giving that office to Colonel Otis, of Barnstable, to whom it had been promised by a *former* [not the *preceding*] governor, proved very injurious to the government cause. In consequence of this appointment he lost the influence of Colonel Otis, and, by yielding himself to Mr. Hutchinson, drew upon him the *hostility of James Otis the son*, a man of great talents, who soon became the leader on the popular side;' And it is further stated by the same authority, that

'Otis in his resentment had said that *he would set the province in flames, even though he perished by the fire.*'

This, however, is the course of all revolutions; individual ambition and resentment are the incendiaries, but they can only be successful when there is already a collection of inflammable matter. If the social condition of America had not prepared her for independence, the personal resentments of Mr. Otis could have had but little permanent effect.

In 1764, while practising the law with some success at Braintree, Mr. Adams married Abigail Smith, the daughter, granddaughter, and great-grand-daughter of puritan ministers; and next year published '*An Essay on Canon and Feudal Law*'

We

We were, at first, a little surprised at a young village-lawyer in Massachusetts publishing an *Essay on Canon and Feudal Law*—we wondered where he should have found books, experience, or opportunities for such studies; but our surprise was lessened when we were told that ‘the object of this legal essay was to show the conspiracy between Church and State for oppressing the people.’ We have not seen that work, which we suppose can only be curious as an incident in the personal history of President Adams.

In 1765 he removed to the larger sphere of Boston, where his legal practice is said to have been extensive. All this time the dissensions, of which the affair of the *Writs of assistance* was the first symptom, were growing more serious, and assuming gradually a national character: though they still wore the aspect of opposition to the local governors, who endeavoured to meet their difficulties by the old mode of *buying off* the patriots; amongst whom, it seems, Mr. Adams now began to distinguish himself so much, that in 1768 Governor Bernard is said to have offered him the place of advocate-general. ‘But,’ his biographer tells us, ‘he decidedly declined that lucrative post—he was not a man to be thus bribed to desert the cause of his country!’ We are not, however, told in what way Mr. Adams was or could have been, at that period, enlisted in the cause of his country; and Governor Hutchinson, who succeeded Bernard, tells (in his valuable ‘History of Massachusetts,’ vol. iii. p. 328) a different, and, we think, more probable, story:—

‘Mr. John Adams was a distant relation and intimate acquaintance of Mr. Samuel Adams. After his education at the college he applied to the study of the law, a short time before the troubles began. He is said to have been at a loss which side to take. Mr. Sewall, who was with the Government, would have persuaded him to be on the same side, and promised him to desire Governor Bernard to make him a justice of the peace. The Governor took time to consider of it, and having, as Mr. Adams conceived, not taken proper notice of him, or given him offence on some former occasion, he no longer deliberated, and ever after joined in opposition. As the troubles increased he increased in knowledge, and made a figure not only in his own profession, but as a patriot, and was generally esteemed as a person endowed with more knowledge than his kinsman [Samuel Adams], and equally zealous in the cause of liberty; but neither his business nor his health would admit of that constant application to it which distinguished Samuel Adams from all the rest of the province. In general, John Adams may be said to be of stronger resentment upon any real or supposed personal neglect or injury than the other; but in their resentment against such as opposed them in the cause in which they were engaged, it is difficult to say which exceeded. His ambition was without bounds, and he has acknowledged

acknowledged to his acquaintance that he could not look with complacency upon any man who was in possession of more wealth, more power, or more knowledge than himself.'

The severity with which, in these letters, Mr. Adams generally treats his adversaries, and the dry and niggardly style in which he mentions his friends and associates—even Washington himself—strongly corroborate—and indeed we do not find that Mr. Adams's friends deny the justice of—Governor Hutchinson's estimate of his character: but, after all, candour must confess that it is only by such qualities as boldness, emulation, and ambition—which enemies will call presumption, envy, and selfishness—that men can distinguish themselves in revolutionary struggles; and we really believe that Mr. Adams—though he himself pleads guilty to 'egotism'—had as little of those powerful but unamiable stimulants as any man of his day—excepting always the great and blameless Washington.

But whether this offer of office was made and declined, or not, it is certain that Mr. Adams had now attained very considerable eminence in his profession; and we find him soon after taking a forward part in local politics. In 1769 he was one of a committee of three appointed by the inhabitants of Boston to draw up instructions to their representatives in the provincial legislature, to resist what were styled British encroachments. From this it would seem that, if he at any time hesitated between the parties, he had now decidedly joined the Opposition, and ranked as one of its leaders. In 1770 an affray occurring between the King's troops and a Boston mob, in which some of the rioters were killed, a Captain Preston and some of his soldiers were keenly prosecuted for murder. 'On this occasion,' says Governor Hutchinson, 'Captain Preston had been *well advised* [perhaps by the Governor himself] to retain two gentlemen of the law, who were strongly attached to the cause of liberty, and to *stick at no reasonable fees* for that purpose; and this measure proved of great service to him' (*ib.* p. 328). The two gentlemen thus retained, and *highly fee'd*, were Mr. Adams and Josiah Quincy, a relative of Mrs. Adams. Their advocacy was able and successful, and the verdict of acquittal which they obtained for the officer was then—and is still—quoted in America as a proof of the moderate and conciliatory spirit of the province; praise which it certainly does not merit: for, though Captain Preston was acquitted, some of his men were most unjustly, and in mere compliance with popular violence, found guilty of manslaughter, and punished accordingly.

If Mr. Adams had been before wavering, this victory would probably have drawn him closer to the party he had so essentially served. But it did not do so, and his political differences with the

the Government grew wider. Mrs. Adams tells us that in 1772 'he *had like* to have been chosen into the Council, but if he had, Hutchinson acknowledged that he *would have* negatived him.' (Let. vol. i. p. 30.) This was the occasion on which Mrs. Adams uttered the wish—so strange in a pious lady well read in the Scriptures—that the said Governor might be gibbeted *like Mordecai*—meaning, we presume, like *Haman*. Next year, 1773, he was actually chosen by the Assembly, and negatived by the Governor. It is not unlikely that some personal disappointment may have originally helped to sharpen Mr. Adams's patriotism; but it was quite natural that an eminent lawyer with a good deal of self-confidence—no small share of ambition—educated in the puritan and republican tenets which then prevailed in New England under a surface of monarchical forms—and with, above all, a high and affectionate confidence in the capabilities of his native land—it was natural, we say, that such a man should in the first instance approve resistance to what most of his class considered unconstitutional aggression, and be eventually carried along the stream of opposition into the assertion of Independence. In 1774 his opinions and efforts emerge into full light: we then find him one of the delegates of the province of Massachusetts to the first *Congress*, and—from the earliest moment that we are acquainted with his views—already contemplating and preparing—though not without some misgivings and regret (vol. i. p. 62)—the great result of national emancipation. He and his colleagues, of whom the most remarkable was Samuel Adams, appear to have been far in advance of the rest even of the second Congress on the road to *Independence*.

'I have found this Congress like the last. When we first came together, I found a strong jealousy of us from New England, and the Massachusetts in particular. Suspensions entertained of designs of independency; an American republic; presbyterian principles, and twenty other things. Our sentiments were heard in Congress with great caution, and seemed to make but little impression, but the longer we sat, the more clearly they saw the necessity of pushing vigorous measures. It has been so now. Every day we sit the more we are convinced that the designs against us are hostile and sanguinary, and that nothing but fortitude, vigour, and perseverance can save us.'—vol. i. p. 45.

This tone was then so peculiar to Mr. Adams and his New England colleagues, that, about this time, Congress voted, in spite of his earnest opposition, an address to the King calculated to open a door for reconciliation. A letter from Adams to his friend Mr. Warren, President of the provincial Congress of Massachusetts, and another to Mrs. Adams, expressing his disapprobation of this address and his wishes for vigorous measures of resistance, having

been intercepted, they were published by our Government as a proof that the conciliatory address was deceptive, and that Mr. Adams's letters betrayed the real intention of the Congress:—a mistake, it now appears; for the Congress was still so very averse to the idea of independence, that Mr. Adams, already looked upon with distrust, became, on the publication of these letters, so odious and unpopular, that his society was shunned. To be sure, it was not altogether his hostility to the mother-country that led to this disgrace: he had in those letters severely censured and ridiculed some of his colleagues who happened to take the moderate course; and, probably, the *amour propre* of both parties sheltered itself under an affected *amour de la patrie*. But in a short time, events having taken a turn favourable to Mr. Adams's view, the personalities of his letters were generally forgotten, and he more than resumed his former station in public opinion.

The following answer to a question of his wife's as to Dr. Franklin will, besides giving his opinion of the Doctor, show that even after the battle of Bunker's Hill the prospect of total independence was not popular:—

'Dr. Franklin has been very constant in his attendance on Congress from the beginning. His conduct has been composed and grave, and, in the opinion of many gentlemen, very reserved. He has not assumed anything, nor affected to take the lead; but has seemed to choose that the Congress should pursue their own principles and sentiments, and adopt their own plans. Yet he has not been backward; has been very useful on many occasions, and discovered a disposition entirely American. He does not hesitate at our boldest measures, but rather seems to think us too irresolute and backward. He thinks us at present in an odd state, neither in peace nor war, neither dependent nor independent; but he thinks that we shall soon assume a character more decisive. He thinks that we have the power of preserving ourselves; and that, *even if we should be driven to the disagreeable necessity of assuming a total independency and set up a separate state, we can maintain it.* The people of England have thought that the opposition in America was wholly owing to Dr. Franklin; and I suppose their scribblers will attribute the temper and proceedings of Congress to him; but there cannot be a greater mistake. He has had but little share further than to co-operate and to assist. He is however a great and good man. I wish his colleagues from this city were all like him.'—vol. i. pp. 53, 54.

Mr. Adams must have been more personally active in the preliminary troubles than we were aware of, for we find him writing to his wife, 10th October, 1775—

'Pray bundle up every paper *not already hid, and conceal them in impenetrable darkness.* Nobody knows what may occur!'—vol. ii. p. 63.

And yet certainly the situation of his native province when it began

began its resistance was not such as to require any honest man to enter into any dangerous machinations for its liberation; and a wise man might have doubted, as Mr. Adams himself did at first, whether it was likely to gain much by the change. He says—

‘ New England has, in many respects, the advantage of every other colony in America, and, indeed, of every other part of the world that I know anything of.

‘ 1. The people are purer English blood; less mixed with Scotch, Irish, Dutch, French, Danish, Swedish, &c., than any other; and descended from Englishmen, too, who left Europe in purer times than the present, and less tainted with corruption than those they left behind them.

‘ 2. The institutions in New England for the support of religion, morals, and decency exceed any other; obliging every parish to have a minister, and every person to go to meeting, &c.

‘ 3. The public institutions in New England for the education of youth, supporting colleges at the public expense, and obliging towns to maintain grammar-schools, are not equalled, and never were, in any part of the world.

‘ 4. The division of our territory, that is, our counties, into townships; empowering towns to assemble, choose officers, make laws, mend roads, and twenty other things, gives every man an opportunity of showing and improving that education which he received at college or at school, and makes knowledge and dexterity at public business common.

‘ 5. Our law for the distribution of intestate estates occasions a frequent division of landed property, and prevents monopolies of land.’—vol. i. pp. 74, 75.

This was certainly a state of things that ought not to have provoked rebellion, and we must say that an accurate examination of the earlier stages of the dispute—long before they attracted European notice—has convinced us that the patriots were generally, like Mr. Otis, disappointed place-hunters, and that the *original* dissatisfaction had no reasonable foundation.

But, with all this, we must admit that the prospect of *independence* was an attractive, and as it has turned out a rational, speculation; and Mr. Adams pursued it with mingled activity and prudence, and deserves the large share of the national gratitude which he enjoyed till his Presidency, and which, we believe, is now pretty generally restored to his memory. Mr. Adams not only hastened the declaration of Independence, but he contributed to the adoption of the existing form of federal government, by the publication in 1776 of his ‘Thoughts on Government.’ For most *internal* purposes we believe the federative system the very best that could have been adopted; but Mr. Adams—occupied, we suppose, with what was more immediately urgent, some sort of domestic government—does not in this work allude to, and

probably did not consider the effect of, this federal system in the *foreign relations* of a country—and we should not be surprised if it should happen, and indeed rather shall be surprised if it does not happen, that this federal system, as at present constituted, shall be found wholly inadequate to, and inconsistent with, the maintenance of a *national* government and character. It is a great and interesting problem, and, as we have often said, the system has in America every possible advantage from local and temporary circumstances, and yet we strongly doubt its stability in its present form—but more of this by and by.

Mr. Adams took, as might be expected, a very active part in all the business of Congress: during his service in that body he was member of ninety, and chairman of twenty-five, committees, but seems to have been more especially employed as chairman of the committee for military business, called the *Board of War*. He fancied, indeed, that he had himself a taste for military life—which, he says, broke out so early as 1757, when he longed ardently to be a soldier; and in 1775, when Congress began to appoint officers, and Colonel Washington appeared in that assembly in his *uniform*, Adams's ardour blazes up, and he writes to his wife, 'Oh that I were a soldier!—I will be—I am reading *military books*!' Again, when he accompanies Generals Washington, Lee, and Schuyler a little way out of Philadelphia on their journey to join the army, he is much excited by 'the pride and pomp of war;' but adds, in a sudden ebullition of that *amour propre* which seems to have been so strong in him—

'I, poor creature, worn out with scribbling for my bread and my liberty, low in spirits and weak in health, must leave others to wear the laurels which I have sown; others to eat the bread which I have earned; a common case.'—vol. i. pp. 47, 48.

It must have been something of this feeling which—at one period at least—cooled in a very remarkable way his admiration of Washington. At first Washington is 'the modest and virtuous, the amiable, generous, and brave George Washington, *Esquire*, chosen by Congress to be general of the American army;' but it appears that, when a strong cabal was formed in Congress against Washington, Adams—if he did not join the cabal, which his grandson but faintly denies—looked at least with a jealous and somewhat detracting eye on the great General. We find in a letter of the 26th October, 1777, this *aigre-doux* passage:—

'Congress will appoint a thanksgiving [for some successes in the North in which Washington was not concerned]; and one cause of it ought to be, that the glory of turning the tide of arms is not immediately due to the Commander-in-chief [Washington], nor to southern troops. If it had been, *idolatry* and *adulation* would have been unbounded; so
excessive

excessive as to endanger our liberties, for what I know. Now, we can allow a certain citizen to be wise, virtuous, and good without thinking him a deity or a saviour.'—vol. ii. p. 14.

The editor endeavours to palliate this '*jealousy*' by saying that 'it was solely the result of the study of history, and of the examples of abuse of power by military chieftains, but partook of no hostility to the man, as *will more fully appear* by reference to the letter in this collection of the 25th February preceding.'

This apology does not satisfy our minds: it might very well happen in times of '*cabal*' that an opinion expressed on the 25th of February should be no proof of what a caballer might feel on the 20th October; but, on referring back to that letter, it not only does not '*fully appear*' that Mr. Adams could have no personal jealousy of Washington eight months later, but it does not even prove that Mr. Adams had no such jealousy even at that time. The expressions are:—

'Many persons are extremely dissatisfied with numbers of the general officers of the highest rank. I don't mean the commander-in-chief, his character is justly very high, but Schuyler, Putnam, Spencer, Heath, are thought by very few to be capable of the great commands they hold.'—vol. i. pp. 192, 193.

This only says that Washington stands *justly* high with *many* persons who are extremely dissatisfied with the other generals; and is certainly not a *full appearance* of any great friendship towards Washington—particularly as we find that only *two days* before the date of this letter of the 25th February, 1777, Mr. Adams made a speech in Congress exactly in the spirit of the subsequent letter of the 26th of October:—

'I have been distressed to see some of our members disposed to idolise an image which their own hands have molten. I speak of the superstitious veneration which is paid to General Washington. I honour him for his good qualities, but in this house I feel myself his superior. In private life I shall always acknowledge him to be mine.'—vol. ii. pp. 15, 16.

And all this the editor winds up by saying, with admirable *naïveté*, that if Washington 'had, like ordinary military heroes, attempted the liberties of his country, Mr. Adams's suspicions of the general would have earned him a *high reputation*.'

The merits and services of Washington soon subdued all petty cavils; and Adams learned, no doubt, to regard him with proper reverence: but he never seems to speak of him with that entire frankness and cordiality which might have been expected.

It seems strange, after the editor's professions that his publication is a full and candid one, that we find no allusion to one of the

the most important—to his wife the very most interesting—event of Mr. Adams's career, namely—his removal from Congress and the chairmanship of the *Board of War*, by a mission to Europe, where he found nothing to do, and during which he was treated with great neglect and discourtesy from home. We cannot help connecting this resolve of Congress, which, we learn *aliunde*, took place on the 28th of November, with the peculiar sentiments expressed by Mr. Adams in the preceding month about the Commander-in-chief. Are we not justified by this remarkable instance in expressing our wonder how little these letters add to Mr. Adams's biography?

He remained about a year in France, accompanied by his eldest son—the now venerable John Quincy Adams, then eleven years old; but his letters are written with more than his usual caution—now really necessary from the risk of capture. He complains grievously, and, as it would seem, justly, of the neglect he experienced from the government at home; and at last seems to have returned to America without recall or even permission:—

'*Passy, 27th February, 1779.*—The situation in which my masters have left me puzzles me very much. They have said nothing to me. But one set of gentlemen write that I am to go to Spain, another to Holland, a third to Vienna; but, upon the whole, I believe they don't intend to send me to either, but leave me to stay here in a ridiculous situation, or return home, if I can get there. I shall return unless I should receive, before the time arrives for the vessel to sail, orders which I can execute with honour, and with a prospect of rendering some service to the public. But of these two last points I will judge for myself.'—vol. ii. p. 53.

And, accordingly, he set out a week after the date of his letter, and arrived in America in the summer of 1779. But whether it was that he had done the *nothing* he had to do in Europe so much to the satisfaction of the Congress—or was likely to do *something* in America so little to their satisfaction, we cannot tell; but he was in about three months (29th September) re-appointed to the European mission with, as we are told in the biography, a higher rank, and more important object—namely, as minister plenipotentiary, to negotiate a peace, and with authority also to make a commercial treaty with Great Britain. But these powers seem to have been illusory: the first does not appear to have had any immediate consequences; and the latter was certainly revoked. He arrived in France early in 1780, but seems to have been again treated with as little kindness, or even notice, by his 'masters' as he had been before. He writes on the 7th June,—

'I have no remittances, nor anything to depend on: not a line from Congress

Congress or any member since I left you [seven months before].—vol. ii. p. 51.

Is it not clear that the main object of this mission could only be to get rid of him? However, about September he received—or, if we were to trust the biography, undertook on his own responsibility—a mission to Holland, where he resided a year and a half, almost, it seems, as a private person, principally engaged in negotiating loans with individual capitalists to meet the pressing wants of the Congress; but about April, 1782, he was received in a public character, and in the five following months—during which he had not heard from his ‘masters’—he negotiated, and at length concluded a treaty with the Dutch Government: but the value of his services was still so scantily acknowledged, that on his return to Paris, on the 4th December, 1782, he wrote to Congress a resignation of all his employments, and solicited leave for his immediate return to America. Of this no notice was taken; and he at last made up his mind to return home *with or without leave*, unless he should receive a commission to the court of St. James’s: but that he thought unlikely, for—

‘The same influence, French influence I mean, which induced Congress to revoke my commission, will still continue to prevent the revival of it. And I think it likely, too, that English influence will now be added to French, for *I don’t believe that George wishes to see my face*. In this case I shall enjoy the satisfaction of coming, where I wish most to be, with all my children, living in simplicity, innocence, and repose.’—vol. ii. p. 92.

We notice particularly this flippant allusion to ‘George,’ as a pregnant indication of the predisposition with which Mr. Adams would visit the English court, and of the temper in which he was likely to regard the King.

His employment at Paris during the spring of 1783, in the most important and honourable office of negotiating the definitive treaty of peace, does not seem to have assuaged his ill humour, nor induced him to recall his resignation:—

‘*Paris, May 30, 1783.*—Here I am out of all patience. Not a word from America. The British ministry lingering on. Mr. Hartley uncertain what to do. No regulation of commerce agreed on—no definitive treaty of peace signed, or likely to be signed very soon. My spring passage home lost. The total idleness, the perpetual uncertainty we are in, is the most insipid, and at the same time disgusting and provoking, situation imaginable. I had rather be employed in carting street-dust and marsh-mud.’—vol. ii. p. 93.

And again—

‘We advance slowly to the definitive treaty. I can now have no hopes of seeing you before late in the fall. If the acceptance of my resignation

resignation arrives, as I expect, and we finish the peace as soon as I can reasonably hope, I shall not now be able to embark before October. If you and your daughter were with me, I could keep up my spirits; but, idly and insipidly as I pass my time, I am weary, worn, and disgusted to death. I had rather chop wood, dig ditches, and make fence upon my poor little farm.'—vol. ii. pp. 94, 95.

At length, however, a mission to England repairs all :—

'*Paris, Sept. 7, 1783.*—This morning, for the first time, was delivered me the resolution of Congress of the 1st of May, that a commission and instructions should be made out to me, Dr. Franklin, and Mr. Jay, to make a treaty of commerce with Great Britain. If this intelligence had been sent us by Barney, who sailed from Philadelphia a month after the 1st of May, it would have saved me and others much anxiety. . . . This resolution of Congress deserves my gratitude. It is highly honourable to me, and restores me my feelings, which a former proceeding had taken away. I am now perfectly content to be recalled whenever they think fit, or to stay in Europe until this business is finished, provided you will come and live with me. . . . You don't probably know the circumstances which attend this proceeding of Congress. They are so honourable to me, that I cannot in gratitude or decency refuse.'—vol. ii. pp. 99, 101, 102.

Of this mission, or of his subsequent residence in London as minister, these Letters give no account whatsoever—as Mrs. Adams—to whom all those letters are addressed—soon joined him and remained with him in Europe till his final return. We have therefore nothing to add to what we said in our former article concerning this period. After an absence of nine years he landed at Boston on the 17th June, 1788, and Congress honoured him with a resolution of 'Thanks for his able and faithful discharge of various important commissions.'

We have many reasons for thinking that these thanks appeared both to Mr. and Mrs. Adams parsimonious, if not invidious: but he soon received a more general and cordial testimony of approbation.

On the first election for chief magistrates under the new constitution, March, 1789, Washington was elected President and Adams Vice-President; and they were both re-elected in 1793.

We have already said that during his first vice-presidency there are but a couple of insignificant letters; and it does not appear that there was any great concert or confidence between Washington and Adams; and Adams, towards the close of that period, writes with something of a tone of disappointed ambition :—

'I know not how it is, but in proportion as danger threatens I grow calm. I am very apprehensive that a desperate anti-federal party will provoke all Europe by their insolence. But my country has, in its wisdom, contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the invention
of

of man contrived, or his imagination conceived; and as I can do neither good nor evil, I must be borne away by others, and meet the common fate.'—vol. ii. p. 133.

But the violence of this anti-federalist party, and the atrocity of the French Revolution at home, and its audacious insolence to foreign powers, drew Washington and Adams into more intimate intercourse. The following are the strongest indications of this friendly feeling that we can find:—

'Philadelphia, Jan. 9, 1794.—Nearly one-half the country is in constant opposition to the other, and the President's situation, which is highly responsible, is very distressing. He made me a very friendly visit yesterday, which I returned to-day, and had two hours' conversation with him alone in his cabinet. The conversation, which was extremely interesting, and equally affectionate, I cannot explain even by a hint. But his earnest desire to do right, and his close application to discover it, his deliberate and comprehensive view of our affairs with all the world, appeared in a very amiable and respectable light. The anti-federalists and the Frenchified zealots have nothing now to do that I can conceive of, but to ruin his character, destroy his peace, and injure his health. He supports all their attacks with great firmness; and his health appears to be very good. The Jacobins would make a sortie upon him, in all the force they could muster, if they dared.'—vol. ii. p. 137.

And again—

'Yesterday I dined at the President's, with ministers of state and their ladies, foreign and domestic. After dinner the gentlemen drew off after the ladies, and left me alone with the President in close conversation. He detained me there till nine o'clock, and was never more frank and open upon politics. I find his opinions and sentiments are *more exactly like mine than I ever knew before, respecting England, France, and our American parties.*'—vol. ii. p. 214.

Yet at the time of this first confidential interchange of opinions on these great questions, Washington and Adams had been *seven years* colleagues in the offices of President and Vice-President. We really do not wonder that he should have felt some little dissatisfaction as to the insignificance of his position; but we must do him the justice to say that no such feeling was visible in his conduct. He acted honestly, and, as far as he could, zealously, in support of Washington's administration against the political agitation which the democrats and partisans of the French were directing against the government; and, the senate being almost equally balanced, his casting voice decided some very important questions—one in particular, on which he dwells with much earnestness, and which, *even now*, ought not to be forgotten. The main object of the French party was to force America into hostilities with England, and the accidental collision at sea between
the

the British cruisers and American commerce afforded the most plausible and popular *pretences* for a rupture—but these were with the most influential persons only *pretences*: the real state of the case was that—to Mr. Adams's great and just indignation—these persons were *deeply indebted* to English correspondents, and were pushing on hostilities as a short mode to cancel their liabilities and defraud their creditors. One of the most formidable of these attempts was Mr. Clarke's *resolution*, in the summer of 1794, to prohibit all intercourse with Great Britain. On this the senate was equally divided; but Mr. Adams, who deprecated the political result and was indignant at the secret motive, negatived it, and, by this great service to justice as well as to the best interests of his country, proved that his office was not so entirely unimportant as in quieter circumstances it had appeared to him.

As Washington's second presidency was wearing out, politicians began to calculate whether he would retire or go on for a third term. There has been, since that time, an understanding—though there is no positive rule—that the president shall not be elected a third time; and there has been no such instance: but at this period there was a pretty general opinion that General Washington might go on, and even Mr. Adams himself, when looking forward to the presidency, intimated, with a parade of humility that makes us smile, that *he* would by no means be persuaded to accept a third election. Washington kept his intentions very secret, and had probably not made up his own mind till about the commencement of his last year. But if he ever contemplated another tour of service, the virulence and ingratitude of the French faction tired out his equanimity, and determined him to retire. During this period of doubt, we find Mr. Adams naturally but sometimes almost comically anxious about his chance of the great prize—though even to the wife of his bosom he attempts to keep up a show of philosophical and republican indifference; which, however, was really no more than a *hedge*—to borrow a metaphor from another species of competition—to console him in the event of failure. He relied, it appears, strongly on the *right of succession*, as if John I. ought necessarily to succeed George I., and he calls himself with a semi-serious pleasantry the '*heir-apparent*.' Elected, however, he was by the good sense of his country, for he was undoubtedly, if not a cleverer, at least an honest and safer politician, as well as a more respectable private man, than his strongest antagonist, Mr. Jefferson. The short foot-notes in which the editor announces this and the former elections as vice-president, do not inform us of the majority by which he was chosen, nor who were his competitors—nor, strange to say, could it be anywhere

anywhere discovered, either from note or text, that during his presidency Mr. Jefferson was vice-president. Our readers will judge of the *historical* value of a correspondence which does not even allude to so considerable a circumstance.

The account of his inauguration—at which, it seems, no part of his own family was present—is curious and interesting in many points, but above all for the slight but striking sketch of his great predecessor in this his last, and, we think, greatest public appearance:—

‘Philadelphia, 5th March, 1797.

‘My dearest Friend,—Your dearest friend never had a more trying day than yesterday. A solemn scene it was indeed, and it was made more affecting to me by the presence of the General, *whose countenance was as serene and unclouded as the day*. He seemed to me to enjoy a triumph over me. Methought I heard him say, “Ay! I am fairly out and you fairly in! See which of us will be happiest.” When the ceremony was over, he came and made me a visit, and cordially congratulated me, and wished my administration might be happy, successful, and honourable.

‘It is now settled that I am to go into his house. It is whispered that he intends to take French leave to-morrow. I shall write you as fast as we proceed. My chariot is finished, and I made my first appearance in it yesterday. It is simple, but elegant enough. My horses are young, but clever.

‘In the chamber of the House of Representatives was a multitude as great as the space could contain, and I believe scarcely a dry eye—but *Washington’s*. The sight of the *sun setting full orb’d*, and another rising, though less splendid, was a novelty. Chief Justice Ellsworth administered the oath, and with great energy. Judges Cushing, Wilson, and Iredell were present. Many ladies. I had not slept well the night before, and did not sleep well the night after. I was unwell, and did not know whether I should get through or not. I did, however. How the business was received I know not, only I have been told that Mason, the treaty publisher, said we should lose nothing by the change, for he never heard such a speech in public in his life.

‘All agree that, taken altogether, it was the sublimest thing ever exhibited in America. I am, my dearest friend, most affectionately and kindly yours,

‘JOHN ADAMS.’—Vol. ii. p. 244.

But neither the sedative influence of age, nor his late intercourse with Washington, nor this great personal elevation, could altogether cure the innate feeling which he himself—in confidence to his lady, and probably in the hope of being contradicted by his affectionate partner—calls his ‘*egotism and vanity*.’ It appears that other reporters of the inauguration-scene just described had dwelt more largely on the *abundant tears shed* by the spectators—this

—this report touches the new president very sensibly in his tenderest point—he cannot tell

‘whether this weeping was from joy or grief—whether from the loss of *their beloved President*, or from the accession of an unbeloved one. Everybody talks of the tears, the full eyes, the trickling eyes, &c., but all is *enigma* to me. No one descends into particulars to say *why* or *wherefore*—I am therefore left to suppose that it is all grief for the loss of their beloved!’—vol. ii. p. 247.

What!—John Adams could not understand the emotions of a grateful people—a people created by Washington’s genius and virtue—on seeing the ‘*beloved*’ father of his country descending into, as it were, the *tomb* of retirement! and could fancy in it something of a personal slight to himself!

In the same spirit, though in a less offensive form, he shows his appetite for personal applause, and something like mortification that his accession did not make more noise:—

‘And now, [a fortnight after the inauguration,] the world is as silent as the grave. All the federalists seem to be afraid to approve anybody but Washington. The Jacobin papers damn with faint praise, and undermine with misrepresentation and insinuation. If the federalists go to playing pranks, I will resign the office, and let Jefferson lead them to peace, wealth, and power if he will.’—vol. ii. p. 252.

These traits (and many others could be quoted) certainly prove that Governor Hutchinson’s early appreciation of his character was strikingly just; and we cease to wonder at Mrs. Adams’s wish that so accurate a painter were hanged. *Il n’y a que la vérité qui blesse*. They also tend to corroborate the suspicion that the peculiar sourness with which he always alludes to his diplomatic reception in London may have had its origin in some trivial or perhaps groundless personal jealousy. We say trivial or groundless, because we think that if it had been otherwise it would have been by this time avowed.

But bating these weaknesses—for the exhibition, if intentional, of which we are bound to acknowledge the candour of the editor—Mr. Adams won his eminent station honourably, and filled it respectably in talent and honestly in principle. As Mrs. Adams soon joined him at the seat of Government, the letters during his Presidency are few and unimportant, which we the more regret, because the details of Mr. Adams’s administration are but imperfectly known, and are *skipped over* as it were by the biographer: we know, indeed, generally, that he inherited from Washington the enmity of the French party, and at last found himself forced, as we think, into hostilities with France—from which he had little prospect of retreating with honour, or of advancing with much hope of ultimate success; but, fortunately, the

the profligate sway of the Directory was overthrown, and Buonaparte was too happy to relieve his new-born power from the difficulties and unpopularity of a war with America.

We believe that Mr. Adams's conduct in all this affair was not only justifiable but laudable; that indeed it was almost inevitable; and we regret that we have no record of his own personal feelings and views in that important crisis. It shook, however, his popularity so much, that, instead of being pressed, as he once dreamed, to a *third* presidency, he was even refused a *second*: towards the close of 1800, Mr. Jefferson, the avowed champion of French principles and the head of the French party, was elected in his room; though, in justice to Mr. Adams and his country, we must add, by a majority of only *one*; and on the 4th of March, 1801, Mr. Adams retired into private life, not unhonoured, though unaccompanied by any of those higher emotions which he had envied to Washington!

Indeed, in reply to a birthday address in 1802, the year after, he reverted with bitterness to the treatment he had received:—

‘Under the continual provocations breaking and pouring on me, from unexpected as well as expected quarters, during the two last years of my administration, he must have been more of a modern *epicurean* philosopher than ever I was or ever will be, to have borne them all without some incautious *expressions*, at times, of an *unutterable* indignation.’—*Biog. tit.*

He, however, was generally and justly respected in his retirement; and there can be no doubt that his name and fame contributed to the subsequent election of his able and excellent son to the presidential chair—in which he was destined like his father—and from much the same honourable causes—to receive the affront, as it had become, of non-re-election.

Mr. Adams died in 1826, at the venerable age of ninety-one—very remarkably—on the anniversary of the declaration of Independence. On that morning he was roused by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon, and when asked if he knew what day it was, replied—‘Oh, yes, the glorious 4th of July!’ In the forenoon he was visited by the orator of the day, the minister of the parish, who found him seated in an arm-chair, and asked him for a *sentiment* to be given at the public table. ‘I will give you,’ said the patriarch, ‘*Independence for ever!*’ Towards the close of the day he exclaimed ‘*Jefferson survives!*’ but it was not so—for, strange to say, Jefferson had already died at one o'clock of that same day on which Mr. Adams expired at six in the evening; and by a still more wonderful coincidence another Ex-President, Munroe, also died on the *same anniversary* in 1830.

Mr.

Mr. Adams was a warm professor of republican principles, but moderate and sober in their application: a friend of liberty, but not less the advocate of order and discipline in the state; and it will be happy for his country if his example and his precepts shall be so far remembered as to tend to moderate and control that spirit of unbounded democracy which has been growing, we fear, in America, and which we believe to be incompatible with any permanent system of rational government.

Mr. Adams expresses on many occasions his fears on this subject with an earnestness and sagacity that do him honour; and, in spite of his little personal dissatisfaction against England, he was always ready to do ample justice to the merits of our form of government.

‘The newspapers have represented my writings as monarchical, as having a monarchical tendency—an aristocratical tendency. In answer to these charges, I only wish to have them read. I have represented the British constitution as the most perfect model that has yet been discovered or invented by human genius and experience for the government of the great nations of Europe. It is a master-piece. It is the only system that has preserved, or can preserve, the shadow, the colour, or the semblance of liberty to the people, in any of the great nations of Europe. Our own Constitution I have represented as the best for us, in our peculiar situation.’—*Letter of John Adams to S. Perley, June 19, 1809.*

We agree with Mr. Adams that the constitution of the United States was perhaps the best that they could have adopted in their ‘*peculiar situation*.’ The only question is whether it will be found so when the ‘*peculiarity*’ of that situation shall have worn out.

We have not the slightest desire that the great American experiment of cheap—elective—and federative government should fail. On the contrary, we think it of great importance to the future welfare of mankind that it should succeed; that is, that the general government should have both constitutional and practical authority to ensure peace and justice at home—peace and justice abroad. Our doubts are whether the present elective and federative forms afford a sufficient guarantee for those great objects—and in these doubts we only concur with the wisest and most patriotic of the statesmen of America—of the authors of the experiment—of the very founders of the constitution! We have heretofore often stated our reasons for thinking that the experiment has never yet reached its crisis—we have indicated the various temporary and local causes which have tended to preserve the federal government—the various subsidiary accidents which have helped to lubricate the working of what we suspect to be an imperfect machine. These causes and accidents must gradually

ally wear out; and whenever they shall be exhausted—then, and not fully *till* then, will the *intrinsic* efficacy of the American system be brought to the test. We ourselves sincerely wish that the day of crisis may be distant, and that some intermediate correctives may be found for that laxity of principle and conflict of authority of which we have had so many recent indications.

One danger, however, both to America and England, may be nearer at hand than any arising from the natural course of circumstances—we mean a hostile collision between the two countries—and it is our prayer and our hope that the wisdom of the respective Governments may prevent—and it is, we have no doubt, in their power to do so—so great a misfortune to the civilised world.

It is impossible that any other two independent nations can have such a community of interests as England and America. In truth, we know of no material and substantial interest in which they are *opposed*—nay, in which they are *separated*: their origin, their laws, and their language are the same; their business, their prosperity, are identified: New York is but a suburb of Liverpool, or, if you will, Liverpool of New York: the failure of the Pennsylvanian bank ruined more fortunes in England than in America; the manufactures of Manchester share more wealth with Carolina than with Middlesex. We are not merely brothers and cousins—the ties of consanguinity, we know, are not always the bond of friendship—but we are *partners*—*joint tenants*, as it were, of the commerce of the world; and we have had, as we have just hinted, melancholy experience that distress on either shore of the Atlantic must be almost equally felt on the other.

And why should we quarrel? What are the grounds or objects of any difference between us? We know of but two, or at most three, points of difference on which the most captious on either side of the Atlantic have raised even a question—and what are they? Matters which, we firmly believe, two intelligent and honest negotiators might settle in a fortnight, and which owe their chief interest to their being made the pretexts of those who wish, for private or personal objects, to blow up a conflagration.

The vast importance to the peace and happiness of the world of our relations with the United States will, we hope, be a sufficient apology for our taking this occasion of making some, as we hope, conciliatory observations on these pending questions.

The first is that of the Canadian boundary; and there is, we believe, another boundary question down in the *Far West*. We are not now going to repeat our recent argument on the Canadian boundary, but we cannot allude to it without expressing our conviction of its utter unimportance to the great *American nation*, however interesting it may be to the land-jobbers or popularity-hunters

hunters of the State of Maine. The difficulty has arisen out of the *terms* of a treaty made in utter ignorance on both sides, and now, by both sides, admitted to be inconsistent and impracticable;—what then remains but—if we adhere to this bungled treaty *at all*—to look to the *intention and meaning* of the parties? On this point we beg leave, as the best argument we can use, to reproduce once more a diagram of the disputed and the adjacent territories.



The shaded triangular space, C A B, represents the disputed territory; and can any rational man believe that it was the intention of the parties to protrude this shapeless and incongruous *horn* up into the regions watered by the River St. John—cutting off the *course* of that river from its maritime *outlet*, and blocking up the direct communication between the capitals and territories of our most important North American colonies? No man does or can believe so monstrous a proposition—General Jackson did not—Mr. Secretary Livingstone did not; and we cannot but hope that some arrangement, on the fair, rational, and honourable basis (as we understand it) proposed by those gentlemen, may be still practicable. The *principle* of the treaty was rationally conceived, though it was so unfortunately and obscurely *expressed*—namely, that the party which possessed the mouth of a river should also possess its course, and that the boundary-line should pass between the sources of the rivers which eventually flowed through

through the undisputed territories of the respective parties. We do not see that if the present treaty were to be utterly thrown aside as unintelligible and impracticable, a more rational basis for a new one could be found; and we still trust that the good sense of America would in a fresh negotiation see the expediency and fairness of allowing us a direct communication between our provinces. Let us suppose for a moment that Great Britain possessed an insulated strip of land lying between New York and Boston, would it not be universally felt that, though it could be of no advantage to England, the want of it would be intolerably injurious to America? and, in the same way, surely the Americans must see that the possession of an uncultivated waste between Nova Scotia and Canada, though of no possible use to them as a nation, is of absolute necessity to the British colonies. We cannot suspect a great people of such dog-in-the-manger policy as to stickle for that which can be of little or no advantage to them, and yet is an *absolute necessity* to us.

The territorial question on the *extreme west* coast of America has not yet taken, that we know of, a decided shape, nor excited, we believe, any strong feeling in either country—it may therefore, we presume, be speedily settled, and its details—as far as we have heard of any—seem to us of easy arrangement, and certainly they do not warrant any apprehensions of a serious difference between the two nations? We only mention it that we may omit nothing that is debated or debateable between us.

But another question more serious in its relation to public feeling, though in reality, we think, very little important in itself, has been recently raised, or, as a hasty observer might say, *revived*. We mean what is—most untruly—called the *right of searching ships on the high seas* in time of peace. Now we set out by stating in the broadest terms, and without fear of contradiction, that ENGLAND NEITHER CLAIMS NOR ATTEMPTS TO PRACTISE ANY SUCH RIGHT; and that the quarrel which a party in America, echoed we are sorry to see by a party in France, is endeavouring to fix upon us under this pretence, has not a shadow of foundation.

It is but recently that we have heard of the agitation of this question, and it has reached us in a way that shows clearly the spirit which actuates the parties. It has been stated in the American newspapers ('*Richmond Inquirer*,' and '*New York Commercial Advertiser*' of the 15th of November, quoted in the London '*Morning Post*,' of the 2nd of December last) that Mr. Stevenson, the late American minister to our court, being recalled on the change of government at Washington, boasted on his return that the most important part of his ministry had been the

revival and prosecution of this question, in which he had latterly *fired very hot shot*, and that his last act had been '*to throw a bomb-shell into the English cabinet*, on the eve of his departure;' and a subsequent New York paper, quoted in the *Times* of the 17th of December, says—

'I mentioned in my last that Mr. Stevenson had written a very severe letter [on the right of search] just before he left England. I hear also more of that now. It was a *Parthian* arrow, and the ex-minister, it is said, boasts that its *point was poisoned*, while Lord Palmerston considers the embroiled state of the negotiations as a delightful legacy for him to leave to his Tory successor. The subjects will, I think, occupy a considerable place in the President's message.'

We have seen at home such flagrant, and so recent, instances of an outgoing ministry endeavouring to embarrass its successors, that we must admit the possibility of Mr. Stevenson's having intended to embarrass the American administration which had recalled him; but we wholly disbelieve that Lord Palmerston—however factiously he may be disposed to deal with *internal* questions—could have played any such part as Mr. Stevenson is said to have imputed to him on so serious a point of foreign policy. We are satisfied that it will be found that Mr. Stevenson—if there be any truth at all in the story—stands alone in this species of glory; and that Lord Palmerston, though he may have left a difficult *legacy* to his successors, did not do so *intentionally*. If he had been capable of any such conduct, Mr. Stevenson—whose character as a gentleman has never been impeached—would assuredly not have betrayed the secret. But however that may be, such petty arts and false pretences never can, we hope, involve two great and intelligent nations in serious difficulties; and it is the duty of every honest man to use his best endeavours, whatever they may be, to avert so great a calamity.

The case is this: England and certain other maritime powers have agreed in declaring the *trading in slaves* to be felony and piracy, and they have agreed *by special treaties* that their respective cruisers shall intercept and send in for adjudication any ships *belonging to their respective nations* which may be found practising this felony and piracy. America—(and what we say of America equally applies to any other country with which we might not have special treaties on the point)—America, though she too has proscribed the slave-trade, has not entered into this special compact; and therefore, even though a British cruiser should see an *American* vessel loaded with slaves, it has no right, and pretends to no right whatsoever, to interfere. The *American* ship in that case would be indeed violating its own laws, but to its own laws it must be left;—the British
cruiser

cruiser has nothing to do in the matter, and does nothing! But it has a right and a duty to see that *British* ships do not carry on this trade, and it has also, under the special treaties just mentioned, a reciprocal right and a duty to see that Spanish, Portuguese, and Brazilian ships do not commit the prohibited offence. But then, nothing is easier for the *British*, *Spanish*, *Portuguese*, or *Brazilian* offender, when in danger of detection, than to hoist—for the nonce—an American flag; and some American statesmen pretend that under no circumstances, however suspicious or fraudulent, shall any vessel wearing their flag be questioned. It is well known that the ships of every nation are provided, at the expense of about *ten shillings* each, with the flags of every other nation; and—if the mere momentary hoisting that bit of stuff were to preclude the possibility of inquiry into the *bonâ fide* right of the ship to wear it—there could be no possible check on the abuse. British felons and Brazilian pirates might roam the seas with impunity, by only having one bit of American *bunting* to hoist whenever they were in danger of detection.

All that England says is, that under the ancient and necessary common law of the sea, and according to the ordinary rules of common sense, we are entitled to satisfy ourselves that the ship which hoists those colours is really entitled to hoist them. If she be a *bonâ fide* American, though she were chock-full of slaves, we pretend to no right to meddle with her—but we claim a right to see that she is not *one of our own ships* committing this crime under the additional offence of *fraudulent colours*. Can any rational man deny the propriety—the necessity of such a right?—Surely not; and above all, when it is a right that we admit to others as freely and as largely as we claim it for ourselves.

But more than that: we admit—and it is a very liberal admission—that the mere wearing of a national flag ought to be *primâ facie* evidence of nationality; and therefore, in ordinary cases, there neither is, nor ought to be, any interference. It is only when some peculiar circumstances of *suspicion* arise that any officer ever thinks it necessary to ascertain the fact by a closer inspection. We will venture to say, that on all the wide oceans of the globe no vessel under American colours has ever been questioned by a British cruiser save in the comparatively narrow limits in which the slave-trade is rife; and even within these limits we again say *never*—but when there is reason to suspect that the American flag is but a fraudulent colour for a ship of a different country.

Practically, this question has grown out of our *Slave-trade* legislation and treaties; and the opposition to it has been raised, both in France and America, mainly, we believe, by parties who

care nothing about the *maritime right* of nations—which they very well know are *not in the slightest degree invaded*—but who are *interested* in the *slave trade*, and know, as every body must do, that if the mere fact of wearing a bit of *tricolor* or *striped* bunting were to protect Spanish or Brazilian ships from any kind of inquiry, all our treaties are worse than waste paper, and the slave-trade must become more prosperous than ever.

But, in fact, this is not a mere question of the slave-trade ;—for if the *principle* now, for the first time, contended for, viz., that when a vessel chooses to exhibit—however suspiciously, however fraudulently—a national colour, there is no right of question or inquiry—if that principle, we say, be admitted, what is to become of the safety of the maritime intercourse of all mankind? Can it be argued that *smugglers* in the British seas may escape the visit of a custom-house cruizer by wearing an American jack? Will the American government contend that a *pirate* in the Gulf of Mexico, gorged with the plunder, and reeking with the blood of her citizens, is to escape from one of her cruizers, which may have the strongest grounds to suspect his real character, merely by hoisting the red ensign of an English merchantman? and will she deny that the lives and property of mankind on the high seas would be placed in constant and general peril by so monstrous a doctrine?—And yet that is really the *principle* now at issue: for we say, again and again, we have nothing at all to do with *bonâ-fide* Americans; and all we want is to distinguish, in *suspicious cases*, a *bonâ-fide* American from one of our own malefactors, who may have disguised himself under that flag.

And what is the objection to the practice?—Why this—that it may subject an innocent vessel to *vexation and delay*. Now we must first observe, that every one conversant with the sea knows that, in general, ships have no objection to be spoken—particularly in *out-of-the-way* places: they are, for the most part, well pleased with a mutual interchange of news, or of letters, often of water and provisions, frequently of information as to their local position, or other circumstances connected with their safety, which one ship may possess more exactly than another; and that the delay is generally very trifling.

But this we admit is all mere courtesy, and no ship can have a right to inflict such civilities on another that chooses to decline them; and, no doubt, such visits would sometimes be attended with delay, and therefore vexation. But, let it not be forgotten, first, that the inconvenience, as well as the ultimate advantage, is *reciprocal* between the nations; and that England can have no interest in subjecting her shipping, equal in number and value to that of all mankind put together, to such delay and inconvenience,

ence, if the safety of the seas did not require the existence of such a principle—which, though rarely practised, operates as a general control on robbers, pirates, and buccaneers. And it is, moreover, not unworthy of note, that the delay and inconvenience, such as they may be, are not only reciprocal between the nations, but between the individual ships, for the *visitor* is inevitably put to more trouble and delay than the *visited*—with the additional mortification, if he has made a mistake, that the visitor has had his trouble for his pains; and is liable, moreover, to *serious responsibilities* for any injurious delay he may happen to cause.

But, after all, there may, and indeed occasionally will, be delays, and therefore some degree of vexation; but so there must be from the execution of *any* law of general surety. Suppose we were to admit—an admission, again, much too liberal—that the mere flag should be considered as a kind of national *passport*. Does any American gentleman, travelling on the continent of Europe, complain, as an infraction of the laws of nations, that his passport is examined at every fortress and frontier, and that the authorities satisfy themselves by inquiries, often very dilatory and vexatious, that the *passport is genuine*, and that *he is the party* to whom the passport, if genuine, belongs? and how, *à multo fortiori*, can a traveller on the waters complain, that, in a very few peculiar places and under very rare circumstances of suspicion, his passport should be looked at?

The domestic servants of our own sovereign, and of all foreign ministers, in England are free from arrest; but if it were discovered that the royal or foreign livery was frequently assumed by malefactors as a disguise and cover for crime, would it be thought any indignity to our sovereign or to the foreign ambassador that the police, meeting a person wearing their livery in suspicious circumstances, should verify his right to wear it?

And, finally, and perhaps most important of all, be it observed that the *frequency of the fraud* is not denied. The Americans admit, we believe, that the abuse of the American flag is but too common; but they say that it is *their* business to repress and punish it. But how can that be done? They never do, and, *from the nature of the cases*, never can see it: the British or Brazilian slave-trader has no object in showing American colours to American cruizers; on the contrary, they are as wary not to do so as they are not to show their proper colours to British cruizers. The party *against* whom the deception is practised is the only party that can ever see the deception; while an impostor takes especial care to keep out of the way of him that he personates.

In short, there is not in law nor in reason, in principle nor in practice, the slightest colour or excuse for the jealousy which it is
endeavoured

endeavoured to raise against England, in a matter where she asks only what she in return admits to all mankind, and which is asked only in the common interest and common safety of the whole maritime world.

The truth, the plain unvarnished truth and common sense will be sufficient to dissipate all jealousy about the *principle*; and there are abundant means by which the practical inconvenience may be reduced almost—if not absolutely—to nothing. For this purpose it would be very desirable to know what cases of inconvenience have actually occurred. We hear of complaints, but we have never heard the *details* of any one cause of complaint, and we suspect that had they been very serious we should have heard more about them: but whatever they may be, no one can doubt that every effort ought to be made to prevent, as far as possible, their recurrence. Any British officer, of experience enough to be intrusted with a command, will, in three cases out of four, be able to distinguish at a glance, or by exchanging a word through a trumpet, an American ship from any other that he can have a right to visit—except perhaps the *British*. In any case, the inquiry ought to be so conducted that in the event of mistake there should be at least no discourtesy, and as little delay as possible, to complain of; and in the rare cases in which any injurious delay or inconvenience should occur, the officer, or the country, according to the circumstances, would be held liable to make good any damage occasioned to an innocent party—just as a magistrate or policeman would, in such a case as we have before supposed, have to make reparation to a person whom they should have indiscreetly or erroneously arrested.

There is, however, one point of our system for suppressing the *slave-trade* which we think objectionable in itself, and still more so as tending to produce the inconveniences which we deprecate: we mean the bounty to her Majesty's ships for the re-capture of slaves. These rewards stand, we humbly conceive, on entirely different grounds from belligerent prize—in an erroneous, as we think, imitation of which they have been established. We will not enter into a detail of the many reasons for which we should wish to see this practice wholly abolished: it is sufficient for our present purpose to say that it seems at variance with the spirit of disinterested humanity, which we know, but which *foreign nations* were, for a long time, so reluctant to believe, to be the real motive of our zeal against slave-trading.

But there is a short and easy mode of arranging this question, which would leave nothing to doubt or accident, and would wholly remove all possibility of difference between America and us on the subject. We mean—a diplomatic arrangement between the countries;

countries; and certainly there never was a more propitious moment for such an experiment. Even as we are writing these lines, we have had the great satisfaction of hearing that a joint *Convention* has been very recently signed by *Austria, England, France, Prussia, and Russia*, by which each power agrees—in furtherance of the suppression of the slave-trade—to grant to the cruisers of the other powers warrants to search—in certain specified cases—and, if slaves be found, to send in for adjudication ships bearing its national flag. This great step—the greatest, we believe, yet made towards the suppression of the slave-trade on the seas, does infinite honour to all the contracting parties, and will, we are confident, be received with such satisfaction throughout Europe as to silence the petty and interested cavils of a party in France, which—from the triple motive of opposition to M. Guizot, hatred of England, and zeal for the slave-trade—has been very angry at the prospect of this happy arrangement. With Brazil, Denmark, Holland, Naples, Portugal, Sardinia, Spain, and Sweden, we had already similar conventions; and thus there is an unanimous concurrence in this great principle of, we may say, the whole civilized world—*except America*; and we cannot believe that *she* will long consent to exclude herself from so honourable an alliance. But—whether it is to be done by a Convention, or some special application of the general principles before stated—we cannot bring ourselves to doubt that this question may be easily, and will be speedily arranged.

We conclude with repeating the expression of our anxious but respectful hope—we might say our conviction—that, taking them altogether, the points of difference existing between England and America are so inconsiderable, *compared with the vast importance of the common interests which should unite them*, that the wise and honest statesmen who now principally influence the foreign relations of the two countries will be enabled to bring all those differences to an early, honourable, and final close, and to give to that community of interests such additional cordiality and confidence as may make our two countries in *feeling*—what, as compared with the rest of mankind, we *really* are—independent but friendly branches of one great family.

NOTE—concerning the Article on the Order of the Garter, &c., in
No. CXXXVI.

We have received various letters complaining of omissions in our account of the actual representatives of our old royal families, in an article of last Number. We did not profess to name all the existing representatives of every branch, but only the chief representative—the person to whom, were the succession to open to that branch, the royal inheritance would go. Thus, in the case of the Prince of Modena: he was mentioned as the head of *that particular line of the House of Savoy* in which the blood of Charles I. survives. We did not enumerate more than the two other persons next included in *that line*: the Duchess of Angoulême, her husband, and the children of the late Duke of Berri, are farther off in that line of *Savoy*, and therefore they, with others, were omitted. King Louis Philippe comes after them, as a descendant from the Stuart family; but he was mentioned because he represents another line of that blood, namely, the blood of James I. In like manner, when a princess of ancient date had been married more than once, we seldom mentioned more as to her than the representative of her first marriage. Thus we did not mention Sir A. Edmonstone, of Duntreath, though this Baronet undoubtedly springs from the second marriage of a Scottish princess; and his house have, ever since the time of King Robert II., borne the double treasure on their shield, in token of that high connexion.

After these illustrations we need not explain why we did not state that Lord Stourton descends from Thomas de Brotherton ‘*through the Howards*’; or that the Duke of Rutland comes from Anne Plantagenet, as well as Lord de Ros. In both cases the *prime royalty* of the blood has been dissevered from the male representation of the great families that were honoured with the royal alliance.

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Collection des Chroniques Nationales Françaises.* Par M. Buchon. 36 vols. Paris, 1826.
2. *Collection Complete des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France.* Par M. Petitot. Première Série, 52 vols. Seconde Série, par MM. Petitot et Monmerqué, 78 vols. Paris, 1819-1829.
3. *Collection des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France.* Par M. Guizot. 30 vols. Paris, 1823-1835.
4. *Archives Curieuses de l'Histoire de France.* Première Série, 15 vols. Seconde Série, 12 vols. Paris, 1834-1841.
5. *Procès de Jeanne d'Arc.* Par Jules Quicherat. Premier tome. Paris, 1841.

IF we compare the progress of historical publications in France and England during the last twenty or thirty years we shall find but little ground for self-gratulation. Our Record Commission comprised most able men: it was animated by the best intentions; but in its results it has brought forth only misshapen and abortive works—all begun apparently without rule or method—scarce any yet completed, and scarce any deserving to be so—all of different forms and sizes—and alike only in the enormous amount of the expense incurred, and the almost utter worthlessness of the information afforded. Never before, according to the farmer's phrase, was there so much cry and so much cost with so little wool. Amongst the French, on the contrary, there have been—without the need of government grants or government commissions—some well-combined undertakings to collect, arrange, and publish the most valuable documents in their language, from their early chronicles down to their modern memoirs. These have been printed in regular succession, and in one uniform and convenient size, affording to the public a clear and excellent type, combined with a moderate price. We do not pretend to have read at any time all or nearly all the two hundred volumes which our title-page displays. Some of their contents also were known to us from former and separate publications; but so far as our reading in this edition has extended, we have found the biographical introductions clear, critical, and able, and the text, while not overlaid, sufficiently explained, with notes. We think very great praise is due to the various editors, MM. Buchon, Petitot, Mon-

VOL. LXIX. NO. CXXXVIII. U merqué,

merqué, and last, not least, that eminent statesman who now presides over the councils of his country. And we heartily commend these volumes to the purchase and perusal of all who value French history—to the emulation of all who value our own.

To review in a few pages several hundred volumes and several hundred years would be a vain and frivolous attempt. We shall prefer to single out some one period and some one subject, which we shall endeavour to illustrate, not only from the publications now before us, but from whatever other sources may supply. Let us take one of the most remarkable characters in ancient or modern times, Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. The eighth volume of M. Petitot's 'Collection' contains many ancient documents referring to her history,—an original letter, for example, from the Sire de Laval to his mother, describing her appearance at Court—and some memoirs written, beyond all doubt, by a contemporary, since the writer refers to information which he received from the chiefs at the siege of Orleans; nay, written probably, as M. Petitot conjectures from their abrupt termination, in the very year of that siege.

But these are by no means the only nor the most important documents to be consulted. It is well known that at the trial in 1431, Joan was herself examined at great length, together with many other witnesses. A new trial of 'revision,' with the view to clear her memory from the stain of the first, was undertaken by order of King Charles in 1456; and at this second trial several of her kinsmen, of her attendants, of her companions in arms, appeared to give their testimony. Now, manuscript copies of all these remarkable depositions exist in the public libraries, both of Paris and Geneva. They have been illustrated by MM. de Laverdy and Lebrun de Charmettes, and more recently by the superior skill of De Barante and Sismondi.* Of these last we shall especially avail ourselves; and by combining and comparing such original records, many of them descending to the most familiar details, and nearly all unknown till more recent times, we hope to make the English reader, at least, better acquainted than he may hitherto have been with the real character and history of the heroine.

Joan was the child of Jacques d'Arc, and of Isabeau Romée his wife, poor villagers of Domremy, on the borders of Lorraine. She had one sister, who appears to have died in childhood, and three brothers. When asked at her trial what had been her age on first coming to King Charles's Court, she answered, nineteen. The good rule of making a large addition to a lady's own declaration of her years does not appear needful in this case: her own

* De Barante, *Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*, vol. v. pp. 270-360, and vol. vi. pp. 1-140; Sismondi, *Histoire des Français*, vol. xiii. pp. 115-194.

declaration was also confirmed by other witnesses; and we may without hesitation fix her birth in 1410 or 1411.* Her education was such as a peasant-girl received at that time; she was not taught to read or to write, but she could spin and sew and repeat her Pater-Noster and her Ave-Maria. From her early childhood she was sent forth to tend her father's flocks or herds on the hills. Far from giving signs of any extraordinary hardihood or heroism, she was so bashful as to be put out of countenance whenever spoken to by a stranger. She was known to her neighbours only as a simple-minded and kind-hearted girl, always ready to nurse the sick, or to relieve any poor wayfarer whom chance might lead to her village. An ardent piety, however, soon made her an object of remark, and perhaps of ridicule. She was sometimes seen to kneel and pray alone in the fields. She took no pleasure in the pastimes of her young companions; but as soon as her daily work was over she would rush to the church, and throw herself prostrate with clasped hands before the altar, directing her devotions especially to the Virgin and to Saints Catherine and Margaret, in whose name that church was dedicated. The sacristan declares in his depositions at the trial that she was wont to rebuke him whenever he neglected to ring the bells for the village service, and to promise him a reward if he would for the future do his duty better. Every Saturday, and sometimes oftener, she went in pilgrimage to a small chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, at a little distance from the village. Another spot to which Joan often repaired was a venerable beech, which spread its ancient boughs on the confines of the neighbouring forest of Bois Chenu. At its foot ran a clear streamlet, to whose waters healing powers were ascribed. The tree bore the popular name of 'L'Arbre des Dames,' or 'L'Arbre des Fées,' and, according to Joan herself at her trial, several gray-headed crones in the village, and amongst the rest her godmother, pretended to have heard with their own ears fairies discoursing beneath the mysterious shade. But for that very reason the tree was hallowed by Catholic worship, as such spots have ever been, in the dark ages with the view to drive out the evil spirits, in less credulous times to dispel the superstition from the public mind. Once every year the priest of Domremy, at the head of the elders of the village, walked round the tree in solemn procession, chaunting psalms and prayers, while the young people were wont to hang garlands on the boughs, and to dance beneath them until night with lighter minstrelsy,

‘or legend old,
Or song heroically bold.’

* Yet Pasquier (perhaps from a misprint in his book) has altered nineteen to twenty-nine, and this error has misled both Hume and Rapin.

The times in which the lot of Joan was cast were such as to turn an ardent spirit towards things of earth as well as towards things of heaven. Her young heart beat high with enthusiasm for her native France, now beset and beleaguered by the island-strangers. Her young fancy loved to dwell on those distant battles, the din of which might scarcely reach her quiet village, but each apparently hastening the ruin of her father-land. We can picture to ourselves how earnestly the destined heroine—the future leader of armies—might question those chance travellers whom, as we are told, she delighted to relieve, and for whose use she would often resign her own chamber, as to each fresh report from the changeful scene of war. She was ten years of age when the ignominious treaty of Troyes, signed by a monarch of diseased intellect, yielded the succession to the English. She was twelve years of age when that unhappy monarch (Charles VI.) expired, when the infant King of England was proclaimed King of France at Paris, at Rouen, and at Bordeaux, when the rightful heir, the Dauphin (but few as yet would term him Charles VII.), could only hold his little Court in the provinces beyond the Loire. In 1423 came the news of the defeat of Crevant; in 1424 the flower of French and Scottish chivalry fell at Verneuil; in 1425 La Hire and his brave companions were driven from Champagne. A brief respite was indeed afforded to Charles by the recall of the Regent Duke of Bedford, to quell the factions at home, and by some difference which arose between him and his powerful kinsman and ally the Duke of Burgundy. But all these feuds were now composed, and Bedford had returned, eager to carry the war beyond the Loire, and to crush the last hopes of the ‘Armagnacs,’ as Charles’s adherents were termed, from the prevailing party at his Court. Had Bedford succeeded—had the diadems of France and England been permanently united on the same head—it is hard to say which of the two nations would have had the greater reason for regret.

Remote as was the situation of Domremy, it could not wholly escape the strife or the sufferings of those evil times. All the people of that village, with only one exception, were zealous Armagnacs; some of their neighbours, on the contrary, were no less zealous Burgundians. So strong was Joan of Arc’s attachment to the King, that, according to her own avowal, she used to wish for the death of his one disloyal subject at Domremy. When Charles’s lieutenants had been driven from Champagne, the fathers of her village had of course like the rest bowed their heads beneath the Burgundian yoke, but the children retained their little animosities, and the boys were wont to assemble and sally forth in a body to fight the tiny Burgundians of the adjoining village of Maxey. Joan says at her trial that she had often

seen

seen her brothers returning bruised and bloody from these mimic wars.

On one occasion a more serious inroad of a party of Burgundian cavalry compelled the villagers of Domremy to take to flight with their families and flocks, and await elsewhere the passing of the storm. Joan and her parents sought shelter at an hostelry in Neufchâteau, a town safe from aggression, as belonging to the Duke of Lorraine, where she remained, as she tells us, during fifteen days,* and where she probably may have wrought for her living; and such is the only foundation for the story given by Monstrelet, a chronicler of the Burgundian faction, and adopted by Hume and other later historians, that Joan had been for several years a servant at an inn.

The fiery spirit of Joan, wrought upon by the twofold impulse of religious and political enthusiasm, was not slow in teeming with vivid dreams and ardent aspirations: ere long these grew in intensity, and she began to fancy that she saw the visions and heard the voices of her guardian saints, calling on her to re-establish the throne of France, and expel the foreign invaders. It is probable that a constitution which, though robust and hardy, was in some points imperfect, may have contributed in no small degree to the phantoms and illusions of her brain.† She said on her trial that she was thirteen years of age when these apparitions began. The first, according to her own account, took place in her father's garden, and at the hour of noon, when she suddenly saw a brilliant light, shining in her eyes, and heard an unknown voice, bidding her continue a good girl, and promising that God would bless her. The second apparition, some time afterwards, when she was alone, tending her flock in the fields, had become much more defined to her view, and precise in its injunctions; some majestic forms floated before her; some mysterious words reached her ears, of France to be delivered by her aid.‡ Gradually these forms resolved themselves into those of St. Catherine and St. Margaret, while the third, from whom the

* Second Examination of Joan of Arc at Rouen. See 'Collection des Mémoires,' vol. viii. p. 242. M. Petitot adds, 'Il paraît néanmoins certain que pendant son séjour à Neufchâteau elle servit dans l'hôtellerie où sa famille était logée. Il est probable, vu la pauvreté de ses parents, qu'elle et ses frères payaient par leurs services l'hospitalité qu'on leur donnait.'

† *Sæpius sui infirmitates semper usque ad mortem afluissæ constat.* (Sismondi, Histoire des Français, vol. xiii. p. 117.)

‡ It is plain, however, that Joan, in the account she gave at her trial of this second apparition, unconsciously transferred to it some circumstances that, according to her own view of the case, must have been of several years' later date. A promise 'de faire lever le siège d'Orléans' could not be given until after the siege had begun, which it was not until October, 1428. Now, her second vision, as she states it, must have been about 1424. (Collection, vol. viii. p. 238.)

voice seemed to come, and who looked, as she says, 'un vray preud'homme,' announced himself to her as Michael the Archangel. 'I saw him,' she said to her judges, 'with these eyes, as plainly as I see you now.' In another part of her trial, when again questioned on the same subject, she answered—'Yes, I do believe firmly, as firmly as I believe in the Christian faith, and that God has redeemed us from the pains of hell, that those voices came from Him, and by His command.' Her own sincerity and strength of belief are indeed beyond doubt or cavil: it was this feeling alone that could animate her to such lofty deeds, or support her in such a death.

It is alleged by Joan herself that she was struck with affright at the first of these visions ('eut moult paour de ce'), but that the following ones filled her with ecstasy and rapture. 'When the Saints were disappearing, I used to weep and beseech I might be borne away with them, and after they had disappeared I used to kiss the earth on which they had rested.' Sometimes she spoke of her celestial monitors as 'mes Voix,' and sometimes gave them the reverential title of 'Messire;' and, in gratitude for such signs of heavenly favour, she vowed to herself that she would consecrate her maiden state to God.

Meanwhile, however, she was growing up in comeliness and beauty, and found favour in the sight of an honest yeoman, who sought her in marriage, and whose suit was warmly pressed by her parents. Joan steadily refused. The rustic lover, having soon exhausted his scanty stock of rhetoric, had recourse to a singular expedient: he pretended that she had made him a promise of marriage, and cited her before the official at Toul to compel her to perform her engagement. The Maid went herself to Toul and undertook her own defence, when having declared on oath that she had never made any such promise, the official gave sentence in her favour.

Her parents, displeased at her stubborn refusal, and unable to comprehend—nor did she dare to reveal to them—her motives, held her, as she says, 'en grant subjection.' They were also much alarmed at the strange hints which she let fall to others on the mission which she believed had been intrusted to her from on high. Several of these hints are recorded by the persons to whom they were addressed, the witnesses in the trial of 1456. She said to that inhabitant of Domremy whose death she had desired to see because he did not favour the Dauphin, 'Gossip, if you were not a Burgundian, I could tell you something.' To another neighbour she exclaimed, 'There is now between Colombey and Vaucouleurs a maid who will cause the King of France to be crowned!' She frequently said that it was needful
for

for her to proceed into France.* Honest Jacques and Isabeau felt no other fear than that their daughter's ardent imagination might be practised upon by some men-at-arms, and she induced to go forth from home, and follow them to the wars. 'Did I think such a thing would be,' said her father to one of his sons, 'I would sooner that you drowned her; and if you did not, I would with my own hands!'

The impulse given by her visions, and the restraints imposed by her sex and station, might long have struggled for mastery in the mind of Joan, had not the former been quickened and brought into action by a crisis in political affairs. The Duke of Bedford having returned to France and mustered large reinforcements from Burgundy, sent forth a mighty army against Charles. Its command he intrusted to the valiant Earl of Salisbury, under whom fought Sir John Talbot, Sir John Fastolf, Sir William Gladsdale, captains of high renown. Salisbury, having first reduced Rambouillet, Pithiviers, Jargeau, Sully, and other small towns, which yielded with slight or no resistance, proceeded to the main object of his enterprise, the siege of Orleans—a city commanding the passage of the Loire and the entrance into the southern provinces, and the most important, both from its size and its situation, of any that the French yet retained. Here, then, it was felt on all sides, must the last struggle for the French monarchy be made. Orleans once subdued, the troops of Bedford might freely spread over the open country beyond the Loire, and the Court of Charles must seek shelter in the mountains of Auvergne or of Dauphiné. To this scene, then, the eyes not only of France and of England, but of all Europe, were turned; on this ground, as on the 'champ clos' of ancient knights and paladins, had been narrowed the conflict for sovereignty on the one side, for independence on the other.

It was in the month of October, 1428, that Orleans was first invested by the Earl of Salisbury. But his design had been previously foreseen, and every exertion made both by the French King and by the inhabitants themselves to provide for a long and resolute defence. A brave officer, the Sire de Gaucourt, had been appointed governor, and two of the principal captains of that age, Pothon de Xaintrailles, and Dunois, a bastard of the Royal branch of Orleans, threw themselves into the place with a large body of followers. The citizens on their part showed a spirit that might have done honour to soldiers; not only did they largely

* 'On n'appellait alors France que les provinces qui formaient le domaine de la Couronne. Les autres provinces étaient désignées collectivement sous le nom de Royaume de France.' (Supplément aux Mémoires de Jeanne d'Arc, Collection, vol. viii. p. 240.)

tax themselves for their own defence, but many brought to the common stock a larger sum than had been imposed on them; they cheerfully consented that their suburb of Portereau, on the southern bank, opposite the city, should be razed to the ground, lest it should afford any shelter to the enemy, and from the same motive all the vineyards and gardens within two miles from the walls were laid waste by the owners themselves. The men able to bear arms were enrolled in bands, and the rest formed themselves into processions solemnly to bear the holy relics from church to church, and to implore with unceasing prayer the mercy and protection of Heaven.*

The first assault of Salisbury was directed against the bulwark defending the approaches of the bridge on the southern bank, or, as we should call it at present, the *tête-de-pont*. After a stubborn resistance and great bloodshed, he dislodged the townspeople from the place. They then took post at two towers which had been built one on each side the passage, some way forward upon the bridge, and they took care for the security of the city to break down one of the arches behind them, and only kept up their communication by planks and beams which could be readily removed. The next day, however, Sir William Gladsdale, one of the best officers in the English army, finding the waters of the Loire unusually shallow at that season, waded with his men nearly up to the towers, and succeeded in storming them. He proceeded to build a bulwark connecting the two towers, and joined them with the *tête-de-pont* on the shore, thus forming a fort, which he called from them *La Bastille des Tournelles*, and which enabled him to plant a battery full against the city. But his activity proved fatal to his chief. A very few days afterwards the Earl of Salisbury came to visit the works. He had ascended one of the towers with Sir William, to survey more clearly the wide circuit of the enemy's walls, when a cannon-ball fired from them (for this, as Hume observes, is among the first sieges where cannon were found to be of importance) broke a splinter from the casement and struck on his face with a mortal wound. At his decease the Earl of Suffolk succeeded to his command, though not to his full influence and authority. Having tried in several attacks the great number of the besieged, as well as their stubborn resolution, he determined to turn the siege into a blockade, to surround the city with forts or 'bastilles,' and to reduce it by famine. The works for this purpose were continued steadily throughout the winter. Frequent assaults on the one side, frequent sallies on the other, proved the fiery ardour of the besiegers and the unflinching constancy of the besieged. In the unfinished

* Barante, *Ducs de Bourgogne*, vol. v. p. 254.

state of the English works, supplies and reinforcements could still at intervals be brought into Orleans, and as the French light troops ravaged the open country beyond, it sometimes happened that there was no less dearth and scarcity in the English camp than in the beleaguered city. But upon the whole, both the stores and the garrison of Orleans wasted away much faster than they could be renewed; they saw tower after tower, and redoubt after redoubt, rising up to complete the line—each a link in the long chain which was to bind them; they perceived that, while they declined, the English were gradually growing in strength and numbers; and it became evident, even to themselves, that, unless some great effort could be made for their deliverance, they must be overpowered in the ensuing spring.

It was the news of this siege that kindled to the highest pitch the fervent imagination of Joan of Arc. Her enthusiasm, as we have seen, was twofold, political and religious. The former would impel her to free King Charles from his present and pressing danger, the latter to sanctify his claim by his coronation. For, until his head had been encircled with the ancient crown and anointed with the holy oil at Rheims, Charles was not truly King to priestly or to popular eyes, but only Dauphin, not the real possessor, only the rightful heir. From this time, then, the visions of Joan, hitherto unsettled and wavering, steadily fixed on two objects which she believed herself commissioned from Heaven to achieve—to raise the siege of Orleans, and to crown the Dauphin at Rheims. And if we compare the greatness and the difficulty of such objects with the sex, the station, and the years of the person aiming at them, we cannot but behold with admiration the undaunted intrepidity that did not quail from such a task.

The scheme of Joan was to go to the neighbouring town of Vaucouleurs, reveal her visions to the governor, Robert de Baudricourt, a zealous adherent of Charles, and entreat his aid and protection for enabling her to reach the King's presence. From her parents she was well aware that she could expect no encouragement. Her first step, therefore, was, on the plea of a few days' visit, to repair to the house of her uncle Durand Laxart, who lived at the village of Petit Burey, between Domremy and Vaucouleurs. To him she then imparted all her inspirations and intentions. The astonishment of the honest villager may be easily imagined. But the energy and earnestness of Joan wrought so powerfully on his mind as to convince him of the truth of her mission, and he undertook to go in her place to Vaucouleurs, and do her bidding with the Sire de Baudricourt. His promises of divine deliverance by the hands of a peasant-girl were, however, received

received by the stern old warrior with the utmost contempt and derision: 'Box your niece's ears well,' said he, 'and send her home to her father.'*

Far from being disconcerted at her uncle's ill success, the Maid immediately set out herself for Vaucouleurs in company with Laxart. It was with some difficulty that she could obtain admission to the Governor, or a patient hearing from him even when admitted to his presence. Baudricourt, unmoved by her eloquence, continued to set at nought her promises and her requests. But Joan now displayed that energy and strength of will which so seldom fail to triumph where success is possible. She resolved to remain at Vaucouleurs, again and again appealing to the Governor, and conjuring him not to neglect the voice of God, who spoke through her, and passing the rest of her time in fervent prayers at the church. Once she went back for a little time with her uncle to his village, but she soon induced him to return; another time she had determined to begin with him and on foot her journey of one hundred and fifty leagues to the French Court. On further reflection, however, she felt unwilling to proceed without at least a letter from Baudricourt. At length he consented to write, and refer the question of her journey to the decision of King Charles. Upon his own mind she had made little or no impression, but several other persons in the town, struck with her piety and perseverance, became converts to her words. One of these was a gentleman named Jean de Novelompont, and surnamed *De Metz*, who afterwards deposed on oath to these transactions:—"Child," said he, as he met her in the street, "what are you doing here? Must we not submit to seeing the King expelled his kingdom, and to ourselves becoming English?" "I am come here," said the Maid, "to ask of the Sire de Baudricourt to send me before the Dauphin: he has no care for me, or for words of mine; and yet it is needful that before Mid-Lent I should stand in the Dauphin's presence, should I even in reaching him wear through my feet, and have to crawl upon my knees. For no one upon this earth, neither King, nor Duke, nor daughter of King of Scots,† no one but myself is appointed to recover this realm of France. Yet I would more willingly remain to spin by the side of my poor mother, for war seems no work for me. But go I must, because the Lord my Master so wills it." "And who is the Lord your Master?" said Jean de Metz. "The King of Heaven," she replied. *De Metz* declared

* Collection des Mémoires, vol. viii. p. 246.

† 'On négociait alors le mariage du Dauphin Louis, fils de Charles VII., avec la fille du Roi d'Ecosse, qui promettait d'envoyer de nouveaux secours.' (Note to the Collection des Mémoires, vol. viii. p. 249.)

that her tone of inspiration had convinced him; he gave her his hand, and promised her that he would, on the faith of a gentleman, and under the conduct of God, lead her himself before the King. He asked her when she desired to begin her journey: "To-day rather than to-morrow," replied the heroine.*

Another gentleman, Bertrand de Poulengy, who has also left a deposition on oath to these facts, and who had been present at the first interview between Joan and Baudricourt, became convinced of her divine commission, and resolved to escort her in her journey. It does not clearly appear whether Baudricourt had received any answer from the Court of France: but a reluctant assent to the journey was extorted from him by the entreaties of De Metz and Poulengy, and by the rising force of popular opinion. The Duke of Lorraine himself had by this time heard of the fame of Joan; and sent for her as to one endowed with supernatural powers to cure him from a mortal disease. But Joan replied, with her usual simplicity of manner, that her mission was not to that Prince, nor for such an object, and the Duke dismissed her with a gift of four livres.

This gift was probably the more welcome, since Baudricourt, even while giving his consent to her journey, refused to incur any cost on behalf of it; he presented to her nothing but a sword, and at parting said to her only these words: 'Va, et adviennne que pourra.' Her uncle, assisted by another countryman, had borrowed money to buy a horse for her use, and the expenses of the journey were defrayed by Jean de Metz, for which, as appears by the Household Books, he was afterwards reimbursed by the King. Joan herself, by command of her 'Voices,' as she said, assumed male apparel, and never wore any other during the remainder of her expedition.

At the news that their daughter was already at Vaucouleurs and going forward to the wars, Jacques d'Arc and his wife hastened in the utmost consternation from their village, but could not succeed in withholding her. 'I saw them in the town,' says Jean De Metz; 'they seemed hard-working, honest, God-fearing people.' Joan herself declared in her examinations that they had been almost distracted with grief at her departure, but that she had since sent back letters to them, and that they had forgiven her. It would appear that none of her brothers was amongst her companions on this journey, although one of them, Pierre d'Arc, soon afterwards joined her in Touraine.†

Joan

* Dépositions de Jean de Metz au Procès de Révision.

† 'On a dit que Pierre d'Arc, troisième frère de la Pucelle, partit alors avec elle pour la France, et on fondait cette opinion sur ce que Pierre, dans une requête présentée en 1444 au Duc d'Orléans, exposait être parti de son pays pour servir aux guerres du Roi et de Monsieur le Duc en la compagnie de Jehanne la Pucelle, sa sœur. D'après la construction

Joan set forth from Vaucouleurs on the first Sunday in Lent, the 13th of February, 1429. Her escort consisted of six persons, the Sires de Metz and de Poulengy, with one attendant of each, Colet de Vienne, who is styled a King's messenger, and Richard, a King's archer. It was no slight enterprise to pass through so wide a track of hostile country, exposed to fall in every moment with wandering parties of English or Burgundian soldiery, or obliged, in order to avoid them, to ford large rivers, to thread extensive forests, and to select unfrequented by-paths at that wintry season. The Maid herself took little heed of toil or danger; her chief complaint was that her companions would not allow her to stop every morning to hear Mass. They, on the contrary, felt from time to time their confidence decline and strange misgivings arise in their minds; more than once the idea occurred to them that after all they might only be conducting a mad woman or a sorceress, and they were tempted to hurl her down some stone-quarry as they passed, or to leave her alone upon the road. Joan, however, happily surmounting these dangers, both from her enemies and from her escort, succeeded in crossing the Loire at Gien, after which she found herself on friendly ground. There she openly announced to all she met that she was sent from God to crown the King and to free the good city of Orleans. The tidings began to spread, even to Orleans itself, and, as drowning men are said to catch at straws, so the poor besieged, now hard-pressed and well nigh hopeless, eagerly welcomed this last faint gleam for their deliverance.

On earthly succour they could indeed no longer rely. While Joan was yet delayed at Vaucouleurs, they had been urging the King in repeated embassies to afford them some assistance. It was with difficulty that Charles could muster an army of 3000 men—so dispirited were his soldiers, and so unwilling to serve!—whose command he intrusted to his kinsman the Count of Clermont. On these troops approaching Orleans they were joined by Dunois and another thousand men from the garrison, and they resolved to intercept a large convoy of provisions which Sir John Fastolf was escorting from Paris. Fastolf had under his command scarcely more than 2000 soldiers; nevertheless, in the action which ensued the French were completely routed, and

construction de cette phrase on ne saurait décider si ce jeune homme est parti avec sa sœur, ou s'il est allé la rejoindre plus tard. Les chroniques ni les interrogatoires ne font aucune mention de lui au moment du départ, pendant la route, ni à l'époque de l'arrivée à Chinon. Tout porte ainsi à croire qu'il n'était pas du voyage.' (Suppl. aux Mémoires, Collection, vol. viii. p. 253.) This conclusion is confirmed, and indeed placed beyond doubt, by an original letter from the Sire de Laval, in May 1429, which we shall hereafter have occasion to quote; it mentions Pierre d'Arc as having arrived to join his sister only eight days before.

left

left 500 dead upon the field. This engagement was fought on the 12th of February, the day before Joan commenced her journey from Vaucouleurs, and was called the 'Battle of Herrings,' because the provisions brought by Fastolf were chiefly salt-fish for the use of the English army during Lent.

To retrieve a disaster so shameful—to raise again spirits sunk so low—seemed to require the aid either of a hero or a prophet. Charles VII. was certainly not the former. He was then scarcely twenty-seven years of age, and had never yet evinced either statesmanlike decision or military ardour. Devoted to pleasure, he shunned the tumult of even his own cities for a residence, and preferred some lonely castle, such as Mehun sur Yèvre, where he had received the tidings of his accession, or Chinon, where at this time he held his Court, and willingly devolved the cares of state upon his council or upon some favourite minister. Such a favourite, even when not selected by his own friendship, was always retained by his indolence and aversion to change. It had already more than once happened, that, on the murder of one minion, Charles had quietly accepted a new one from the hands of the murderer, and shortly become as devoted to him as to the last. He appears to have had the easy and yielding temper of our own Charles the Second—a temper which mainly proceeds from dislike of trouble, but which superficial observers ascribe to kindness of heart. Yet his affable and graceful manners might often, as in the case of Charles the Second, supply in popular estimation the want of more sterling qualities. Once, when giving a splendid festival, he asked the opinion upon it of La Hire, one of his bravest captains. 'I never yet,' replied the veteran, 'saw a kingdom so merrily lost!' Yet it seldom happened that the state of his exchequer could admit of such a taunt. On another occasion it is related, that when the same La Hire came with Pothon de Xaintrailles to partake of his good cheer, the High Steward could provide nothing for the Royal Banquet beyond two chickens and one small piece of mutton! The story is thus told by a quaint old poet, Martial of Paris, in his '*Vigiles de Charles le Septiesme*:'—

' Un jour que La Hire et Pothon
Le veindre voir pour festoyement
N'avoit qu'une queue de mouton
Et deux poulets tant seulement.
Las! cela est bien au rebours
De ces viandes delicieuses,
Et des mets qu'on a tous les jours,
En depenses trop somptueuses.'

Charles himself was but slightly moved by such vicissitudes
enjoying

enjoying pleasures when he could, and enduring poverty when he must; but never as yet stirred by his own distresses, or still less by his people's sufferings, into any deeds of energy and prowess. It is true that at a later period he cast aside his lethargy, and shone forth both a valiant general and an able ruler; but of this sudden and remarkable change, which Sismondi fixes about the year 1439,* no token appears during the life of Joan of Arc.

At the news of the battle of Herrings, joined to so many previous reverses and discouragements, several of Charles's courtiers were of opinion that he should leave Orleans to its fate—retire with the remains of his forces into the provinces of Dauphiné or Languedoc—and maintain himself to the utmost amidst their mountainous recesses. Happily for France, at this crisis less timid counsels prevailed. The main merit of these has been ascribed by some historians, and by every poet, to the far-famed Agnes Sorel.

'It was fortunate for *this good prince*,' says Hume—he means Charles VII.—'that, as he lay under the dominion of the fair, the women whom he consulted had the spirit to support his sinking resolution in this desperate extremity. . . . Mary of Anjou, his Queen, a princess of great merit and prudence, vehemently opposed this measure. . . . His mistress too, the fair Agnes Sorel, seconded all her remonstrances, and threatened that if he thus pusillanimously threw away the sceptre of France, she would seek in the Court of England a fortune more correspondent to her wishes.'

More recently the great dramatist of Germany has considerably improved the story, by suppressing the fact that Charles was already married, and making him proffer his hand and his crown to the lovely Agnes.

'Zieren würde sie

Den ersten thron der Welt—doch sie verschmäht ihn;
Nur meine liebe will sie seyn und heissen.†

We feel reluctant to assist in dispelling an illusion over which the poetry of Schiller has thus thrown the magic tints of genius. Yet it is, we fear, as certain as historical records can make it, that it was not till the year 1431, after the death of Joan of Arc, that Agnes Sorel appeared at Court, or was even seen by Charles. It is not improbable that the change in his character after 1439 may have proceeded from her influence; such at least was the

* Histoire des Français, vol. xiii. p. 344. He calls it 'un phenomene étrange de l'esprit humain. . . . Charles VII. avait régné dixsept ans avec une faiblesse degoutante, au point d'être signalé et par les Français et par les étrangers comme l'homme qui perdait la monarchie; il en regna encore vingt deux comme son restaurateur.'

† Schiller, Die Jungfrau von Orleans, Act i. scene 4.

belief of Francis I., when he wrote beneath her picture these line :—

‘Gentille Agnes, plus d’honneur tu merites
La cause étant de France recouvrer,
Que ce que peut dedans un cloître ouvrer
Close nonain ou bien devot ermite.’

But even this opinion it would not be easy to confirm from contemporary writers.

Any romantic legend or popular tradition may be readily welcomed by a poet to adorn his tale, without any nice inquiry as to its falsehood or its truth. But we may notice, in passing, another departure of Schiller from the facts, without any motive of poetical beauty to explain and to excuse it. He has transferred the position of Chinon to the northern bank of the Loire, and made the passage of that river the signal of retreat towards the southern provinces,* evidently conceiving the place to be Chateau Chinon, a town some fifty leagues distant, in the ancient Duchy of Burgundy, in the modern Department of Nièvre. But no English reader—no English traveller—will thus lightly mistake the favourite resort of our own Henry II.—of our own Richard Cœur de Lion. Long will they love to trace along the valley of the Loire, between Tours and Saumur, on the last of the bordering hills, the yet proud though long since forsaken and mouldering battlements of Chinon. Ascending the still unbroken feudal towers, a glowing and glorious prospect spreads before them—a green expanse of groves and vineyards, all blending into one—the clear mountain stream of Vienne sparkling and glancing through the little town at their feet—while, more in the distance, they survey, winding in ample folds, and gemmed with many an islet, the wide waters of the Loire. They will seek to recognise, amidst the screen of hills which there encircles it, the neighbouring spire of Fontevrault, where lie interred the Second Henry and his lion-hearted son. They will gaze with fresh delight on the ever-living landscape, when they remember the departed great who loved to gaze on it before. Nor, amidst these scenes of historic glory or of present loveliness, will any national prejudice, or passion, or ill-will, (may God in his goodness dispel it from both nations!) forbid them many a lingering look to that ruined

* Act i. scene 5. ‘Höflager zu Chinon :’—

‘Wir wollen jenseits der Loire uns ziehn,
Und der gewalt’gen Hand des Himmels weichen.’

And again, scene 7 :—

‘Sey nicht traurig meine Agnes—
Auch jenseits der Loire liegt noch ein Frankreich;
Wir gehen in ein glücklicheres Land.’

hall,—the very one, as tradition tells us, where the Maid of Orleans was first received by Charles !

It was not, however, to the castle of Chinon that Joan in the first instance repaired. She stopped short within a few leagues of it, at the village of St. Catherine de Fierbois, and sent forward to the King to announce her arrival and her object. The permission to proceed to an hostelry at Chinon was readily accorded her ; not so admission to the King. Two days were spent in deliberation by Charles's counsellors. Some of them imagined that Joan might be a sorceress and emissary of Satan ; by some she was supposed to be a brain-sick enthusiast ; while others thought that, in this their utmost need, no means of deliverance, however slight or unpromising, should be rashly cast aside. At length, as a compromise between all these views, a commission was appointed to receive her answers to certain interrogatories. Their report proved favourable ; and meanwhile several other lords of the Court, whom curiosity led to visit her, came back much struck with her natural eloquence, with her high strain of inspiration, and with her unaffected fervour of piety. No sign of imposture appeared in any of her words or deeds ; she passed whole days in prayers at the church, and every thing in her demeanour bore the stamp of an earnest and undoubting conviction, which gradually impressed itself on those around her. Charles still wavered : after some further delay, however, he appointed an hour to receive her. The hour came, and the poor peasant girl of Domremy was ushered into the stately hall of Chinon, lighted up with fifty torches, and filled with hundreds of knights and nobles. The King had resolved to try her ; and for that purpose he stood amongst the crowd in plain attire, while some of his courtiers magnificently clad held the upper place. He had not reflected that, considering the enthusiasm of Joan for his cause, she had probably more than once seen a portrait or heard a description of his features. Unabashed at the glare of the lights, or the gaze of the spectators, the Maid came forward with a firm step, singled out the King at the first glance, and bent her knee before him with the words—' God give you good life, gentle King.' ' I am not the King ; he is there,' said Charles pointing to one of his nobles. ' In the name of God,' she exclaimed, ' it is no other but yourself. Most noble Lord Dauphin, I am Joan the Maid, sent on the part of God to aid you and your kingdom ; and by his command I announce to you that you shall be crowned in the city of Rheims, and shall become his lieutenant in the realm of France.' ' Gentle Dauphin,' she added shortly afterwards, ' why will you not believe me ? I tell you that God has pity upon you, upon your kingdom, and upon your people ; for St. Louis
and

and Charlemagne are on their knees before him, praying for you and for them.' Charles then drew her aside, and after some time passed in earnest conversation, declared to his courtiers that the Maid had spoken of secrets known only to himself and to God. Several of the ancient chronicles refer mysteriously to this secret between the Maid and the King, but Charles afterwards revealed it in confidence to the Sire de Boissy, one of his favourites.* Joan it appears had said to him these words: 'Je te dis de la part de Messire que tu es vrai heritier de France.' Now the King, when alone in his oratory a little time before, had offered up a prayer for Divine assistance on condition only of his being the rightful heir to the crown. Such a coincidence of ideas on so obvious a topic seems very far from supernatural or even surprising.

Nor indeed does it appear that this marvel, if marvel it were, had wrought any strong impression on the mind of Charles himself. Within a very few days he had relapsed into his former doubts and misgivings as to Joan's pretended mission. In fact, it will be found, though not hitherto noticed, yet as applying to the whole career of the Maid of Orleans, that the ascendancy which she acquired was permanent only with the mass of the people or of the army, while those who saw her nearer, and could study her more closely, soon felt their faith in her decline. On further observation they might, no doubt, admire more and more her high strain of patriotism and of piety; but they found her, as was natural, utterly unacquainted with war or politics, and guileless as one of her own flock in all worldly affairs. Even an old chronicler of the time has these words: 'C'estoit chose merueilleuse comme elle se comportoit et conduisoit en son fait; veu que en autres choses elle estoit la plus simple bergere que on veit oncques.'† But the crowd which gazed at her from a distance began to espy something more than human, and to circulate and credit reports of her miraculous powers. Her journey of one hundred and fifty leagues, in great part through a hostile country, without being met by a single enemy, or arrested by a single obstacle, was urged as a plain proof of Divine support. Again, it was pretended that Baudricourt had not given his consent to the journey until she had announced to him that her countrymen were sustaining a defeat even while she spoke, and until he had received news of the battle of Herrings, fought on that very day—a story, we may observe in passing, which a mere comparison

* De Boissy repeated the story to N. Sala, 'pannetier du Dauphin,' whose MS. account of it is preserved at the Bibliotheque Royale, and quoted in the *Supplement des Mémoires*. (Collection, vol. viii. p. 262.)

† *Mémoires concernant la Pucelle* (Collection, vol. viii. p. 153).

of the dates is sufficient to disprove.—Another little incident that befell the Maid at Chinon greatly added to her reputation. As she was passing by, a soldier had addressed to her some ribald jest, for which she had gently reproved him, saying that such words ill became any man who might be so near his end. It happened that on the same afternoon this soldier was drowned in attempting to ford the river, and the reproof of Joan was immediately invested by popular apprehension with the force of prophecy.*

To determine the doubts of his council and his own, Charles resolved, before he took any decision, to conduct the Maid before the University and Parliament at Poitiers. There, accordingly, Joan underwent a long and learned cross-examination from several doctors of theology. Nothing could make her swerve from her purpose, or vary in her statements. 'I know neither A nor B,' she said, 'but I am commanded by my Voices, on behalf of the King of Heaven, to raise the siege of Orleans, and to crown the Dauphin at Rheims.' 'And pray what language do your Voices speak?' asked one of the doctors, Father Seguin from Limoges, and in a strong Limousin accent. 'Better than yours,' she answered quickly. It is to be observed, that she never claimed—while the people were so ready to ascribe to her—any gift of prophecy or miracle beyond her mission. When the doctors asked her for a sign, she replied, that it was not at Poitiers but at Orleans that she was appointed to give a sign, and that her only sign should be to lead brave men to battle.†

The general result of these examinations was, however, highly favourable to the Maid; and some friars, who had been dispatched for that purpose to Vaucouleurs, brought back no less satisfactory reports of her early life. Nor did the theological tribunal disdain a prophecy current among the people, and ascribed to Merlin; it purported that the realm of France should be rescued by a maiden. Even in the remote village of Domremy some vague report of this prediction had been heard: it was appealed to by Joan herself at Vaucouleurs; and was, no doubt, one of the causes to kindle her ardent imagination. But on referring to the very words of the Latin prophecy, they were considered as of striking application to her especial case. The promised heroine was to come *E NEMORE CANUTO*—and the name of the forest around Domremy was Bois Chenu; she was to ride triumphant over *ARCI TENENTES*—and this word seemed to denote the English, always renowned in the middle ages for their superior skill as bowmen.

There was another examination on which great stress was laid

* Deposition of Father Pasquerel at the Trial of Revision.

† Sismondi, Hist., vol. xiii. p. 123.

by the people, and probably by the doctors also; it being the common belief in that age that the devil could form no compact with a person wholly undefiled. But the Queen of Sicily, mother of Charles's consort, and other chief ladies of the Court, having expressed their satisfaction on this point, the doctors no longer hesitated to give their answers to the King. They did not, indeed, as Hume supposes, 'pronounce the mission of Joan undoubted and supernatural;' on the contrary, they avoided any express opinion on that subject: but they declared that they had observed nothing in her but what became a true Christian and Catholic; and that the King, considering the distress of his good city of Orleans, might accept her services without sin.

Orders were forthwith given for her state and equipment. She received a suit of knight's armour, but refused any other sword but one marked with five crosses, and lying, as she said, amidst other arms in the church-vault of St. Catherine at Fierbois.* A messenger was sent accordingly, and the sword—an old neglected weapon—was found in the very spot she had described. Immediately the rumour spread abroad—so ready were now the people to believe in her supernatural powers—that she had never been at Fierbois, and that a Divine inspiration had revealed to her the instrument of coming victory. A banner for herself to bear had been made under her direction, or rather as she declared under the direction of her 'Voices:' it was white, bestrewn with the *fleurs-de-lis* of France, and bearing the figure of the Saviour in his glory, with the inscription JHESUS MARIA. A brave and tried knight, Jean, Sire d'Aulon, was appointed her esquire; and a good old friar, Father Pasquerel, her confessor; she had two heralds and two pages. Nearly all these persons afterwards appeared as witnesses in the second trial.

Amidst all these proofs and preparations, two months had glided away, and it was past mid-April when the Maid appeared before the troops assembling at Blois. She made her entry on horseback, and in complete armour, but her head uncovered; and neither her tall and graceful figure, nor the skill with which she rode her palfrey and poised her lance, remained unnoticed. Her fame had gone forth before her, inspiring the soldiers with the confidence of Divine support, and consoling them under their repeated reverses. Numbers who had cast aside their arms in despair, buckled them on anew for the cause of France, and in the name of the Maid. Nearly six thousand men were thus assembled. Charles himself had again withdrawn from the cares and toils of royalty to his favourite haunt of Chinon, but in his

* The village of Fierbois still remains, and may be seen from the high-road between Paris and Bayonne; but the present church of St. Catherine dates no higher than the reign of Francis I. (Guide Pittoresque de France, vol. i., Dept. Indre et Loire, p. 15.)

place his most valiant captains, the Mareschal de Boussac, the Admiral de Culant, La Hire, the Sires De Retz and De Loré, were ready for the field. It had not been clearly defined at Court, whether Joan was only to cheer and animate, or to control and direct the troops; but the rising enthusiasm of the common men at once awarded to her an ascendancy which the chiefs could not withstand. She began with reforming the morals of the camp, expelled from it all women of ill fame, and called upon the men to prepare for battle by confession and prayer. Night and morning Father Pasquerel, bearing aloft her holy banner, and followed by herself and by all the priests of Blois, walked in procession through the town, chaunting hymns, and calling sinners to repentance. Many, very many, obeyed the unexpected summons. Even La Hire, a rough soldier, bred up in camps from his childhood, and seldom speaking without an imprecation, yielded to her influence, and went grumbling and swearing to Mass! *

From Blois the Maid, herself untaught in writing and reading, dictated a letter to the English captains before Orleans, announcing her mission, and commanding them under pain of vengeance from heaven to yield to King Charles all the good cities which they held in his realm of France. She afterwards complained at her trial that this letter had not been written according to her dictation, and that while she had said 'Rendez au Roi,' her scribes had made her say, 'Rendez à la Pucelle.' All her letters (one of which, to the Duke of Burgundy, was discovered not many years since amongst the archives of Lille) were headed with the words JHESUS MARIA, and with the sign of the cross. So far from paying any regard to this summons, the English chiefs threatened to burn alive the herald who brought it, as coming from a sorceress and ally of Satan. A message from Dunois, however, that he would use reprisals on an English herald, restrained them. But, notwithstanding their lofty tone and affected scorn, a secret feeling of doubt and dismay began to pervade the minds of their soldiery, and even their own. The fame of the marvellous Maid, of the coming deliverer of Orleans, had already reached them, magnified as usual by distance, by uncertainty, and by popular tales of miracles. If she were indeed, as she pretended, commissioned from on high, how dreadful would be the fate of all who ventured to withstand her! But if even their own assertion were well-founded, if indeed she wrought by spells and sorcery, even then it seemed no very cheering prospect to begin a contest against the powers of darkness!

The French chiefs at Blois had for some time been collecting two convoys of provisions, and their main object was to throw them into Orleans, now reduced to the utmost need; but this

* De Barante, vol. v. p. 296.

seemed no easy enterprise in the face of the English army, flushed with recent victories, and far superior in numbers to their own. Joan, by right of her prophetic mission, insisted that the convoy should proceed along the northern bank of the Loire, through the district of Beauce, while her colleagues proposed the southern bank, and the province of Sologne, knowing that the bastilles of the English were much weaker and worse guarded on that side. Unable to overcome her opposition, and wholly distrusting her talents for command when closely viewed, they availed themselves of her ignorance of the country, and while passing the river at Blois, persuaded her that they were still proceeding along the northern shore. After two days' march, ascending the last ridge that shut out the view of the beleaguered city, Joan was astonished to find the Loire flowing between her and the walls, and broke forth into angry reproaches. But these soon yielded to the necessity of action. She held a conference with Dunois, who had come with boats some way down the Loire to receive the convoy. The night was setting in, and a storm was raging on high, with the wind directly against them; all the chiefs counselled delay, but the Maid insisted that the supplies should be forthwith put on board, promising that the wind should change; it really did change, and became favourable after the embarkation, and thus the convoy was enabled to reach Orleans in safety, while the English generals kept themselves close to their redoubts, withheld partly by the pelting of the storm and the uncertainty of a night attack, partly by a sally which the citizens made as a diversion on the side of Beauce, and partly by the wish that their soldiers should, before they fought, have an opportunity of seeing Joan more nearly, and recovering from the panic which distant rumour had inspired.

Having thus succeeded with regard to the first convoy, the French captains had resolved to wend back to Blois and escort the second, without themselves entering the city. This resolution had been kept secret from Joan, and she showed herself much displeased, but at length agreed to it, provided Father Pasquerel and the other priests from Blois stayed with the army to maintain its morals. She likewise obtained a promise that the next convoy should proceed according to her injunctions through Beauce, instead of Sologne. For herself she undertook, at the earnest entreaty of Dunois and the citizens, to throw herself into the beleaguered city and partake its fortunes. She accordingly made her entry late that same night, the 29th of April, accompanied by the brave La Hire and two hundred lances, and having embarked close under the English bastille of St. Jean le Blanc without any molestation from the awe-struck garrison. High beat the hearts of the poor besieged with joy and wonder at the
midnight

midnight appearance of their promised deliverer, or rather as they well-nigh deemed their guardian angel, heralded by the rolling thunders, with the lightning to guide her on her way, unharmed by a victorious enemy, and bringing long-forgotten plenty in her train! All pressed around her with loud acclamations, eager to touch for a moment her armour, her holy standard, or the white charger which she rode, and believed that they drew a blessing from that touch!

Late as was the hour, the Maid of Orleans (so we may already term her) repaired first to the cathedral, where the solemn service of 'Te Deum' was chaunted by torch-light. She then betook herself to her intended dwelling, which she had chosen on careful inquiry, according to her constant practice, as belonging to a lady amongst the most esteemed and unblemished of the place. The very house is still shown: it is now No. 35, in the Rue du Tabourg, and though the inner apartments have been altered, the street-front is believed by antiquaries to be the same as in the days of Joan.* A splendid entertainment had been prepared for her, but she refused to partake of it, and only dipping a piece of bread into some wine and water, laid herself down to rest.

The impression made upon the people of Orleans by the first appearance of the Maid was confirmed and strengthened by her conduct on the following days. Her beauty of person, her gentleness of manner, and her purity of life—her prayers, so long and so devout—her custom of beginning every sentence with the words, 'In the name of God,' after the fashion of the heralds—her resolute will and undaunted courage in all that related to her mission, compared with her simplicity and humility upon any other subject—her zeal to reform as well as to rescue the citizens,—all this together would be striking even in our own times, and seemed miraculous in theirs. Of speedily raising the siege she spoke without doubt or hesitation: her only anxiety appeared to be to raise it, if she might, without bloodshed. She directed an archer to shoot, attached to his arrow, another letter of warning into the English lines, and herself advancing along the bridge unto the broken arch, opposite the enemy's fort of Tournelles, exhorted them in a loud voice to depart, or they should feel disaster and shame. Sir William Gladsdale, whom all the French writers call Glacidas, still commanded in this quarter. He and his soldiers only answered the Maid with scoffs and ribaldry, bidding her go home and keep her cows. She was moved to tears at their insulting words. But it soon appeared that their derision was affected, and their apprehension real. When on the fourth

* Trollope's *Western France*, vol. i. p. 80—83. He quotes a History of Orleans, by E. F. V. Romagnesi.

day the new convoy came in sight by way of Beauce—when the Maid and La Hire sallied forth with their troops to meet and to escort it—not one note of defiance was heard, not one man was seen to proceed from the English bastilles—the long line of waggons, flocks, and herds passed between them unmolested—and the spirit of the victors seemed already transferred to the vanquished.

Thus far the success of the Maid had been gained by the terrors of her name alone; but the moment of conflict was now close at hand. That same afternoon a part of the garrison and townspeople, flushed with their returning good fortune, made a sally in another quarter against the English bastille of St. Loup. Joan, after bringing in the convoy, had retired home to rest; and the chiefs, distrustful of her mission, and disliking her interposition, sent her no tidings of the fight. But she was summoned by a friendly, or, as she believed, a celestial voice. We will give the story in the words of M. de Barante, as compiled from the depositions of D'Aulon, her esquire, and of Father Pasquerel, her chaplain:—

‘La journée avait été fatigante; Jeanne se jeta sur son lit, et voulut dormir, mais elle était agitée. Tout-à-coup elle dit au Sire d'Aulon, son écuyer, “Mon conseil m’a dit d’aller contre les Anglais; mais je ne sais si c’est contre leurs bastilles ou contre ce Fascot (Fastolf). Il me faut armer.” Le Sire d'Aulon commença à l’armer; pendant ce temps-là elle entendit grand bruit dans la rue; on criait que les ennemis faisaient en cet instant grand dommage aux Français. “Mon Dieu,” dit-elle, “le sang de nos gens coule par terre! Pourquoi ne m’a-t-on pas éveillée plus tôt? Ah, c’est mal fait!—mes armes! mes armes!—mon cheval!” Laissant là son écuyer, qui n’était pas encore armé, elle descendit; son page était sur la porte à s’amuser. “Ah, méchant garçon,” dit-elle, “qui ne m’êtes point venu dire que le sang de France est repandu! Allons vite! Mon cheval!” On le lui amena; elle se fit donner par la fenêtre sa bannière, qu’elle avait laissée; sans rien attendre elle partit, et arriva au plus vite à la Porte Bourgogne, d’où semblait venir le bruit. Comme elle y arrivait elle vit porter un des gens de la ville qu’on ramenait tout blessé. “Hélas,” dit-elle, “je n’ai jamais vu le sang d’un Français sans que les cheveux se dressent sur ma tête!”’

Thus darting full speed through the streets, until she reached the scene of action, Joan plunged headlong into the thickest of the fight. Far from being daunted by the danger when closely viewed, she seemed inspired, nay, almost inspired by its presence, as one conscious of support from on high. Waving her white banner aloft, and calling aloud to those around her, she urged her countrymen to courage like her own: she had found them beaten back and retreating; she at once led them on to a

second

second onset. For three hours the battle raged fiercely and doubtfully at the foot of St. Loup; but Talbot, who was hastening to the rescue, was kept at bay by the Mareschal de Boussac and a body of troops; while those headed by Joan at length succeeded in storming the bastille. Scarce any prisoners were made: almost every Englishman found within the walls was put to the sword, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Maid; only some few, having found priests' garments within St. Loup's church, put them on in this extremity, and these men her piety succeeded in preserving.

Next morning, the 5th of May, was the festival of the Ascension; and as a festival was it kept at Orleans: no new attack made upon the English; and the whole day devoted to public prayers and thanksgiving. In these Joan as usual was foremost: she earnestly exhorted the soldiers to repentance, and desired that none should presume to join her banner without having been first to confession. Her bidding seemed to them as a call from heaven; and for the first time, perhaps, their untutored lips were heard to pour forth prayers, true and earnest in feeling, though not always duly reverent in expression. One such of the brave La Hire's is recorded; it was uttered just before going into battle:—'*Dieu, je te prie, que tu faces aujourd'hui pour La Hire autant que tu voudrois que La Hire fist pour toi, s'il estoit Dieu, et que tu fusses La Hire.*' And, adds the honest old chronicler, '*Il cuidoit très bien prier et dire!*'

That afternoon the chiefs held a council of war, to which they did not ask the presence of Joan; another proof how little they confided in her mission. They determined to proceed next to attack the English bastilles on the southern shore, as these were much the least strong, and as it was most important to free the communication between the city and the friendly province of Berri. Joan, when informed of those views, urged again that the attack should be on her favourite side of Beauce, but at length acquiesced in the decision of the council.

Next morning, accordingly, the 6th of May, Joan took her station before daybreak with La Hire and other chiefs, in a small islet, near the side of Sologne; from thence again they passed to the shore in boats, drawing their horses after them by the bridles. Reinforcements followed as fast as the boats could carry them; but, without awaiting them, Joan began the onset against the Bastille des Augustins. The English made a resolute resistance: to strengthen themselves they withdrew their troops from another of their bastilles, Saint Jean le Blanc; and the two garrisons thus combining, put the French to flight. Joan was borne along by the runaways, but ere long turned round upon the enemy;

enemy; and at the aspect of this sorceress, as they believed her, close upon them, waving aloft her banner (marked, no doubt, with magical spells), they on their part receded, and sought shelter behind their bulwarks. The French reinforcements were meanwhile coming up; and in another assault the Bastille des Augustins was taken, the garrison put to the sword, and the building set in flames. A body of French troops took up their position for the whole night upon the northern shore; but the Maid was induced to return into the city, slightly wounded in the foot by a caltrop, and having fasted (for it was Friday) during the whole toilsome day.

By the successes of that day only a single fort on the opposite shore, the Bastille des Tournelles, remained in English hands. But it was the strongest of all—on one side confronting the broken bridge with its massy and towering wall—on the land side intrenched by a formidable bulwark—and a deep ditch before it, filled with water from the Loire. More than all, it was held by the brave Gladsdale and his best battalions. A spirit of prudence and of misgiving as to the continued success of the Maid became predominant among the French captains. They resolved to rest contented with the freedom of communication now secured with their own provinces, and to postpone any farther attacks until they should receive farther reinforcements. But to this resolution it was found impossible to obtain the assent of Joan. 'You have been to your council,' she said, 'and I have been to mine. Be assured that the council of Messire will hold good, and that the council of men will perish.' What the chiefs dreaded more than her celestial council, she had with her the hearts both of soldiery and people. Entreaties and arguments to prove the superior advantage of doing nothing were urged on her in vain. They did not leave untried even the slight temptation of a shad-fish for her dinner! The story is told as follows, in a chronicle of the time:—

'Ainsi que la Pucelle déliberoit de passer on présenta à Jacques Boucher, son hoste, une alose, et lors il lui dit, "Jeanne, mangeons cette alose avant que vous partiez." "En nom de Dieu," dit-elle, "on n'en mangera jusqu'au souper, que nous repasserons par dessus le pont, et ramènerons un *Goddam*, qui en mangera sa part!"' *

This nickname of *Goddam*—which in more angry times than the present we have often heard muttered behind our countrymen in the streets of Paris—was, we had always fancied, of very modern origin. Till now we could not trace it higher than Beaumarchais, in his '*Mariage de Figaro*.' We now find, however,

* Mémoires concernant la Pucelle. (Collection, vol. viii. p. 173.)

that

that all future anti-Anglicans may plead for it, if they please, the venerable antiquity of four centuries, and the high precedent of Joan of Arc.

Not trusting wholly to persuasion,—or to the shad-fish,—the Sire de Gaucourt, governor of the city, with some soldiers, stationed himself before the Porte Bourgogne, through which Joan would have to pass, and resolutely refused to unbar it. ‘You are an ill man,’ cried the Maid; ‘but whether you will or not, the men-at-arms shall come and shall conquer, as they have conquered before.’ The people, and even the soldiers themselves, stirred by her vehemence, rushed upon the Sire de Gaucourt, threatening to tear him in pieces, and he was constrained to yield. Joan accordingly went forth, followed by an eager multitude of townsmen and soldiers, and passed the Loire in boats to attack the Tournelles by their bulwark, on the opposite side. Thus finding the attack inevitable, the French leaders, Dunois, La Hire, Gaucourt himself, and a host of others, determined to bear their part in it, and embarked like Joan for the opposite shore; and all of them by their conduct in the engagement most fully proved that their former reluctance to engage had not flowed from want of valour.

From the northern shore the English chiefs, Suffolk, Talbot, and Fastolf had beheld these preparations, but found their own troops panic-stricken at ‘the sorceress.’ They could not prevail upon them either to leave their bulwarks and pass the river for the assistance of their comrades, or to attack the city while deprived of its best defenders. Gladsdale was therefore left to his own resources. Besides the strength of his fortifications, his five hundred men of garrison—knights and esquires—were the very flower of the English army; and thus, however fierce and brave the attack, he was able to stand firm against it. He poured upon the French a close and well-sustained discharge, both from bows and fire-arms; and whenever they attempted to scale the rampart, he overthrew their ladders with hatchets, pikes, and mallets. The assault had begun at ten in the morning, and the Maid was as usual in the foremost ranks, waving her standard, and calling aloud to the soldiers. About noon, seeing their ardour slacken, she snatched up a ladder to plant against the walls, and began ascending. At that moment an arrow passed through her corslet, and deeply pierced her between the neck and shoulder: she fell back into the fosse, and the English were already pressing down to make her prisoner: but she was rescued by her countrymen, and borne away from the scene of action. When laid upon the ground and disarmed, the anguish of her wound drew from her some tears; but she had, as she declares, a vision of her two Saints,

Saints, and from that moment felt consoled. With her own hands she pulled out the arrow; she desired the wound to be quickly dressed; and after some moments passed in silent prayer, hastened back to head the troops. They had suspended the conflict in her absence, and had been disheartened by her wound; but it had not at all diminished their ideas of her supernatural powers; on the contrary, they immediately discovered that she had more than once foretold it, and that the untoward event only proved her skill in prophecy. They now, invigorated by their rest, and still more by her return, rushed back with fresh ardour to a second onset, while the English were struck with surprise at the sudden appearance in arms of one whom they had so lately beheld hurled down, and, as they thought, half dead in the ditch. Several of them were even so far bewildered by their own terrors as to see in the air the forms of the Archangel Michael, and of Aignan, the patron saint of Orleans, mounted on white chargers, and fighting on the side of the French. The cooler heads among the English were no less dismayed at the news that another body of the townspeople had advanced to the broken arch, at the opposite end of the fort; that they were keeping up a murderous fire, and throwing over huge beams of wood for their passage. Sir William Gladsdale, still undaunted, resolved to withdraw from the outer bulwarks, and concentrate his force against both attacks within the 'Tournelles' or towers themselves. He was then full in sight of Joan. 'Surrender!' she cried out to him; 'surrender to the King of Heaven! Ah, Glacidas, your words have foully wronged me; but I have great pity on your soul, and on the souls of your men!' Heedless of this summons, the English chief was pursuing his way along the drawbridge; just then a cannon-ball from the French batteries alighting upon it broke it asunder, and Gladsdale with his best knights perished in the stream. The assailants now pressed into the bastille without further resistance: of the garrison, three hundred were already slain, and nearly two hundred remained to be prisoners of war.

At the close of this well-fought day, the Maid, according to her prediction in the morning, came back to Orleans by the bridge. It need scarcely be told how triumphantly she was received, all night rejoicing peals rung from the church-bells; the service of 'Te Deum' was chaunted in the cathedral; and the soldiers returning from the fight were detained at every step by the eager curiosity or the exulting acclamations of their brother-townsmen. Far different was the feeling in the English lines. That night the Earl of Suffolk summoned Fastolf, Talbot, and the other principal officers to council. By the reinforcements of the French, and by their own recent losses, they had now become inferior in numbers;

numbers; they could read dejection impressed on each pale countenance around them; they knew that no hope was left them of taking the city, and that by remaining before it they should only have to undergo repeated, and probably, as late experience showed, disastrous attacks in their own bastilles. With heavy hearts they resolved to raise the siege. Thus, the next morning—Sunday the 8th of May—their great forts of London and St. Lawrence, and all their other lodgments and redoubts—the fruit of so many toilsome months—were beheld in flames; while the English troops, drawn up in battle array, advanced towards the city-walls, and braved the enemy to combat on an open field. Finding their challenge declined, they began their retreat towards Mehun-sur-Loire in good order, but, for want of transport, leaving behind their sick, their wounded and their baggage. The garrison and townspeople were eager to fight or to follow them; but Joan would not allow the day of rest to be thus profaned. ‘In the name of God,’ she cried, ‘let them depart! and let us go and give thanks to God.’ So saying she led the way to High Mass.

Thus had the heroine achieved the first part of her promise—the raising of the siege of Orleans. She had raised it in only seven days from her arrival; and of these seven days, no less than three—Sunday the 1st—the Fête de la Cathédrale on the 3rd—and Ascension-Day the 5th (besides Sunday the 8th)—had been by her directions devoted to public prayer. Even to the present times, the last anniversary—the day of their deliverance—is still held sacred at Orleans. Still on each successive 8th of May do the magistrates walk in solemn procession round the ancient limits of the city; the service of ‘Te Deum’ again resounds from the cathedral; and a discourse is delivered from the pulpit in honour of the Maid.*

The second part of Joan’s promise—to crown the King at Rheims—still remained. Neither wearied by her toils, nor yet elated by her triumphs, she was again within a few days before Charles at his Court at Tours—the same untaught and simple shepherdess—urging him to confide in her guidance, and enable her to complete her mission. Her very words have been recorded in a chronicle, written probably the same year:—

‘Quand la Pucelle Jeanne fut devant le Roy, elle s’agenouilla et l’embrassa par les jambes, en luy disant:—“Gentil Dauphin, venez prendre vostre noble sacre à Rheims; je suis fort aiguillonnée que vous y alliez, et ne faites doute que vous y recevrez vostre digne sacre.”... Or, le Roy en luy-mesme, et aussi trois ou quatre des principaux

* Supplément aux Mémoires. (Collection, vol. viii. p. 317.) It is added, ‘Cet acte n’a été suspendu que pendant les années les plus orageuses de la Révolution.’

d’autour

d'autour de lui, pensoient, s'il ne déplairoit point à ladite Jeanne, qu'on luy demandast ce que la voix luy disoit. De quoy elle s'aperceut aucunement, et dit: "En nom de Dieu, je scay bien ce que vous pensez et voulez dire de la Voix que j'ay ouye touchant vostre sacre, et je le vous diray. Je me suis mise en orayson, en ma manière accoustumée; je me complaignois, pour ce qu'on ne me vouloit pas croire de ce que je disois; et lors la Voix me dit: 'Fille, va, va, je seray à ton ayde, va!' et quand cette Voix me vient, je suis tant resjoyue que merveilles." Et en disant lesdites paroles elle levoit les yeux au ciel en monstrant signe d'une grande exultation.*

There is another original document describing the Maid's appearance at this time; a letter from a young officer, Guy, Sire de Laval, to his mother and grandmother at home. It begins in the old-fashioned form: 'Mes très redoutées dames et mères;' and, after some details of his journey, thus proceeds:—

'Et le Lundy me party d'avec le Roy, pour venir à Selles en Berry, à quatre lieues de Saint Agnan, et fit le Roy venir au devant de luy la Pucelle, qui estoit de paravant à Selles.... Et fit ladite Pucelle, très bonne chère à mon frère et à moy, estant armée de toutes pièces sauve la teste, et tenant la lance en main. Et après que fusmes descendus à Selles, j'allay à son logis la voir; et fit venir le vin, et me dit qu'elle m'en feroit bientost boire à Paris. Et semble chose toute divine de son fait, et de la voir et de l'oïr. Et s'est partie ce Lundy aux vespres de Selles pour aller à Romorantin, à trois lieues en allant avant, et approchant des advenuës, le Mareschal de Boussac et grand nombre de gens armez et de la commune avec elle. Et la veis monter à cheval, armée tout en blanc, sauf la teste, une petite hache en sa main, sur un grand coursier noir, qui à l'huis de son logis se démenoit très fort, et ne souffroit qu'elle montast; et lors elle dit: "Menez-le à la croix qui estoit devant l'église, auprès au chemin." Et lors elle monta sans qu'il se meust comme s'il fust lié. Et lors se tourna vers l'huis de l'église, qui estoit bien prochain, et dit en assez voix de femme: "Vous, les prestres et gens d'église, faites procession et prières à Dieu." Et lors se retourna à son chemin, en disant, "Tirez avant! tirez avant!" son estendart ployé que portoit un gracieux page, et avoit sa hache petite en la main, et un sien frère, qui est venu depuis huit jours, parloit aussi avec elle tout armé en blanc.'†

Notwithstanding the splendid success of the young heroine before Orleans, the King did not as yet yield to her entreaties, nor undertake the expedition to Rheims. It seemed necessary, in the first place, to reduce the other posts which the English still held upon the Loire. In this object the Maid took a conspicuous and intrepid share. Setting off from Selles, the chiefs first laid siege to Jargeau, into which the Earl of Suffolk had retired with several hundred men. For some days the artillery played on both sides;

* Mémoires concernant la Pucelle. (Collection, vol. viii. p. 180.)

† Collection des Mémoires, vol. viii. p. 225.

a breach was effected in the walls; and on the 12th of June the French trumpets sounded the signal to assault. Joan was as usual amongst the foremost, with her holy banner displayed. She had herself planted a ladder, and was ascending the walls, when a huge stone rolled down from the summit, struck her on the helmet, and hurled her headlong into the fosse. Immediately rising again, not unhurt but still undaunted, she continued to animate her countrymen:—‘Forward! forward! my friends! the Lord has delivered them into our hands!’ The storm was renewed with fresh ardour and complete success; the town was taken, and nearly the whole garrison put to the sword; many, notwithstanding Joan’s humane endeavours, being slain in cold blood, whenever there was any dispute for ransom.* The fate of the Earl of Suffolk is a striking incident and illustration of the age of chivalry. When closely pursued by one of the French officers, he turned round and asked him if he were of gentle birth? ‘I am,’ replied the officer, whose name was Guillaume Regnault, an esquire of Auvergne. ‘And are you a knight?’ ‘I am not.’ ‘Then I will make you one,’ said Suffolk; and having first struck Regnault with his sword, and thus dubbed him as his superior, he next surrendered the same sword to him as his captive.

The fate of Jargeau deterred the garrisons of Beaugency and Mehun from resistance; and Talbot, who had now succeeded to the chief command, gathering into one body the remaining English troops, began in all haste his retreat towards the Seine. In his way he was met by Fastolf with a reinforcement of four thousand men. The French chiefs at the same time received a like accession of force under the Lord Constable of France, Arthur de Richemont. He had become estranged from the King by the cabals of La Trimouille, the reigning minion at court, and Charles had written to forbid his coming; nevertheless he still drew near; and Joan, in a spirit of headlong loyalty, proposed to go forth and give him battle. No one seemed to relish this proposal; on the contrary, it excited general complaints. Several officers muttered that they were friends of the Constable, and in case of need should prefer him to all the maids in the kingdom!† At length Joan herself was made to comprehend the importance of shunning civil discord, and combining against the common enemy; she agreed to welcome the Constable on his taking an oath of loyalty, and to use her intercession with the King on his behalf. The combined forces then pushed forward, eager to overtake the English army in its retreat. On the 18th of June, they came up with it near the village of Patay. So altered were the English within the last few weeks—so awestruck

* De Barante, vol. v. p. 344.

† Ibid., p. 347.

at the idea of supernatural power being wielded against them, that they scarcely stood firm a moment. The battle was decided almost as soon as begun. Even the brave Fastolf betook himself to flight at the first fire, in punishment for which the Order of the Garter was afterwards taken from him. Talbot disdained to show his back to an enemy; he dismounted to fight on foot amongst the foremost, but being left almost alone, he was speedily made prisoner, together with Lord Scales; while upwards of two thousand men were killed in the pursuit.

The victory at Patay gave fresh weight to Joan's intreaties that the King would set forth to be crowned at Rheims. Such an expedition was still overcast by doubts and perils. Rheims itself, and every other city in the way, was in the hands of enemies; and a superior force, either of English from the left, or of Burgundians from the right, might assail the advancing army. To add to these difficulties, Charles himself, at that period of his life, was far from disposed to personal exertion; nevertheless, he could not withstand the solicitations of the 'inspired' Maid, and the wish of the victorious troops. Collecting ten or twelve thousand men at Gien, he marched from the valley of the Loire, accompanied by Joan herself, by his bravest captains, and by his wisest counsellors. They first appeared before the city of Auxerre, which shut its gates, but consented, on a payment of money, to furnish a supply of provisions. Their next point was Troyes; but here they found the city held by five or six hundred Burgundian soldiers, and refusing all terms of treaty. Nothing remained but a siege, and for this the King wanted both time and means. He had with him neither mining tools nor artillery, nor stores of provisions, and the soldiers subsisted only by plucking the ears of corn and the half-ripened beans from the fields. Several days had passed, and no progress been made. At length a council was held, when the Chancellor and nearly all the other chief men pressed for a retreat to the Loire. While they were still deliberating, a knock was heard at the door, and the Maid of Orleans came in; she first asked the King whether she should be believed in what she was about to say. He coldly answered that she should, provided she said things that were reasonable and profitable. 'The city is yours!' she then exclaimed, 'if you will but remain before it two days longer!' So confident seemed her present prediction—such good results had followed the past,—that the council agreed to make a further trial, and postpone their intended retreat. Without delay, and eager to make good her words, Joan sprung on horseback, and directed all the men-at-arms she met—gentle or simple alike—to exert themselves in heaping together faggots and other wood-work, and preparing
what

what in the military language of that day is called *taudis et approches*. The townsmen of Troyes, assembling on their ramparts, gazed on her while thus employed, and bethought them of her mighty deeds at Orleans, already magnified into the miraculous by popular report. The more credulous of these gazers even declared that they could see a swarm of white butterflies hovering above her standard. The more loyal began to recollect that they were Frenchmen, not Burgundians—that Charles was their true liege lord—that they should be rebels to resist him. Under the influence of these various feelings, which the garrison could not venture to resist, they sent out to offer some terms of capitulation; the King, as may be supposed, made no objection to any; and next day he was joyfully received within the gates.

The newly-roused loyalty of Troyes spread rapidly, like every popular impulse, to Chalons and to Rheims, where the inhabitants rising, as if in concert, expelled the Burgundian garrisons, and proclaimed the rightful King. On the 16th of July, Charles, without having encountered a single enemy, made a triumphal entry into the city of Rheims, amidst loud cries of 'NOEL!' which was then the usual acclamation of joy in France at the King's arrival. Next day that stately cathedral—which even yet proudly towers above the ruins of time or of revolutions—saw his brow encircled with the crown of his forefathers, and anointed from the Sainte Ampoule, the cruise of holy oil, which, according to the Romish legend, had been sent by a dove from Heaven to the Royal convert, Clovis. The people looked on with wonder and with awe. Thus had really come to pass the fantastic visions that floated before the eyes of the poor shepherd-girl of Domremy! Thus did she perform her two-fold promise to the King within three months from the day when she first appeared in arms at Blois! During the coronation of her sovereign—so long the aim of her thoughts and prayers, and reserved to be at length achieved by her own prowess—the Maid stood before the High Altar by the side of the King, with her banner unfurled in her hand. 'Why was your banner thus honoured beyond all other banners?' she was asked at her trial. 'It had shared the danger,' she answered; 'it had a right to share the glory.'

The holy rites having been performed, the Maid knelt down before the newly-crowned monarch, her eyes streaming with tears. 'Gentle King,' she said, 'now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, who willed that you should come to Rheims and be anointed, showing that you are the true King, and he to whom the kingdom should belong.' She now regarded her mission as accomplished, and her inspiration as fled. 'I wish,' she said, 'that the gentle King should allow me to return towards my father and mother,

keep

keep my flocks and herds as before, and do all things as I was wont to do.'

'End with many tears implored!
'Tis the sound of home restored!
And as mounts the angel show,
Gliding with them she would go,
But, again to stoop below,
And, returned to green Lorraine,
Be a shepherd-child again!''*

This feeling in the mind of Joan was no doubt strengthened by the unexpected sight of Laxart and Jacques d'Arc—her uncle and her father—who had come to Rheims to take part in her triumph, and had mingled in the throng of spectators.† But the King and his captains, even whilst themselves distrusting her heavenly mission or supernatural powers, had seen how the belief in them had wrought upon the soldiery and the people. They foresaw that in losing her they should lose their best ally. They spared no exertions, no entreaties, to make her forego her thoughts of home, and continue with the army—and they finally prevailed. From this time forward it has been observed that Joan still displayed the same courage in battle, and the same constancy in pain; that she seemed animated with the same confidence in the good cause of France, but that she no longer seemed to feel the same persuasion that she was acting at the command and under the guidance of heaven.‡

Nor can the King be accused at this period of any want of gratitude to his female champion. He was anxious to acknowledge her services; but she refused all rewards for herself or for her family, and only asked the favour that her birthplace might hereafter be free from any kind of impost. This privilege—so honourable both to the giver and receiver—was granted by the King in an Ordinance dated July 31, 1429, and confirmed by another in 1459. It continued in force for more than three centuries. The registers of taxes for the *Election* of Chaumont used, until the Revolution, to bear opposite the name of every village the sum to be received from it; but when they came to the article DOMREMY, they always added NEANT, A CAUSE DE LA PUCELLE.

* 'Joan of Arc,' Sterling's Poems, p. 236.

† Among the ancient records at Rheims is, or was, the account for the entertainment of Jacques d'Arc, which was defrayed by the King. It appears that he lodged at an inn called the Striped Ass (*l'Ane Rayé*), kept by the widow Alix Moriau, and that the bill amounted to twenty-four livres Paris. (Suppl. aux Mémoires Collection, vol. viii. p. 276.) That house still remains, and still is used as an inn, but the name has been changed to *La Maison Rouge*. (Costello's Pilgrimage to Auvergne, 1841, vol. i. p. 137.) Such little details give a striking air of reality to the romantic story.

‡ Simondi, vol. xiii. p. 145.

The good example set by Troyes and Rheims in opening their gates to the King, was ere long followed by Laon, Soissons, Compiègne, Beauvais, and other places of importance. Step by step the King was drawing nearer to the walls of Paris, while the English, although they had lately received some reinforcements from home, were not able to keep the field against him. During this march, however, an ill omen was noticed—the sword of the Maid broke asunder—how and wherefore we will leave to M. de Barante to tell :—

‘La victoire avoit rendu insolens les Français, de sorte qu’ils se livraient à mille désordres ; rien ne les pouvait retenir. La Pucelle en cela n’était point écoutée. Son courroux était si grand qu’un jour, rencontrant des gens d’armes qui faisaient la débauche avec une fille de mauvaise vie, elle se mit à les battre du plat de son épée, si fort que l’arme se rompit. C’était l’épée trouvée dans l’église de Fierbois, et qui venait de faire de si belles conquêtes. Ce fut un chagrin pour tous, et même pour le Roi. “Vous deviez,” dit-il à Jeanne, “prendre un bon bâton et frapper dessus, sans aventurer ainsi cette épée qui vous est venue divinement, comme vous dites.”’

The King and his army continued advancing towards Paris ; and at length, from the heights of St. Denis, the domes and spires of his ancient capital rose in sight before him. It seemed an auspicious time for his coming, the Duke of Bedford having been summoned away to quell some disturbances in Normandy. An assault was given accordingly in the month of September, 1429, and on the same ground where the Rue Traversiere now stands. The Maid had been eager for it, and made a prediction or promise to the soldiers that in the ensuing night they should sleep within the city walls. But the King’s military ardour had already cooled ; and he could not be prevailed upon to approach the scene of action nearer than St. Denis. Of his officers, many were downcast at his absence, and some jealous of the high renown which Joan had gained. Thus her efforts were but feebly seconded on this occasion. She easily led the troops across the first ditch of the city ; but she found the second broad, deep, and full of water ; and while she was sounding it to and fro with her lance, to discover where it might be shallowest, she was grievously wounded by an arrow from the walls, and her standard-bearer killed by her side. Still, however, she would not give the signal of retreat ; and from the ground, where she lay stretched and helpless on the reverse of the first fosse, she continued to urge on the soldiers, and to call for faggots and fascines, resisting all entreaties to withdraw until the evening, when the Duke of Alençon having come up and shown her how ill the attack had prospered, she allowed herself to be borne away.

Dispirited

Dispirited at this failure, and viewing it as an admonition from Heaven, the Maid consecrated her armour to God before the tomb of St. Denis, and determined to retire from the wars. Renewed entreaties on the part of the chiefs, judiciously mingled with praises of her past exertions,* again prevailed over her own judgment, and she consented to follow the King's fortunes. Charles himself, already sighing for the peaceful shades of Chinon, and for his customary life of pleasure, eagerly seized the late repulse as a pretext for retreat. He led back the troops by rapid marches across the Loire, and dispersed them in winter-quarters, at the very time when the absence of the Duke of Bedford seemed to invite him to fresh exertions, when Amiens, Abbeville, St. Quentin, and other important towns in the north, were only awaiting his approach to throw open their gates to him. His conduct on this occasion has in general been glossed over by French historians from respect to his high deeds in after life, but M. de Sismondi has treated it with just severity. 'It is probable,' says he, 'that, but for the King's supineness, he might on the first assault have made himself master of his capital . . . and his sudden retreat to Chinon everywhere depressed and deadened the enthusiasm of his people. The unwarlike citizens who, throughout the towns of Champagne, of Picardy, and of the Isle of France, were now rising or conspiring to throw off the English yoke, well knew that if they failed there would be no mercy for them, and that they would perish by the hangman's hands, yet they boldly exposed themselves in order to replace their King on his throne; and this King, far from imitating their generosity, could not even bring himself to bear the hardships of a camp or the toils of business for more than two months and a-half; he would not any longer consent to forego his festivals, his dances, or his other less innocent delights.' †

The winter was passed by Joan chiefly at the King's Court in Bourges, or Mehun-sur-Yevre, in the neighbourhood of Bourges. In December the King granted letters patent of nobility to her family and herself, with the privilege of bearing the Lily of France for their arms. ‡ At the same inclement season, she again distinguished herself in assaults upon the citadels of St. Pierre Le Moutier, and La Charité.

But the most singular event of this period was the appearance at Court of another holy woman, declaring herself, like Joan, to

* 'On loua si fort sa bonne volonté et sa vaillance; on lui repeta tellement que si l'on eut fait tout ce qu'elle avait dit, la chose eut mieux réussi, qu'elle consentit à suivre le Roi.'—(De Barante, vol. vi. p. 51.)

† Sismondi, vol. xiii. p. 152—162.

‡ These letters patent are printed in M. Petitot's Collection, vol. viii. p. 333.

be inspired. Her name was Catherine, and she came from La Rochelle with a mission, she said, not of war but of wealth. For her object was by preaching to the people to persuade them to offer their money to the King, and she alleged that she was able to distinguish those who kept their treasures concealed. She too, like the Maid of Orleans, had her visions; often seeing in them, as she stated, a white lady clothed all in gold—the dress being certainly no unfit emblem of the mission! To a King with craving courtiers and an empty exchequer, such a mission could not be otherwise than welcome. But we may remark that Joan from the first entertained a strong distrust—a professional jealousy it might perhaps be called—of her sister-prophetess. She asked to be shown the white lady. Catherine replied that her visions came only in the hours of darkness, and that Joan might be a witness to them by remaining with her at that time. All night, accordingly, the Maid of Orleans watched by her side, in fruitless expectation of the promised sight; but having fallen asleep towards morning, Catherine declared that the white lady had appeared in that very interval. Determined not to be baffled in this manner, Joan lay down to sleep the whole of the next day, that she might be sure to be wakeful at night; and wakeful she was accordingly, always urging Catherine with the question—‘Is she coming soon?’ and always answered—‘Soon, soon.’ But nothing appeared.

The argument drawn from these facts did not appear altogether conclusive, even in that superstitious age, since Joan was not able, any more than Catherine, to display her visions to others. Several persons stated this objection to Joan herself—but she readily replied, that they were not sufficiently righteous and holy to see what she had seen. Nevertheless, to end this controversy, she declared that she had consulted her saints, Catherine and Margaret, who had told her that there was nothing but folly and falsehood in the woman of La Rochelle. She therefore strongly counselled the King to send the pretended prophetess home ‘to keep her household and to nurse her children.’ It does not appear how far either the King or the lady followed this good advice. The further fortunes of Catherine are nowhere to be found recorded.*

At the return of spring, Charles, still preferring pleasure to glory, could not be induced to take the field in person. But, like the captain ‘who fled full soon,’ in Mr. Canning’s ballad, ‘he bade the rest keep fighting!’ His troops passed the Loire, and marched into the northern provinces, but in diminished numbers, with no prince of the blood or chief of high name to lead them,

* The story of Catherine is circumstantially told by De Barante, vol. vi. p. 69—71.
and

and aiming apparently at no object of importance.* In some desultory skirmishes, the Maid displayed her wonted valour, and struck the enemy with the same terror as before. The Duke of Gloucester found it necessary to issue a proclamation to reassure his troops: it is dated May 3, 1430, and is still preserved, denoting in its very title the barbarous Latin of the middle ages:—*Contra capitaneos et soldarios tergiversantes, incantationibus Puellæ terrificatos.*

On leaving Picardy in the preceding year, Charles had confided his newly-acquired fortress of Compiègne to the charge of Guillaume de Flavy, a captain of tried bravery, but, even beyond his compeers in that age, harsh and pitiless.† He was now besieged by the Duke of Burgundy, at the head of a powerful army. Joan, hearing of his danger, courageously resolved to share his fortunes, and threw herself into the place on the 24th of May, accompanied by Xaintrilles, Chabannes, Valperga, and other knights of renown. The very evening of her arrival she headed the garrison in a sally on the side of the bridge across the Oise. She found the Burgundians scattered and unprepared; twice she drove them from their entrenchments, but seeing their numbers increase every moment, she gave the signal to retreat, herself maintaining the post of honour, the last of the rear-guard. Never had she shown greater intrepidity: but as she approached the town-gate she found it partly closed, so that but few could press in together; confusion spread amongst her friends, less eager to succour her than to save themselves, and she found herself surrounded by her enemies. Still she made those before her recoil, and might have effected her retreat, when an archer from Picardy, coming up from behind, seized her by her coat of crimson velvet, and drew her from her horse to the ground. She struggled to rise again, and reached the outer fosse: there, however, she was overpowered, and compelled to surrender to Lionel, a bastard of Vendôme,‡ and a soldier in the company of John of Luxemburg. The battlements of Compiègne have long since mouldered away; choked by the fallen fragments, the fosse is once more level with the plain; even the old bridge has been replaced by another

* 'Charles VII., loin de prendre lui même le commandement de son armée, n'y envoya pas même un des princes du sang ou quelqu'un des grands seigneurs de sa cour, et ne permit point au Connétable de s'y rendre. La Pucelle s'y trouva donc associée uniquement avec des aventuriers brutaux, mal pourvus d'argent ou de munitions, et qui ne voulaient sa soumettre à aucune discipline.' (Siamondi, vol. xiii. p. 159.)

† 'Flavy étoit vaillant homme de guerre, mais le plus thirant, et faisant plus de thirannies et horribles qu'on pût faire, comme prendre filles, malgré tous ceulx qui en vouloient parler, les violer, faire mourir gens sans pitié et les rouer.'—Mémoires de Duclercq.

‡ Not Vendôme, as most writers have supposed. The place meant is now called Wandomme, in the Département du Pas de Calais. (Quicherat, Procès de Jeanne d'Arc, vol. i. p. 13.)

higher up the stream—yet, amidst all these manifold changes, the precise spot of the catastrophe—we gazed on it but a few weeks since—is still pointed out by popular tradition to the passing stranger.

The news of Joan's captivity struck the English and their partisans with a joy proportioned to their former terrors. The service of 'Te Deum' was celebrated at Paris, by order of the Duke of Bedford, and in token of general thanksgiving. Meanwhile the dejection of the French soldiery was not unmingled with whispered suspicions that their officers—and especially Guillaume de Flavy—had knowingly and willingly exposed her to danger, from envy of her superior renown. For a long time there was no positive proof against Flavy: but at length he was murdered by his own wife, who, when put upon her trial, pleaded and proved that he had resolved to betray Joan of Arc to the enemy; and this defence, though wholly irrelevant to the question at issue, was in that barbarous age admitted by the judges.*

The captive heroine was first conducted to the quarters of John of Luxemburg, and transferred in succession to the prisons of Beaurevoir, Arras, and Le Crottoy, at the mouth of the Somme. She made two intrepid attempts at escape. Once she had broken a passage through the wall, but was arrested on her way, and still more closely confined. Another time she threw herself headlong from the summit of her prison tower, but was taken up senseless on the ground. She afterwards declared, in her examinations, that her 'Voices' had dissuaded her from this attempt, but had consoled her under its failure.

The English were however impatient to hold the prisoner in their own hands; and in the month of November, 1430, she was purchased from John of Luxemburg for a sum of ten thousand livres. Her cruel treatment in her new captivity is well described by M. de Barante:—

'Jeanne fut conduite à Rouen où se trouvait le jeune Roi Henri et tout le gouvernement des Anglais. Elle fut menée dans la grosse tour du château; on fit forger pour elle une cage de fer, et on lui mit les fers aux pieds. Les archers Anglais qui la gardaient l'insultaient grossièrement, et parfois essayèrent de lui faire violence. Ce n'était pas seulement les gens du commun qui se montraient cruels et violents envers elle. Le Sire de Luxembourg, dont elle avait été prisonnière, passant à Rouen, alla la voir dans sa prison avec le Comte de Warwick et le Comte de Strafford. "Jeanne," dit-il, en plaisantant, "je suis venu te mettre à rançon; mais il faut promettre de ne t'armer jamais contre nous." "Ah, mon Dieu, vous vous riez de moi," dit-elle, "vous n'en avez ni le vouloir ni le pouvoir. Je sais bien que les Anglais me feront mourir, croyant après ma mort gagner le royaume de France, mais fussent-ils cent mille *Goddam* de plus qu'à présent,

* Supplément aux Mémoires (Collection, vol. viii., p. 287).

ils n'auront pas ce royaume." Irrité de ces paroles, le Comte de Straf-ford tira sa dague pour la frapper, et ne fut arrêté que par le Comte de Warwick.'

The forebodings of the unhappy woman were but too true; her doom was indeed already sealed. Had she been put to death as a prisoner of war, the act, however repugnant to every dictate of justice and humanity, would not have been without precedent or palliation, according to the manners of that age. Thus, as we have seen, the English captives at Jargeau had been deliberately put to the sword after their surrender, to avert some disputes as to their ransom. Thus also there is still extant a letter from an English admiral, Winnington, stating his determination to kill or drown the crews of one hundred merchantmen which he had taken, unless the council should deem it better to preserve their lives.* Nay, Joan herself was charged, although unjustly, with having sanctioned this practice in the case of Franquet, a Burgundian freebooter, who fell into her hands, and was hanged shortly before her own captivity. But the conduct of Joan's enemies has not even the wretched excuse which such past inhumanities might supply. Their object was not only to wreak their vengeance upon the Maid for their former losses, but to discredit her in popular opinion, to brand her (we quote the very words of Bedford) as 'a disciple and lymbe of the fiende that used false enchauntments and sorcerie,'† and to lower and taint the cause of Charles VII. by connecting it with such unhallowed means. They therefore renounced any rights of war which they possessed over her as their prisoner, to claim those of sovereignty and jurisdiction as their subject, which she never had been, and resolved to try her before an ecclesiastical tribunal on the charge of witchcraft. They found a fitting tool for their purpose in Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who was wholly devoted to their interest, and who presented a petition for the trial on the frivolous pretext that she had been made prisoner within his diocese. The University of Paris was so far misled by party views as to join in the same request. The Bishop himself was appointed the first judge; the second was Jean Lemaitre, vicar-general of the inquisition; and the office of public advocate or accuser devolved upon Estivet, a canon of Beauvais. The tribunal thus formed, and directed to hold its sittings at Rouen, was also attended by nearly one hundred doctors of theology, who had not, like the Bishop and vicar-general, votes in the decision, but who gave their counsel and assistance when required, under the title of assessors.

* Fenn's Collection of Letters, vol. i., p. 213. Dr. Lingard has pointed out this passage in his History of England.

† Rymer's Fœdera, vol. x., p. 408.

Unjustifiable as this trial appears in its general scope and design, it was further darkened in its progress by many acts of fraud and violence, and an evident predetermination to condemn. A private investigation, similar to those at Poitiers, and with the same result, having been appointed, the Duke of Bedford is said to have concealed himself in a neighbouring apartment, and looked on through a rent in the wall. A priest, named Nicolas L'Oiseleur, was instructed to enter the prison of Joan, to represent himself as her countryman from Lorraine, and as a sufferer in the cause of King Charles; thus, it was hoped, gaining upon her confidence, giving her false counsels, and betraying her under the seal of confession into some unguarded disclosures. A burgher of Rouen was sent to Domremy to gather some accounts of her early life; but, as these proved uniformly favourable, they were suppressed at the trial. In like manner, many answers tending to her vindication were garbled or omitted in the written reports. She was allowed neither counsel nor adviser. In short, every artifice was used to entrap, every threat to overawe, an untaught and helpless girl.

It will, we trust, be acknowledged that, in our statement of this trial, we have neither denied nor palliated its evil deeds. But when we find them urged by some French writers, even at the present day, as an eternal blot upon the English name—as a still subsisting cause of national resentment—we may perhaps be allowed to observe, in self-defence, that the worst wrongs of Joan were dealt upon her by the hands of her own countrymen. Her most bitter enemy, the Bishop of Beauvais, was a Frenchman; so was his colleague, the vicar-general of the inquisition; so were both the malignant Estivet and the perfidious L'Oiseleur—the judges, the accuser, and the spy! Even after this large deduction, there will still remain a heavy responsibility against the English authorities—both civil and religious—against the Duke of Bedford and the Cardinal of Winchester.

On the 21st of February, 1431, Joan was brought for the first time before her judges. She underwent, nearly on successive days, fifteen examinations. The scene was the castle-chapel at Rouen; and she appeared clad, as of yore, in military attire, but loaded with chains. Undepressed, either by her fallen fortunes or by her long and cruel captivity, she displayed in her answers the same courageous spirit with which she had defended Orleans and stormed Jargeau. Nor was it courage only; her plain and clear good sense often seemed to retrieve her want of education, and to pierce through the subtle wiles and artifices elaborately prepared to ensnare her. Thus, for example, she was asked whether she knew herself to be in the grace of God? Had she answered

answered in the affirmative, then arrogance and presumption would forthwith have been charged upon her; if in the negative, she would have been treated as guilty by her own confession. 'It is a great matter,' she said, 'to reply to such a question.' 'So great a matter,' interposed one of the assessors, touched with pity—his name deserves to be recorded, it was Jean Fabry—that the prisoner is not bound in law to answer it.' 'You had better be silent,' said the Bishop of Beauvais fiercely to Fabry; and he repeated the question to Joan. 'If I am not in the grace of God,' she said, 'I pray God that it may be vouchsafed to me; if I am, I pray God that I may be preserved in it.'

Thus, again, she was asked whether the Saints of her visions, Margaret and Catherine, hated the English nation? If the answer was that they did, such partiality would ill beseem the glorified spirits of heaven, and the imputation of it might be punished as blasphemy: but if Joan should reply that they did not, the retort was ready;—'Why then did they send you forth to fight against us?' She answered, 'They love whatever God loves, and hate whatever he hates.' 'Does God then hate the English?' pursued the inexorable Bishop of Beauvais. 'Whether God may love or may hate the English, I know not; but I know that they shall be driven forth from this realm by the King of France—all but those who shall die in the field.'

The two points on which Joan's enemies and judges (the terms are here synonymous) mainly relied were—first, the 'Tree of the Fairies,' near Domremy; and, secondly, the banner borne by herself in battle. Both of these it was attempted to connect with evil spirits or magical spells. As to the first, Joan replied, clearly and simply, that she had often been round the tree in procession with the other maidens of the village, but had never beheld any of her visions at that spot. With regard to the banner, she declared that she had assumed it in battle on purpose to spare the lance and the sword; that she wished not to kill any one with her own hand, and that she never had. But she was closely pressed with many other questions:—

'When you first took this banner, did you ask whether it would make you victorious in every battle?' 'The Voices,' answered she, 'told me to take it without fear, and that God would help me.'

'Which gave the most help; you to the banner, or the banner to you?' 'Whether victory came from the banner or from me, it belonged to our Lord alone.'

'Was the hope of victory founded on the banner or on yourself?' 'It was founded on God, and on nought besides.'

'If another person had borne it, would the same success have followed?' 'I cannot tell; I refer myself to God.'

'Why

'Why were you chosen sooner than another?' 'It was the pleasure of God that thus a simple maid should put the foes of the King to flight.'

'Were not you wont to say, to encourage the soldiers, that all the standards made in semblance of your own would be fortunate?' 'I used to say to them, "Rush in boldly among the English;" and then I used to rush in myself.'

The clearness and precision of her replies on these points stand forth in strange contrast to the vague and contradictory accounts which she gives of her first interview with the King. On this topic she at first refuses to answer altogether, saying that she is forbidden by her Voices. But afterwards she drops mysterious hints of an angel bringing a crown to Charles from heaven; sometimes saying that the King alone had beheld this vision, and sometimes that it had been before many witnesses. In other examinations she declares that she herself was this angel; in others, again, she appears to confound the imaginary crown of the vision with the real one at Rheims.* In short, this was clearly one main-spring of her enthusiasm, or a morbid point in her mind where judgment and memory had been overpowered by imagination.

No proof or presumption, however, to confirm the charges of sorcery could be deduced from her own examinations or from any other. So plain and candid had been the general tenor of her answers, that it being referred to the assessors whether or not she should be put to the rack, in hopes of extorting further revelations, only two were found to vote in favour of this atrocious proposal, and of these two one was the traitor-priest L'Oiseleur! It is said that one of our countrymen present at the trial was so much struck with the evident good faith of her replies, that he could not forbear exclaiming, 'A worthy woman—if she were only English!' †

Her judges, however, heedless of her innocence, or perhaps only the more inflamed by it, drew up twelve articles of accusation upon the grounds of sorcery and heresy, which articles were eagerly confirmed by the University of Paris. On the 24th of May, 1431—the very day on which Joan had been taken prisoner the year before—she was led to the churchyard before Saint Ouen, where two scaffolds had been raised: on the one stood the Cardinal of Winchester, the Bishop of Beauvais, and several prelates;

* De Barante, vol. vi. p. 121; and Quicherat, *Procès de Jeanne d'Arc*, vol. i., *passim*. This is a recent and well-edited collection of the original documents referring to the trial. The second volume has not yet appeared.

† 'C'est une bonne femme—si elle était Anglaise!' (*Supplément aux Mémoires*, Collection, vol. viii. p. 294.)

the other was designed for the Maid, and for a preacher named Erard. The preacher then began his sermon, which was filled with the most vehement invectives against herself; these she bore with perfect patience, but when he came to the words, 'Your King, that heretic and that schismatic,' she could not forbear exclaiming aloud, 'Speak of me, but do not speak of the King; he is a good Christian. . . . By my faith, sir, I can swear to you, as my life shall answer for it, that he is the noblest of all Christians, and not such as you say.' The Bishop of Beauvais, much incensed, directed the guards to stop her voice, and the preacher proceeded. At his conclusion, a formula of abjuration was presented to Joan for her signature. It was necessary, in the first place, to explain to her what was the meaning of the word abjuration; she then exclaimed that she had nothing to abjure, for that whatever she had done was at the command of God. But she was eagerly pressed with arguments and with entreaties to sign. At the same time the prelates pointed to the public hangman, who stood close by in his car, ready to bear her away to instant death if she refused. Thus urged, Joan said at length, 'I would rather sign than burn,' and put her mark to the paper.* The object, however, was to sink her in public estimation; and with that view, by another most unworthy artifice, a much fuller and more explicit confession of her errors was afterwards made public, instead of the one which had been read to her, and which she had really signed.

The submission of Joan having been thus extorted, the Bishop of Beauvais proceeded to pass sentence in the name of the tribunal. He announced to her, that out of 'grace and moderation' her life should be spared, but that the remainder of it must be passed in prison 'with the bread of grief and the water of anguish for her food.' † Joan heard the sentence unmoved, saying only, 'Well, then, ye men of the church, lead me to your own prisons, and let me no longer remain in the hands of these English.' But she was taken back to the same dungeon as before.

Nor was it designed that her life should indeed be spared. Her enemies only hoped, by a short delay and a pretended lenity, to palliate the guilt of her murder, or to heap a heavier load upon her memory. She had promised to resume a female dress; and it is related that a suit of men's apparel was placed in her cell, and her own removed during the night, so that she had no other choice next morning but to clothe herself again in the forbidden gar-

* Deposition, at the trial of Revision, of Massieu, a priest and rural dean, who had stood by her side on the scaffold. (Quicherat, *Procès*, vol. i. p. 8.)

† 'Au pain de douleurs et à l'eau d'angoisse.' (Collection des *Mémoires*, vol. viii. p. 304.)

ments. Such is the common version of the story. But we greatly fear that a darker and a sadder tale remains behind. A priest, named Martin l'Advenu, who was allowed to receive her confession at this period, and to shrive her in her dying moments, was afterwards examined at the trial of revision, and declared that an English lord (*un millourt d'Angleterre*) had entered her prison and attempted violence; that on his departure she was found with her face disfigured and in tears; and that she had resumed men's apparel as a more effectual safeguard to her honour.*

But whether the means employed in this infamous transaction were of fraud or of force, the object was clearly the same—to find a pretext for further rigour. For, according to the rules of the Inquisition, it was not heresy in the first instance, but only a relapse into heresy, that could be punished with death. No sooner then was the Bishop of Beauvais apprized of Joan's change of dress, than he hastened to the prison to convict her of the fact. He asked her whether she had heard 'her Voices' again? 'I have,' answered Joan; 'St. Catherine and St. Margaret have reproved me for my weakness in signing the abjuration, and commanded me to resume the dress which I wore by the appointment of God.' This was enough; the Bishop and his compeers straightway pronounced her a heretic relapsed; no pardon could now be granted—scarce any delay allowed.

At daybreak, on the 30th of May, her confessor, Martin l'Advenu, was directed to enter her cell, and prepare her for her coming doom—to be burned alive that very day in the market-place of Rouen. At first hearing this barbarous sentence, the Maid's firmness forsook her for some moments; she burst into piteous cries, and tore her hair in agony, loudly appealing to God, 'the great Judge,' against the wrongs and cruelties done her. But ere long regaining her serene demeanour, she made her last confession to the priest, and received the Holy Sacrament from his hands. At nine o'clock, having been ordered to array herself for the last time in female attire, she was placed in the hangman's car, with her confessor and some other persons, and was escorted to the place of execution by a party of English soldiers. As she passed, there happened another touching incident to this touching story: the forsworn priest, the wretched L'Oiseleur, who had falsely sought her confidence, and betrayed her confession, now moved by deep remorse, threw himself in her way to own his guilt and implore her forgiveness.† At the

* Compare Sismondi, vol. xiii. p. 190, with the Supplement aux Mémoires (Collection, vol. viii. p. 304).

† 'Depuis il s'enfuit à Bâle, où il mourut subitement.' (Quicherat, Procès, vol. i. p. 6.)

market-place (it is now adorned by a statue to her memory) she found the wood ready piled, and the Bishop of Beauvais, with the Cardinal of Winchester and other prelates, awaiting their victim. First a sermon was read, and then her sentence : at this her tears flowed afresh, but she knelt down to pray with her confessor, and asked for a cross. There was none at hand, and one was sent for to a neighbouring church ; meanwhile an English soldier made another by breaking his staff asunder, and this cross she devoutly clasped to her breast. But the other soldiers were already murmuring at these long delays : ' How now, priest,' said they to L'Advenu ; ' do you mean to make us dine here ?' At length their fierce impatience was indulged ; the ill-fated woman was bound to the stake, and upon her head was placed a mitre with the following words inscribed :—

HERETIQUE RELAPSE, APOSTATE, IDOLATRE.

The Bishop of Beauvais drew nigh just after the pile was kindled ; ' It is you,' said she to him, ' who have brought me to this death.' To the very last, as L'Advenu states in his deposition, she continued to protest and maintain that her Voices were true and unfeigned, and that in obeying them she had obeyed the will of God. As the flames increased, she bid L'Advenu stand further from her side, but still hold the cross aloft, that her latest look on earth might fall on the Redeemer's blessed sign. And the last word which she was heard to speak ere she expired was *JESUS*. Several of the prelates and assessors had already withdrawn in horror from the sight, and others were melted to tears. But the Cardinal of Winchester, still unmoved, gave orders that the ashes and bones of 'the heretic' should be collected and cast into the Seine. Such was the end of Joan of Arc—in her death the martyr, as in her life the champion, of her country.

It seems natural to ask what steps the King of France had taken during all this interval to avert her doom. If ever there had been a sovereign indebted to a subject, that sovereign was Charles VII., that subject Joan of Arc. She had raised the spirits of his people from the lowest depression. She had retrieved his fortunes when well nigh despaired of by himself. Yet no sooner was she captive than she seems forgotten. We hear nothing of any attempt at rescue, of any proposal for ransom ; neither the most common protest against her trial, nor the faintest threat of reprisals ; nay, not even after her death, one single expression of regret ! Charles continued to slumber in his delicious retreats beyond the Loire, engrossed by dames of a very different character from Joan's, and careless of the heroine to whom his security in that indolence was due.

Her

Her memory on the other hand was long endeared to the French people, and long did they continue to cherish a romantic hope that she might still survive. So strong was this feeling, that in the year 1436 advantage was taken of it by a female impostor, who pretended to be Joan of Arc escaped from her captivity. She fixed her abode at Metz, and soon afterwards married a knight of good family, the Sire des Armoises. Strange to say, it appears from a contemporary chronicle, that Joan's two surviving brothers acknowledged this woman as their sister.* Stranger still, other records prove that she made two visits to Orleans, one before and one after her marriage, and on each occasion was hailed as the heroine returned. The Receiver-General's accounts in that city contain items of expenses incurred: 1st, for the reception of the Maid and her brother in 1436; 2ndly, for wines and refreshments presented 'à Dame Jehanne des Armoises,' in July, 1439; 3rdly, for a gift of 210 livres, which the Town Council made to the lady on the 1st of August following, in requital of her great services during the siege.† These documents appear of undoubted authenticity; yet we are wholly unable to explain them. The brothers of Joan of Arc might possibly have hopes of profit by the fraud; but how the people of Orleans, who had seen her so closely, who had fought side by side with her in the siege, could be deceived as to the person, we cannot understand, nor yet what motive they could have in deceiving.

The interest which Joan of Arc inspires at the present day extends even to the house where she dwelt, and to the family from which she sprung. Her father died of grief at the tidings of her execution; her mother long survived it, but fell into great distress. Twenty years afterwards we find her in receipt of a pension from the city of Orleans; three francs a month; '*pour lui aider à vivre.*'‡ Joan's brothers and their issue took the name of Du Lis from the Lily of France, which the King had assigned as their arms. It is said by a writer of the last century that their lineage ended in Coulombe Du Lis, Prior of Coutras, who died in 1760. Yet we learn that there is still a family at Nancy, and another at Strasburg, which bear the name of Du Lis, and which put forth a pedigree to prove themselves the relatives—not as a modern traveller unguardedly expresses it, the descendants!—of the holy Maid.

The cottage in which Joan had lived at Domremy was visited by Montaigne in his travels. He found the front daubed over

* Chronique du Doyen de St. Thiebault à Metz finissant en 1445; cité par Calmet, Histoire de Lorraine, vol. ii. p. 702.

† Collection des Mémoires, vol. viii. p. 311.

‡ Compte-rendu d'un Receveur d'Orleans. Preface de Buchon, p. 66; and Sismondi, vol. xiii. p. 193.

with rude paintings of her exploits, and in its vicinity beheld '*l'Arbre des Fées*,' which had so often shaded her childhood, still flourishing in a green old age, under the new name of '*l'Arbre de la Pucelle*.' Gradually the remains of this house have dwindled to one single room, which is said to have been Joan's, and which in the year 1817 was employed as a stable. But we rejoice to learn that the Council-General of the Department has since, with becoming spirit, purchased the venerable tenement, and rescued it from such unworthy uses.*

From the preceding narrative it will be easy to trace the true character of Joan. A thorough and earnest persuasion that hers was the rightful cause—that in all she had said she spoke the truth—that in all she did she was doing her duty—a courage that did not shrink before embattled armies, or beleaguered walls, or judges thirsting for her blood—a serenity amidst wounds and sufferings, such as the great poet of Tuscany ascribes to the dauntless usurper of Naples:—

'Mostrommi una piaga a sommo 'l petto

Poi disse SORRIDENDO: Io son Manfredi!' †

—a most resolute will on all points that were connected with her mission—perfect meekness and humility on all that were not—a clear, plain sense, that could confound the casuistry of sophists—an ardent loyalty, such as our own Charles I. inspired—a dutiful devotion, on all points, to her country and to God. Nowhere do modern annals display a character more pure—more generous—more humble amidst fancied visions and undoubted victories—more free from all taint of selfishness—more akin to the champions and martyrs of old times. All this is no more than justice and love of truth would require us to say. But when we find some French historians, transported by an enthusiasm almost equal to that of Joan herself, represent her as filling the part of a general or statesman—as skillful in leading armies, or directing councils—we must withhold our faith. Such skill, indeed, from a country girl, without either education or experience, would be, had she really possessed it, scarcely less supernatural than the visions which she claimed. But the facts are far otherwise. In affairs of state, Joan's voice was never heard; in affairs of war, all her proposals will be found to resolve themselves into two, either to rush headlong upon the enemy, often in the very point where he was strongest, or to offer frequent and public prayers to the Almighty. We are not aware of any single instance in which her military suggestions were not these, or nearly akin to these. Nay, more, as we have elsewhere noticed, her

* Collection des Mémoires, vol. viii. p. 214.

† Dante, *Purgatorio*, Canto iii.

want of knowledge and of capacity to command were so glaring, that scarce one of the chiefs, or princes, or prelates, who heard her in council or familiar conversation, appears to have retained beyond the few first days the slightest faith in her mission. At best they regarded her as a useful tool in their hands, from the influence which they saw her wield upon the army and the people. And herein lies, we think, a further proof of her perfect honesty of purpose. A deliberate impostor is most likely to deceive those on whom he has opportunity and leisure to play his artifices, while the crowd beyond the reach of them most commonly remains unmoved. Now the very reverse of this was always the case with Joan of Arc.

The fate of Joan in literature has been strange,—almost as strange as her fate in life. The ponderous cantos of Chapelain in her praise have long since perished—all but a few lines that live embalmed in the satires of Boileau. But, besides Schiller's powerful drama, two considerable narrative poems yet survive with Joan of Arc for their subject,—the epic of Southey, and the epic of Voltaire. The one, a young poet's earnest and touching tribute to heroic worth—the first flight of the muse that was ere long to soar over India and Spain;* the other full of ribaldry and blasphemous jests, holding out the Maid of Orleans as a fitting mark for slander and derision. But from whom did these far different poems proceed? The shaft of ridicule came from a French—the token of respect from an English—hand!

Of Joan's person no authentic resemblance now remains. A statue to her memory had been raised upon the bridge at Orleans, at the sole charge—so said the inscription—of the matrons and maids of that city: this probably preserved some degree of likeness, but unfortunately perished in the religious wars of the sixteenth century. There is no portrait extant; the two earliest engravings are of 1606 and 1612, and they greatly differ from each other. Yet who would not readily ascribe to Joan in fancy the very form and features so exquisitely moulded by a young princess? Who that has ever trodden the gorgeous galleries of Versailles has not fondly lingered before that noble work of art—before that touching impersonation of the Christian heroine—the

* 'The Vision of Kehama,' and 'Roderick the Last of the Goths.' We have lately read 'Joan of Arc,' revised, in the collected edition of Mr. Southey's poems, of which it forms the first volume. In his preface, dated May 10, 1837, he has these words,—and few, indeed, are they who will read them unmoved:—"I have entered upon the serious task of arranging and collecting the whole of my poetical works. What was it, indeed, but to bring in review before me the dreams and aspirations of my youth! Well may it be called a serious task, thus to reanimate the past. But serious though it be, it is not painful to one who knows that the end of his journey cannot be far distant, and, by the blessing of God, looks on to its termination with a sure and certain hope."

head meekly bended, and the hands devoutly clasping the sword in sign of the cross, but firm resolution imprinted on that close-pressed mouth, and beaming from that lofty brow!—Whose thoughts, as he paused to gaze and gaze again, might not sometimes wander from old times to the present, and turn to the sculptress—sprung from the same Royal lineage which Joan had risen in arms to restore—so highly gifted in talent, in fortunes, in hopes of happiness—yet doomed to an end so grievous and untimely? Thus the statue has grown to be a monument, not only to the memory of the Maid, but to her own: thus future generations in France—all those at least who know how to prize either genius or goodness in woman—will love to blend together the two names—the female artist with the female warrior—MARY OF WURTEMBERG and JOAN OF ARC.

ART. II.—*Organic Chemistry, in its Applications to Agriculture and Physiology.* By Justus Liebig, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen. Translated from the German MS. of the Author by Dr. Lyon Playfair. Svo. London. 1840.

PROFESSOR LIEBIG has long enjoyed an European reputation as one of the most profound and sagacious of chemists; and in particular has taken the lead, both by his personal labours and by those of the admirable school which he has formed in Germany, in those researches into the chemistry of the animal and vegetable kingdom which have, within the last fifteen years, created a new science, that of Organic Chemistry.

‘Agriculture,’ he says, ‘is the true foundation of all trade and industry—it is the foundation of the riches of states. But a rational system of agriculture cannot be formed without the application of scientific principles; for such a system must be based on an exact acquaintance with the means of nutrition of vegetables, and with the influence of soils and action of manure upon them. This knowledge we must seek from chemistry, which teaches the mode of investigating the composition and studying the characters of the different substances from which plants derive their nourishment.’—*Preface*, p. vii.

When Sir Humphry Davy wrote on agricultural chemistry, Organic Chemistry was almost unknown. That happy genius did as much as could be done with the materials at his command, and established some principles of the highest importance. The work before us is an attempt to pursue the same path of inductive inquiry, with the aid of the more extended means which the present state of science affords.

Most of our readers are aware that the greater part of all vegetables consists of but four elements—namely, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen; very often of the first three alone; while the remainder is composed of certain saline, earthy, and metallic compounds, which form the ashes that remain when vegetables are burned. The former are called the organic, the latter the inorganic elements of plants. Professor Liebig has demonstrated that the latter, although occurring in very small quantity, are yet as essential to the development of the plant as the former; and it is obvious that the first inquiry, in such a work as his, must be as to the sources from which all these necessary constituents are derived, and the best means of supplying them.

With regard to the *carbon* of plants, the general opinion of writers on vegetable physiology, and of practical agriculturists, attributes its origin to the substance called *humus*, or vegetable mould, which is present in all fertile soils, and which is merely the remains of former vegetables in a state of decay. This substance, either alone or in combination with lime and other alkalies, is believed to be absorbed by the roots, and thus directly to furnish carbon for the plant. But this view has been shown by M. Liebig to be quite untenable; and he has demonstrated, by a most ingenious and convincing train of argument, that the carbon of plants is derived from the carbonic acid of the atmosphere. We are tempted to quote pretty largely on this point, both because this section affords an excellent specimen of our author's reasoning, and also because, in the economy of nature, the supply of carbon to plants is beautifully associated with the restoration to the atmosphere of the oxygen removed from it by the respiration of animals and other processes, and thus preserves the air constantly in the same state of fitness for the life of animals.

After proving, from the analysis of the properties of *humus*, that it cannot yield to vegetables, in the most favourable circumstances, more than a mere fraction of their annual increase of carbon, he proceeds:—

‘Other considerations, of a higher nature, confute the common view respecting the nutritive office of humic acid (*humus*) in a manner so clear and conclusive, that it is difficult to conceive how it could have been so generally adopted. Fertile land produces carbon in the form of wood, hay, grain, and other kinds of produce, the masses of which, however, differ in a remarkable degree.’—p. 13.

Here follows a calculation of the average annual produce of one Hessian acre of average land, in the different shapes of wood, meadow-hay, corn, and beet-root: the land in the two latter cases being manured; in the two former, the forest and the meadow,

not

not manured. Notwithstanding the vast difference of bulk, weight, and shape, in these different forms of produce, the quantity of carbon in each is almost exactly the same; viz. about 1000 lbs. per acre. This interesting result, in the case of the forest, is derived from an account, on the best authority, of the quantity of wood annually cut for fuel in the admirably managed forests of Germany, without injury to the future value of the forest. This quantity may fairly be considered as the equivalent of the annual crop of an annual plant, such as corn, where the soil is judiciously cropped and not unfairly exhausted. In the cases of the hay, corn, and beet-root, the crop was simply weighed, and the amount of carbon ascertained by analysis.

‘ It must be concluded from these incontestable facts that equal surfaces of cultivated land, of an average fertility, produce equal quantities of carbon; yet how unlike have been the different conditions of the growth of the plants from which this has been deduced !

‘ Let us now inquire whence the grass in a meadow, or the wood in a forest, receives its carbon, since there no manure—no carbon—has been given to it as nourishment;—and how it happens that the soil, thus exhausted, instead of becoming poorer, becomes every year richer in this element. A certain (and very large) quantity of carbon is taken every year from the forest or meadow in the form of wood or hay; and, in spite of this, the quantity of carbon in the soil augments—it becomes richer in humus.

‘ It is said that, in fields and orchards, all the carbon which may have been taken away as herbs, as straw, as seeds, as fruit, is replaced by means of manure; and yet this soil produces no more carbon than that of the forest or meadow, where it is never replaced. It cannot be conceived that the laws of the nutrition of plants are changed by culture—that the sources of carbon for fruit or grain, for grass or trees, are different. It is not denied that manure exercises an influence upon the development of plants; but it may be affirmed with positive certainty that it neither serves for the production of the carbon nor has any influence upon it, because we find that the quantity of carbon produced by manured lands is not greater than that yielded by lands which are not manured. The discussion of the manner in which manure acts has nothing to do with the present question, which is the origin of the carbon. The carbon must be derived from other sources; and as the soil does not yield it, it can only be extracted from the atmosphere.

‘ In attempting to explain the origin of carbon in plants, it has never been considered that the question is intimately connected with the origin of humus. It is universally admitted that humus arises from the decay of plants. No primitive humus, therefore, can have existed; for plants must have preceded the humus. Now, whence did the first vegetables derive their carbon?—and in what form is the carbon contained in the atmosphere?

‘ These two questions involve the consideration of two most remarkable natural phenomena, which, by their reciprocal and uninterrupted influence,

influence, maintain the life of individual animals and vegetables, and the continued existence of both kingdoms of organic nature.'—pp. 14-16.

The two phenomena here alluded to are the well-known facts that the proportions of oxygen and carbonic acid gases in the atmosphere are, and have long continued, stationary; notwithstanding the enormous quantities of oxygen withdrawn at every moment from the atmosphere by the respiration of man and animals, as well as by the processes of combustion and putrefaction; the whole of which oxygen is converted into an equal volume of carbonic acid gas, and returned in this form to the atmosphere: so that we should expect the carbonic acid to increase exactly in proportion as the oxygen diminished, instead of the proportions of both remaining unchanged.

'It is quite evident that the quantities of carbonic acid and oxygen in the atmosphere which remain unchanged by lapse of time must stand in some fixed relation to one another; a cause must exist which prevents the increase of carbonic acid, by removing that which is constantly produced; and there must also be some means of replacing the oxygen which is removed from the air by the processes of combustion and putrefaction, as well as by the respiration of animals. Both these causes are united in the process of vegetable life.

'The facts stated in the preceding pages prove that the carbon of plants must be derived exclusively from the atmosphere. Now carbon exists in the atmosphere only in the form of carbonic acid; that is, in a state of combination with oxygen.

'It has already been mentioned likewise that carbon and the elements of water form the principal constituents of vegetables; the quantity of the substances which do not possess this composition being proportionally very small. Now the relative quantity of oxygen in the whole mass (of vegetables) is less than in carbonic acid. It is therefore certain that plants must possess the property of decomposing carbonic acid, since they appropriate its carbon for their own use. The formation of their principal component parts must necessarily be attended with the separation of the carbon of the carbonic acid from its oxygen, which latter must be returned to the atmosphere, while the carbon enters into combination with water or its elements. The atmosphere must thus receive a volume of oxygen for every volume of carbonic acid which has been decomposed.'—pp. 18-20.

After some details, proving, from the experiments of Priestley, Sennebier, and De Saussure, that plants, when exposed to light, really possess the property of thus decomposing carbonic acid, and liberating oxygen, Professor Liebig adds:—

'The life of plants is closely connected with that of animals, in a most simple manner, and for a wise and sublime purpose. The presence of a rich and luxuriant vegetation may be conceived without the concurrence of animal life, but the existence of animals is undoubtedly dependent

pendent on the life and developement of plants. Plants not only afford the means of nutrition for the growth and continuance of animal organization, but they likewise furnish that which is essential to the support of the important vital process of respiration; for besides separating all noxious matters from the atmosphere, they are an inexhaustible source of pure oxygen, thus supplying the loss which the air is continually sustaining. Animals, on the other hand, *expire* carbon (as carbonic acid) which plants *inspire*; and thus the composition of the medium in which both exist, namely, the atmosphere, is preserved constantly unchanged.

‘It may be asked, is the quantity of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, which scarcely amounts to one-thousandth part, sufficient for the wants of the whole vegetation on the surface of the earth? Is it possible that the carbon of plants has its origin from the air alone? This question is very easily answered. It is known that a column of air of 2,216·66 lbs. Hessian rests upon every square foot Hessian of the surface of the earth; the diameter of the earth and its superficies are likewise known, so that the whole weight of the atmosphere can be calculated with the utmost exactness. The thousandth part of this is carbonic acid, which contains upwards of twenty-seven per cent. of carbon. By this calculation it can be shown that the atmosphere contains 3000 billion lbs. Hessian of carbon; a quantity which amounts to more than the weight of all the plants, and of all the strata of coal and brown coal, which exist upon the earth. This carbon is therefore more than adequate to all the purposes for which it is required. The quantity of carbon contained in sea-water is proportionally still greater.’—p. 21.

Again:—

‘The proper, constant, and inexhaustible sources of oxygen gas are the tropics and warm climates, where a sky seldom clouded permits the glowing rays of the sun to shine upon an immeasurably luxuriant vegetation. The temperate and frigid zones, where artificial warmth must replace the deficient heat of the sun, produce, on the contrary, carbonic acid in superabundance, which is expended in the nutrition of the tropical plants. The same stream of air which moves by the revolution of the earth from the equator to the poles, brings to us in its passage from the equator the oxygen generated there, and carries away the carbonic acid formed during our winter.

‘Plants thus improve the air by the removal of carbonic acid, and by the restoration of oxygen, which is immediately applied to the use of man and animals. . . . Vegetable culture heightens the salubrity of a country; and a previously healthy country would be rendered quite uninhabitable by the cessation of all cultivation.’—p. 23.

Although the above extracts are much compressed, we trust they will convey to our readers some idea of the cogency and beauty of the arguments by which Professor Liebig has established his propositions. They leave no doubt as to the sublime and perfect arrangements by which much of the economy of nature is maintained; they point directly, in the words of our author, to ‘an infinite wisdom, for the unfathomable profundity of

of which language has no expression.' The importance of the conclusions thus established to a scientific system of agriculture is too obvious to require comment.

'How does it happen,' asks Professor Liebig, 'that the absorption of carbon from the atmosphere by plants is doubted by all botanists and vegetable physiologists, and that by the greater number the purification of the air by means of them is wholly denied? These doubts have arisen from the action of plants on the air in the absence of light, that is, during the night.'—p. 26.

These doubts and difficulties are discussed and dissipated by our author in a most masterly chapter, which, however, we cannot quote at present. He candidly acknowledges that

'The opinion is not new that the carbonic acid of the air serves for the nutriment of plants, and that its carbon is assimilated by them; it has been admitted, defended, and argued for, by the soundest and most intelligent natural philosophers, namely, by Priestley, Sennebier, De Saussure, and even by Ingenhousz himself. There scarcely exists a theory in natural science in favour of which there are more clear and decisive arguments. How, then, are we to account for its not being received in its full extent by most other physiologists—for its being even disputed by many—and considered by a few as quite refuted?'—p. 34.

This Professor Liebig attributes to two causes. First, that most botanists and physiologists have not availed themselves of the assistance of chemistry in their researches, owing to their slender knowledge of that science; secondly, that those who have experimented, in all good faith, on this very point, have made their researches in a manner totally opposed to all the principles of experimental philosophy. They were utterly unacquainted with the art of experimenting, which, as he justly says, can only be learned in the laboratory. Both accusations are true to a certain extent; it is certain that if physiologists had availed themselves of chemistry they would have advanced farther: as also that if certain experimenters had practically learned the art of research, they would never have thought of attaching any importance to the results of such experiments as Professor Liebig describes: but we venture to offer a third explanation, namely, that the arguments for the doctrines established by this writer were never till now laid down in a clear and logical manner; and the having done this entitles him to the same honour as if these doctrines had originated with him. In fact, when the illustrious philosophers whose names are mentioned above made their researches, chemistry was not sufficiently advanced to afford the same means of deciding the question as it does now. In the opinion held by our author, which indeed it is the chief object of his work to inculcate, that it is to chemistry we must look for the future

future improvement of physiology and of agriculture, we cordially concur. The next generation, both of physiologists and of eminent agriculturists, we confidently predict, will be men accomplished in the art of chemical research; and for this we shall be mainly indebted to Professor Liebig.

Passing over an interesting section on the assimilation of hydrogen by plants, we must briefly allude to that on the source of the *nitrogen* in the vegetable kingdom. This element is highly important, as being an essential part of those vegetable products which serve as food for man and animals. Indeed Boussingault had proved that the nutritive power of different species of vegetable food is in proportion to the nitrogen they contain.

Without entering into minute details, we may state that Professor Liebig has shown that all the nitrogen of plants and animals is derived from *ammonia*; and that this ammonia is furnished by the *atmosphere*, from which it is brought to the earth in every shower of rain. Its quantity in the atmosphere is relatively very small, but amply sufficient for all the demands of the animal and vegetable kingdom. Indeed, as all the nitrogen of past generations of plants and animals must, in the process of putrefaction, have been sent into the atmosphere in the form of ammonia, its presence in the air might have been anticipated. It is to Professor Liebig, however, that we owe the experimental proof of the fact. He has shown that "the ammonia contained in rain and snow-water always possessed an offensive smell of perspiration and putrid matters—a fact which leaves no doubt respecting its origin" (p. 76). From the rain-water it is absorbed into the plants; and our author has shown that, previous to its undergoing those chemical metamorphoses which cause its assimilation, it may be detected in the juices of almost all plants.

Although, in the case of land not manured, all the ammonia is derived from the atmosphere, it is otherwise in those cases where animal manure is employed. One chief use of animal manure is to yield more ammonia than the air can furnish; and for this purpose, those kinds of manure are obviously the best which contain the largest proportion of ammonia or of nitrogen. Hence the high value of liquid manure compared with solid, the former being far richer in nitrogen than the latter:—

'Agriculture differs essentially from the cultivation of forests, inasmuch as its principal object consists in the production of nitrogen in some form capable of assimilation by animals; while the object of forest-culture is confined principally to the production of carbon.'—p. 85.

Wheat, for example, is composed of two principles, starch and gluten; of which the latter alone contains nitrogen. Now an increased supply of nitrogen in the form of ammonia not only
increases

increases the number of seeds obtained from one plant, but also the proportion of gluten to starch, in other words the nutritive power, of those seeds. Thus 100 parts of wheat grown on land manured with cow-dung, a manure containing the smallest proportion of nitrogen, afforded only 11.97 parts of gluten; while the same quantity grown on a soil manured with human urine, which is very rich in nitrogen, yielded the largest proportion of gluten yet found, namely, 35.1 per cent.

Professor Liebig, after bringing forward numerous proofs that it is ammonia which yields to plants all their nitrogen, then proceeds to explain the principle on which gypsum, burnt clay, and ferruginous earths act in promoting fertility. All these substances possess the property of absorbing and fixing the ammonia, whether derived from the air or from manure. Many other substances have the same effect; such as powdered charcoal, diluted acids, &c., and some of these will no doubt be employed hereafter. It is easy to see why gypsum, for example, does not equally improve all soils. In some there is already a sufficient quantity either of gypsum, or of some analogous substance, to fix all the ammonia that they receive. If sterile, their sterility must depend on some other cause: for 'no conclusion,' says the author, 'can have a better foundation than this, that it is the ammonia of the atmosphere (where manure is not used) that furnishes nitrogen to plants.'

We have already seen that the carbon is furnished by carbonic acid, while water yields the oxygen and hydrogen:—

'Carbonic acid, water, and ammonia contain the (organic) elements necessary for the support of animals and vegetables. The same substances are the ultimate products of the chemical processes of decay and putrefaction. All the innumerable products, therefore, of vitality resume, after death, the original form from which they sprung. And thus death—the complete dissolution of an existing generation—becomes the source of life for a new one.'—pp. 91, 92.

We earnestly recommend this section to our readers as being equally interesting with that on carbon, and argued with at least equal talent. To do it justice, we ought to have copied it entire. But we have shown, we trust, its importance; and we confidently anticipate from it practical applications of immense value to the agriculturist.

'But another question,' says our author, 'arises. Are the conditions already considered the only ones necessary to the life of vegetables? It will now be shown that they are not.'—p. 92.

This leads him to the consideration of the *inorganic* or mineral constituents of plants. And here we have another admirable specimen of the manner in which he handles an obscure and difficult

cult subject. He first points out that all plants contain, although in small quantity, certain mineral substances, often different in different plants, but generally the same in the same species. Thus, for example, the stems and leaves of all the gramineæ invariably contain silicate of potash, while phosphate of magnesia and ammonia are found in their seeds. He then shows that those alkaline or earthy bases which are found in the ashes of plants in the form of carbonates, existed originally in the plants in the form of salts, that is, combined with vegetable acids which have been destroyed by the combustion. As certain of these vegetable acids are peculiar to certain species, and constantly occur in them, he concludes that they are essential to the development of the species in which they occur; and as they occur in combination with alkaline bases, it is obvious that these bases also are essential to the plants.

In many cases—for example, in wheat—the acids as well as the bases are of mineral origin; and in others, such as opium and cinchona bark, the bases are organic, while the acids are partly mineral and partly vegetable. Further, it appears that one base or acid may, within certain limits, supply the place of another, without injury to the plant; while, in most cases, the absence of the proper mineral base or acid arrests entirely the development of the plant. Thus, opium contains variable proportions of sulphuric and meconic acids; and when there is much of the latter there is always a deficiency of the former. In cinchona bark, quinine and lime are found; and the more lime is present, the less quinine does the bark contain. Again, pine-wood in one soil has been found to contain much lime, little potash, no magnesia; in a different soil, less lime, more potash, and a certain quantity of magnesia; but in both, the power of the bases taken together to neutralize acids was almost exactly equal. Nay, a third specimen, containing potash, soda, lime, and magnesia, was still found to have the same neutralizing power. These curious facts, all taken from the researches of the most accurate observers, but observed without special reference to this point, and consequently beyond all suspicion, lead to the conclusion that each vegetable requires a definite amount of mineral bases to combine with its proper acid or acids; and consequently that these bases have an important function to perform in the economy of the plant. In many cases this function can only be performed by one base and one acid. Thus, in wheat-straw silica is the acid and potash the base; and without these materials, happily present in most soils, wheat cannot thrive. It may be, indeed, that the silica and potash are not combined; the potash might be, and probably is, in part combined in wheat with an organic acid; but
the

the fact is not the less certain, that silica and potash are as essential to the growth of wheat as carbonic acid, water, and ammonia.

We have already said that Professor Liebig deserves the highest praise for his manner of treating this subject, and for the clearness with which he has demonstrated the absolute necessity of the mineral constituents of plants, which have been generally viewed as accidentally present. But he has gone further, and has shown that on this principle are to be explained the good effects of many practices empirically pursued. Nay, he has proved that cow-dung, the most common animal manure, which, as already mentioned, is very poor in nitrogen, is valuable, not on account of its organic, but its inorganic contents, namely, potash and phosphates. It is not easy to imagine a more unexpected result, one more satisfactorily demonstrated, or one more capable of immediate practical application.

From the section on the inorganic elements of plants we gather the following highly important conclusions.—First, that since the carbon and nitrogen of plants are derived from the atmosphere, the causes of fertility must be sought for in the mineral or inorganic elements of the soil. Secondly, that since one plant requires different mineral elements from another, a soil may be fertile for one plant and sterile for another, or *vice versa*; or, finally, fertile for both. Thirdly, that an exact analysis of the ashes of every part of a plant will give us a correct knowledge of those mineral substances which are essential to its developement, and which therefore must be present in the soil in which we wish to grow the plant. Fourthly, that a careful analysis of any soil, the composition of the ashes of a certain number of plants being previously known, will teach us at once which of these plants may be advantageously cultivated in that soil, which of them cannot be so cultivated, and how the soil may be rendered capable of producing the latter as well as the former. Lastly, we learn on what the exhaustion of soils depends; on the removal, namely, in the crop, of the mineral elements contained in the plant; for if these be not restored the soil retains too little for another crop. Hence the use of allowing land to lie fallow; for during fallow the action of air and moisture extracts a fresh supply of bases from the subjacent rock, and prepares the soil for a new crop.

‘The perfect developement of a plant, according to this view, is dependant on the presence of alkalies or alkaline earths; when these substances are totally wanting its growth will be arrested; and when they are deficient it must be impeded.

‘Let us compare two kinds of tree, the wood of which contains unequal

equal quantities of alkaline bases, and we shall find that one of these grows luxuriantly in several soils on which the others are scarcely able to vegetate. For example, 10,000 parts of oak wood yield 250 parts of ashes, the same quantity of fir wood only 83, of lime wood 500, of rye 440, and of the herb of the potato-plant 1500.

'Firs and pines find a sufficient quantity of alkalies in granitic and barren sandy soils, in which oaks will not grow; and wheat thrives in soils favourable to the lime tree, because the bases which are necessary to bring it to complete maturity are present in sufficient quantity. The accuracy of these conclusions, so highly important to agriculture and to the cultivation of forests, may be proved by the most evident facts.

'All kinds of grasses contain in the outer parts of their leaves and stalk a large quantity of silicic acid and potash, in the form of acid silicate of potash. The proportion of this salt does not vary perceptibly in the soil of corn-fields, because it is restored to them as manure in the form of putrefying straw. But this is not the case with a meadow, and hence we never find a luxuriant crop of grass on sandy and calcareous soils, which contain little potash, evidently because one of the constituents indispensable to the growth of the plants is wanting. Soils formed from basalt, grauwacke, and porphyry are, *ceteris paribus*, the best for meadow land, on account of the quantity of potash which enters into their composition. The potash abstracted by the plants is restored by the annual irrigation. That contained in the soil itself is inexhaustible in comparison with the quantity removed by plants.

'But when we increase the crop of grass in a meadow by means of gypsum, we remove a greater quantity of potash with the hay than can, under the same circumstances, be restored. Hence it happens that after the lapse of several years the crops of grass on the meadows manured with gypsum diminish, owing to the deficiency of potash. But if the meadow be strewed occasionally with wood-ashes, even with the lixiviated ashes which have been used by soap-boilers, then the grass thrives as luxuriantly as before. The ashes are only a means of restoring the potash.

'A harvest of grain is obtained every thirty or forty years from the soil of the Luneburg-heath, by strewing it with the ashes of the heath-plants which grow on it. These plants during the long period just mentioned collect the potash and soda which are conveyed to them by rain water; and it is by means of these alkalies that oats, barley, and rye, to which they are indispensable, are enabled to grow on this sandy heath.'—p. 104-106.

In reference to this interesting subject we would mention the following anecdote, for the truth of which we can vouch, having heard it attested by the parties themselves. A distinguished professor of chemistry in Germany, in discussing with the author the question of the use of alkalies to plants, and in particular the necessity of potash for the growth of wheat, mentioned, as unfavourable to that view, the fact that fine crops of wheat were obtained from a purely calcareous soil, lying over limestone, in Hanover.

ver. 'Then,' answered Professor Liebig, 'you may rely upon it that the limestone contains potash.' His friend took an early opportunity to investigate the matter, and found, to his surprise, that the limestone in question did contain a very notable proportion of potash, a fact previously unknown. He found potash also in other fertile limestones, and in every specimen of clay he examined, even in the purest pipe-clay. We doubt not, therefore, that potash in some form will be found in every soil in which wheat thrives.

Intimately connected with this subject are those of the art of culture, the rotation of crops, and manures. We cannot refrain from giving our readers a few illustrations of the results at which Professor Liebig has arrived in regard to the last of these:—

'When it is considered that every constituent of the body of man and animals is derived from plants, and that not a single element is generated by the vital principle, it is evident that all the inorganic constituents of the animal organism must be regarded, in one respect or other, as manures. The earthy residue of the putrefaction of animals must be considered, in a rational system of agriculture, as a powerful manure for plants, because that which has been abstracted from a soil for a series of years (in the food of the animals living on it) must be restored to it, if the land is to be kept in a permanent condition of fertility.'—p. 174.

In like manner the author explains that during life that portion of the inorganic constituents of the food which is not assimilated by the animal must be found in its excrements. We have thus two sources of animal manure—the excrements, and the residue left after putrefaction; in other words, the earth of bones.

It is commonly supposed that cow and horse-dung act by virtue of their organic constituents, which on the one hand in decaying yield humus, or a carbonaceous residue, and on the other ammonia. Professor Liebig has shown that, admitting the value of humus (which he has proved elsewhere to consist in its yielding a slow and constant supply of carbonic acid, partly to the air, partly to the roots of plants), the quantity of humus yielded by these manures is quite trifling compared to the amount of carbon collected in the crop; and we have already seen that horse and cow-dung contain very little nitrogen. But on analyzing these manures they are found to contain another element, namely, mineral and saline substances.

'4000 lbs. of fresh horse-dung, or 1000 lbs. of dry dung, yield from 100 to 270 lbs. of salts and other inorganic substances. These are evidently the substances to which our attention should be directed; for they are the same which formed the component parts of the hay, straw, and oats, with which the horse was fed. Their principal constituents are—the phosphates of lime and magnesia, carbonate of lime and silicate

of

of potash: the first three preponderated in the corn, the latter in the hay. Thus in 1000 lbs. of dried horse-dung we present to a field the inorganic substances contained in 6000 lbs. of hay, or 8300 lbs. of oats. This is sufficient to supply one crop and a half of wheat with potash and phosphates. . . . The peculiar action, then, of the solid excrements of animals is limited to their inorganic constituents, which restore to a soil that which is removed in the form of hay or straw, roots or grain.'—pp. 179, 181.

It is plain that, even when the dung of a farm is carefully applied with the straw as manure, a certain loss is sustained in the potash and phosphates which are carried away in the corn and cattle annually sold. This loss is partly compensated by the annual disintegration of the subjacent strata by the weather; partly, in a large farm, by the dung of animals fed on meadow-hay grown without manure: in Germany it is also partly made up by the use of wood-ashes, containing potash and phosphates, as manure; and the ultimate loss is spread over so large a surface as to become nearly inappreciable.

'We could keep our fields in a constant state of fertility by replacing every year as much as we remove from them in the form of produce; but an increase of fertility can only be obtained when we add more to them than we take away.

'It will readily be inferred that for animal manures other substances, containing their essential ingredients, may be substituted. In Flanders the yearly loss of the necessary matters in the soil is completely restored by covering the fields with ashes of wood or bones, which may or may not have been lixiviated, and of which the greater part consists of the phosphates of lime and magnesia. The great importance of manuring with ashes has long been recognised by agriculturists as the result of experience. So great a value, indeed, is attached to this material in the vicinity of Marburg and in the Wetterau, that it is transported as a manure from a distance of eighteen to twenty-four miles.'—p. 182.

Bone-manure, the effects of which have excited so much astonishment, acts on the very same principle. Every particle of the bones of cattle, like all the other parts of their bodies, has been derived from the grass on which they fed, and consequently from the soil on which the grass grew; and hence, in manuring a field with bone-earth, we are merely restoring what had been removed from it during a much longer period in the form of grass, hay, corn, or turnips. Had the true principle of manures been known, the introduction of bone-earth had not been left for the nineteenth century. Even now, of those who use it how few have the slightest conception of the reason why it is a manure at all? 8 lbs. of bones contain as much phosphate of lime as 1000 lbs. of hay or wheat straw; and 2 lbs. contain as much as 1000 lbs. of the grain of wheat or oats: 40 lbs. of bone-dust,

dust, added to an acre of land, is sufficient to supply with phosphates three crops of wheat, clover, potatoes, turnips, &c.

Mr. Liebig recommends (p. 184) to powder the bones, to mix them with half their weight of oil of vitriol, previously diluted with three or four parts of water; and after maceration for some time, to add 100 parts of water, and sprinkle this mixture over the field before the plough. By this means the phosphates are brought into a soluble state, and the free acids are instantly neutralized by the alkaline bases of the soil, producing neutral salts in a state of fine division, eminently favourable to absorption. He has ascertained by experiment on a soil formed of *grauwacke*, that this treatment is perfectly safe and highly successful, both for corn and for garden vegetables.

It is here that chemistry offers so many resources to the agriculturist. 'In the manufactories of glue from bones,' says our author, 'many hundred tons of a solution of bone-earth in muriatic acid are yearly thrown away as useless.' As this solution much resembles that above mentioned, he recommends that it should be preserved, and tried as a substitute for the bones. The muriatic acid would unite with the lime of the soil and form a salt, which is already known to act favourably on soils, most probably by the fixation of ammonia, as gypsum does. There is here, therefore, a double prospect of usefulness.

'It is of the utmost importance to the agriculturist, that he should not deceive himself respecting the causes which produce the effects just mentioned as the peculiar action of certain substances. It is known that they possess a favourable influence on vegetation; and it is likewise certain that the cause of this must be that they contain a body or bodies, which, independently of the influence they exert by virtue of their form, porosity, and capability of attracting and retaining moisture, also assist in maintaining the vital processes in plants. If it be treated as an unfathomable mystery, if the veil of Isis be thrown over it, the nature of the aid they afford will never be known.'—p. 186.

'It must be admitted as a principle of agriculture, that those substances which have been removed from a soil must be completely restored to it; and whether this restoration be effected by means of dung, ashes, or bones is in a great measure a matter of indifference. A time will come when fields will be manured with a solution of silicate of potash, with the ashes of burnt straw, and with salts of phosphoric acid, prepared in chemical manufactories, exactly as at present medicines are prepared for the cure of ague and goître.'—p. 187.

We have great satisfaction in mentioning, as a note to the preceding paragraph, that the Professor has been informed, since the publication of his book, that the ashes of straw have long been used in certain districts of Germany as the best manure for wheat. But those who used them had no idea of the cause of their

their superior excellence as a manure. They acted empirically; and we could not desire a better proof of the great truth, that every discovery, legitimately inferred from observed facts, will sooner or later be found to coincide with the best practice and to explain it. We may add that we have seen letters from German agriculturists, cordially appreciating the principles developed in Liebig's work, as supplying them with that which they had earnestly sought for during their lives, but had long ceased to hope for; having found in the works of physiologists nothing but contradictory facts and baseless theories.

With reference to the subject of manures, there are one or two principles which appear to us to flow naturally from Mr. Liebig's researches, and which are worthy of all attention from agriculturists. The first is, that since every plant extracts from the soil, and retains in its substance, only such inorganic matters as are essential to its growth, the very best manure for a plant must be the plant itself, in the form of straw, or even in that of ashes. We have seen how the ashes of wheat straw are, and must be, the best manure for wheat; but the principle must apply universally. Potatoes, for example, will be best manured with the ashes of potato-plants, which are singularly rich in phosphate of magnesia, the characteristic salt of the potato. Of course in this case, as in all others, any other ashes containing the same salt, or any other source of it, may be employed with equal advantage. We have had the pleasure of seeing the result of the use of pure phosphate of magnesia as a manure for potatoes; and we could not previously have imagined such astonishing crops as we then beheld. Now chemistry can easily produce this salt in sufficient quantities and at a low price, when it shall be wanted. Our strata of magnesian limestone, which alone is generally hurtful to plants, will thus furnish us with the means of adding to our crops of potatoes almost without expense.

Again, when we reflect on the vast importance of nitrogen as an ingredient of grain, and on the fact that cow and horse dung contain very little of that element, we must see how essential it is not to waste any portion of liquid manure, the proper source of that portion of nitrogen which must be added to what is derived from the atmosphere before we can obtain rich crops of grain. But a still more important source of nitrogen is in the contents of our common sewers, which, from a barbarous ignorance, are commonly thrown into the sea.

'When it is considered that with every pound of ammonia which evaporates a loss of 60 lbs. of corn is sustained, and that with every pound of urine a pound of wheat might be produced, the indifference with which these matters are regarded is quite incomprehensible.'

'The

'The powerful effects of urine as a manure are well known in Flanders, but it is considered invaluable by the Chinese, who are the oldest agricultural people we know. Indeed so much importance is attached to it by these people, that laws of the state forbid that any should be thrown away, and reservoirs are placed in every house, in which such matters are collected with the greatest care. No other kind of manure is used for their corn-fields.

'China is the birthplace of the experimental art: the incessant striving after experiments conducted the Chinese a thousand years since to discoveries which have been the envy and admiration of Europeans for centuries—especially in regard to dyeing and painting, and to the manufacture of porcelain, silk, and colours for painters. These we were long unable to imitate; and yet they were discovered by them without the aid of scientific principles: for in the books of the Chinese we find recipes and directions for use, but never explanations of processes.

'Half a century sufficed to Europeans, not only to equal, but to surpass the Chinese in the arts and manufactures; and this was owing merely to the application of correct principles deduced from the study of chemistry. But how infinitely inferior is the agriculture of Europe to that of China! The latter is the most perfect in the world; and there, where the climate in the most fertile districts differs little from the European, very little value is attached to the (solid) excrements of animals.'

Were the contents of our common sewers properly treated—mixed, for example, with ashes containing phosphates and with a slight excess of diluted acids, and then dried up so as to get rid of the water they contain, without permitting the escape of ammonia—they might readily be obtained free from all offensive odour, and in a form admitting of transportation to any distance. Such a mixture would surpass all manures hitherto tried, as it would contain precisely what is required to yield the richest crops of grain. By availing ourselves in such matters of the means offered by chemistry, we feel satisfied that in less than another half century we should leave far behind the empirical agriculture of the Chinese. Some such attempts have been made on the continent; and although, from ignorance on the part of the manufacturer, a great part, nay, in some establishments, the whole of the ammonia is expelled and lost in the process of preparation, yet the manure so prepared, acting by its inorganic constituents alone, has produced amazing effects.

Our readers, we trust, are by this time convinced that the principles of rational agriculture are within the domain of science, and that from science alone, when called in to aid the zealous agriculturist, can we hope for real and permanent improvement. In the present work, Mr. Liebig has pointed out the path to be pursued, and has amply vindicated the claim of science to be considered

considered the best guide, by correcting the erroneous views hitherto prevailing of the sources whence plants derive their nourishment, by developing the true causes of fertility in soils, and, finally, by establishing on a firm basis the true doctrine of manures. We do not, any more than the author himself, consider his work in the light of a complete treatise on the chemistry of agriculture; we look on it merely as an example of the proper method to be followed in producing such a work, and in this point of view we hold Dr. Liebig to be entitled to the gratitude of mankind.

It is satisfactory to know that, of this very valuable work, the second English edition is already in the press, to be published at a cheaper rate; that two editions have been exhausted in French; that a third German edition has lately appeared, and that it has been reprinted in America. The author received the thanks of the British Association for his work; and Dr. Daubeny, the distinguished professor of agriculture at Oxford, who had undertaken to report on agricultural chemistry to the late meeting of the Association at Devonport, candidly acknowledged that he had nothing material to add to Professor Liebig's report, to which he referred. Professor Johnston of Durham has also afforded the best proof of the high opinion he entertains of it, by giving a valuable and interesting course of lectures on the subject, in which he has embodied and strongly urged on the attention of our northern agriculturists the principles established by Professor Liebig.*

The translation before us, although generally accurate, is far from being elegant, and is occasionally obscure. In a few instances there are serious errors, which we believe must be attributed to haste in printing, as the volume was with difficulty got ready in time for the Glasgow meeting of the Association. We have no doubt that the second edition, now in the press, will be free from such blemishes. It is, however, a difficult task to give in a translation the true character of Professor Liebig's German style, ardent and energetic, often abrupt, but singularly forcible and impressive.

* Mr. Johnston's lectures on this subject are still, we believe, in progress: they are printed as they are delivered.

ART. III. — *Cola di Rienzo und seine Zeit, besonders nach ungedruckten Quellen dargestellt*, von Dr. Felix Papencordt. Hamburg und Gotha, 1841.

Cola di Rienzo and his Times, chiefly from unpublished Documents.

A LIFE of Nicholas Rienzi, the hero of history, biography, tragedy, and romance, from sources hitherto unpublished, might be supposed, after the labours of Muratori and the other Italian antiquarians, an announcement rather tending to awaken suspicion than very ardent expectation. We, however, see no reason to question the authenticity of the documents brought to light by Dr. Papencordt—and most curious they are; as our readers will acknowledge by and by. But before opening them we must say a few words on the Tribune and his age. For Rienzi can be understood only in conjunction with his times.

The secession of the popes to Avignon had not merely left an open field for an adventurer, like the Tribune, but had called forth and strengthened all those powerful sentiments and hopes on which he raised the fabric of his power. Rome all at once ceased to be the religious capital of the world. She retained, it is true, the shrines and the relics of the great apostles; and pilgrims still crowded from all parts of Europe to the city hallowed by these sacred memorials—to that which Petrarch calls the Jerusalem of the West. But the tide of homage and of tribute which flowed towards the throne of the successors of St. Peter, and constituted the wealth and the influence of Rome, now took another course. A mere delegate of the pope, usually the Bishop of Orvieto, occupied the chair of the apostle; all the ecclesiastical causes, with the authority which they tended to confirm, and the riches which they poured into the papal treasury—the constant influx of business which could not but be attended with great expenditure—the strangers from all parts of the world, thus brought together from various motives, either secular or religious—all now thronged the expanding streets of Avignon. Rome thus deserted, and degraded from her high ecclesiastical position, was thrown back, as it were, upon her earlier reminiscences. She had lost her new, and was ready to welcome whatever might recall her old supremacy. All the circumstances of the times continued to strengthen this sentiment, which blended with the wide-spread impatience and jealousy of the encroachments of the ecclesiastical upon the civil power. The Ghibelline spirit, which had been sternly suppressed by the alliance of the popes, first with the Norman, and afterwards with the Angevin sovereigns of Naples, was still brooding in dangerous secrecy in every part of Italy. In

many

many it was no attachment to a foreign, a German *Emperor*; but an earnest longing for the re-establishment of a supreme imperial power, the restoration of a *Roman empire*. This was intimately connected with splendid visions, which crossed all the nobler minds of the times, such as Dante's and Petrarch's, of the independence of Italy. And Rome might appear thus cleared as it were of the great fabric of ecclesiastical rule, in order to leave room for some new foundation of civil authority. The first dawn of the revival of classical tastes and studies which had been so publicly and so proudly welcomed in the coronation of Petrarch—the respect for the ancient monuments of Rome, which that great poet had endeavoured to inculcate, and which wrought so powerfully on the mind of Rienzi—strengthened the same tendencies.

At the same time a very strong religious reaction was working, especially in the minds of the lower orders, against the temporal power of the popes, and of the clergy in general. The absence of the popes from Italy, the unpopularity of their desertion of their old seat of empire, allowed free scope for this new fanaticism. It was immeasurably strengthened by the rumours of the vices, the abominations, the base venality of the papal court at Avignon—vices and abominations which, even when Rome was in her high ecclesiastical pride, had obtained her the name of Babylon; and that name was now transferred (without any of the nobler and national feelings which still adhered to Rome) to a foreign French city. The Franciscan order, at least an active and very powerful branch of it (the Fratricelli or Spiritualists, with whom we shall hereafter find Rienzi in intimate connexion), not merely with their bare feet, and macerated forms, with their strict adherence to their vows of poverty, and their monastic retreat to the wildest recesses of the Apennines, afforded a striking, and no doubt widely effective, contrast to the wealth, the pride, and the magnificence of the papal court; but they likewise openly denounced the unapostolic, unevangelic union of temporal with spiritual power; proclaimed the advent, if not the actual commencement of a new period of the dominion of the Holy Ghost, in which monasticism was to prevail with all its strictest mortifications, its total self-denial, its absolute estrangement from all secular concerns. This new advent had been announced in visions and prophecies; had been preached in every quarter, and to every rank; and this religious Ghibellinism in many minds was blended with the deepest devotion to the *ecclesiastical* supremacy of the Holy See. The influence of this wide-spread enthusiasm perhaps at the commencement of his career affected but partially and indirectly the mind or the measures of Rienzi; though he subse-

quently plunged into it, to outward appearance, with all the ardour of a fanatic votary.

In Rome itself the papal power had constantly encountered a resolute resistance. The days indeed had passed when the fierce and turbulent nobility of the city and of the neighbourhood appointed and deposed, insulted, betrayed, and even murdered the successors of St. Peter. But the popes had more than once, even when supported by the imperial authority, been constrained to capitulate with the liberties of the Roman people. A municipal authority, sometimes a senate more or less numerous, sometimes a single senator, that senator sometimes a Roman, sometimes a foreigner, exercised civil authority within the city. To the tyranny of the old nobility had succeeded, indeed, the tyranny of the new Patriciate—the nobility who took the place of the wild barons or counts of Tusculum and Palestrina—the Colonnas, the Orsini, the Prefetti del Vico, the Gaetani, the Savelli, who each had their fortified castles and domains in the neighbourhood of Rome, and their fortress-palaces (often the ruins of some old temple or ancient building) within the walls. But though the oppressions of these nobles ground the face of the people, and their strife deluged the streets with blood, yet the burghers still claimed and asserted a kind of independence. At one period we find the Capi di Rioni (the magistrates of the several quarters) in possession of the municipal power.

However plunged in ignorance, however taught to venerate the holy names of saints and martyrs, rather than those of the consuls and the dictators, it was impossible but that dim and obscure traditions of their older liberties and older glories must have lurked in the hearts of the meanest of the Roman people. Though they could not read the language; though they felt no awe at the stupendous monuments; though they built the inscriptions of past glories into the mud walls of their hovels, or worked upon the sites of ancient temples, as in a quarry of unhewn stone—still there was some undescribable pride in the name of Roman; there was a latent fire which was ready to be kindled; and even with them the comparative desertion and stillness of the city, from the cessation of all papal business, and the withdrawal of papal pomp, the diminished magnificence of the religious ceremonial, and the cooling of religious excitement, must have left other minds besides Rienzi's to meditate, however vaguely, on former days. At this period, it seems, from a passage in Petrarch's Latin poetry, quoted by Dr. Papencordt, that the churches were neglected and falling to dilapidation; and the remarkable want of Christian churches of the highest and richest ecclesiastical character in Rome, he would attribute with much probability to the absence of the popes from

from Rome at this particular time, in which, in other parts of Europe, commenced the great period of Christian architecture.

At all events this was the moment for a Rienzi. Earlier or later he would have been crushed by the united power of the pope and of the nobility, which, however jealous or hostile, would have entered into an irresistible alliance against an assertor of Roman independence. At no other time probably would purely *Roman* sentiments of liberty have struck so forcibly upon the minds of the people. Not that Rienzi at any time contemplated the independence of Rome upon the *religious* authority of the pope; his return to the seat of St. Peter was earnestly invited and desired; but it was to resume his ecclesiastical functions alone—while the civil power, in its perfect independence, or rather unquestioned supremacy, should administer the temporal concerns of Rome—of Italy—or of *the world*. This was the vision which had expanded on the mind of Petrarch, and with his admiration, from personal acquaintance with the man, explains his splendid poetic gratulations to the Tribune, when at the height of his power. But the patriotic ambition of the poet would have been content with the independence and supremacy of Italy on any terms. Whether it was an emperor who made Rome the centre of his sovereignty, or a young and vigorous republic, his hopes would have been satisfied; and this probably was the general sentiment of all who wished to see a strong government in Italy, and looked, as the only means of accomplishment of that great end, to the re-establishment and reintegration of a Roman power. The pope was still to hold his high court in Rome, to draw respect, wealth, influence, authority to the twice-hallowed city; and the co-ordinate supremacy of the church and of the empire, of the spiritual and of the temporal head, was again to sway the destinies of the world. We shall hereafter see that a reformation of this kind, a reformation which should touch no point of doctrine, which should abstain entirely from any sacrilegious interference with the faith, but which should confine the papal power to its legitimate object, spiritual dominion, was constantly and actively present to the mind of Rienzi. That mind we can now contemplate in its real designs and objects, at least in those which he thought fit after his first fall, and when evidently he had not abandoned all hope of restoration to power, to represent as the lofty motives and incentives of his ambition.

The original documents produced by Dr. Papencordt relate to the period of Rienzi's residence in Bohemia after his first downfall and retirement from Italy. The most important of them are letters from Rienzi to Charles IV., Emperor, and King of Bohemia, and to the Archbishop of Prague: they enter into
the

the whole history of his adventurous career, and throw a strong, if not a clear and steady light, upon his extraordinary character. These documents were first discovered, and made use of as far as his own purpose required, by Pelzel the historian of Bohemia. The original manuscripts cannot be found; but the copy which Pelzel caused to be made for his own use was discovered in the library of Count Thun at Tetschen, and, by the liberality of that accomplished Bohemian nobleman, placed at the command of Dr. Papencordt. The copy has been rather carelessly made, and some passages can only be restored by conjecture. Dr. Papencordt has printed the whole in the original Latin, amongst his 'Urkunde;' with the exception of one too *lengthy* paper, of which he gives an abstract. It is singular that these documents carry us up even to the cradle of Rienzi.

'In a quarter of the city which was inhabited only by mechanics and Jews, the marriage of an innkeeper and a washerwoman produced the future deliverer of Rome.' Thus wrote Gibbon, from the best authorities extant in his day. But what says Rienzi of his own parentage? He asserts himself, and the assertion is made in a letter addressed to Charles IV., to have been a bastard son of his predecessor, the emperor Henry VII. Rienzi might have used the language of Fauconbridge to his mother,—

'Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father;'

and nothing can be more strangely minute than the account of the whole transaction, as given by the Tribune. When Henry VII. went up to be crowned (May, 1312) at Rome, the church of St. Peter, in which the coronation ought to have taken place, was in the power of the adverse party, the Roman Guelfs and the king of Apulia. Strong barricades and defences separated the two parts of the city. Henry was therefore compelled to hold his coronation in the church of St. John Lateran. He was extremely anxious, however, before he left Rome, to pay his devotions at the shrine of St. Peter, and to see the church in which the coronation of the emperors usually took place. He put on the dress of a pilgrim, and in this disguise, with a single attendant, he passed into the church of St. Peter. A report spread abroad that the emperor had passed the barriers in secret; the gates and barricades were instantly closed, and a herald was sent out to put the whole Guelfish faction on their guard, and to offer a large reward for his capture. As soon as the emperor and his attendant perceived this, they stole hastily along a street by the bank of the river, and, finding all the passages shut, under pretence of going in to drink, they took refuge in the house or small inn kept by the elder Rienzi and

and his wife. There they got possession of a small chamber, and lay concealed for ten or fifteen days. The emperor's attendant went out to procure provisions; in the mean time the landlady, who was young and handsome, ministered to the emperor (we use Rienzi's words), 'as their handmaids did to the holy David and the righteous Abraham.'* The emperor afterwards escaped to the Aventine, retired from Rome, and died in the August of that year. 'But, as there is nothing hidden that does not come to light, when his mother found out the high rank of her lover, she could not help, like a very woman, telling the secret of her pregnancy by him to her particular female friend; this particular friend, like a woman, told the secret to another particular friend, and so on, till the rumour got abroad. His mother, too, on her death-bed, confessed the whole, as it was her duty, to her priest.'† Nicholas, after his mother's death, was sent by the innkeeper to Anagni, where he remained until his twentieth year. On his return this marvellous story was related to him by some of his mother's friends, and by the priest who attended her death-bed;—the priest, we may observe, must have heard it *sub sigillo confessionis*, but perhaps the Roman priests in those days were not very strict in such matters. Out of respect to his mother's memory, Rienzi, he says, was always impatient of the scandal, and denied it in public, but he believed it in his heart; and, the imperial blood stirring in his veins, he began to disdain his plebeian life—to dream of honours and glories far above his lowly condition. He sought every kind of instruction—began to read and to study history, and the lives of great and good men, till he became impatient to realise in his actions the lofty lessons which he read.‡

This strange story of his parentage, we have said, Rienzi relates in his address to the emperor. He states further, that at the period of his greatness he endeavoured to suppress it, because any kind of German connexion would have been highly unpopular in Rome; but that the rumour prevailed among persons of both sexes and all ages. The emperor might even find some traces of it in Germany. He appeals to a certain Roman noble, Onufrius de Ilpinis, who had fled from the justice of the Tribune

* 'Et præfata mater mea, quæ juvencula erat et non modicum speciosa, gratè domino ministrabat, nec minus forsitan quam sancto David et justo Abrahe per dilectas extitit ministratum.'—*Urkunde*, p. xxxii.

† 'Muliebri ac juvenili more subducta, cuidam suæ amicæ se de Imperatore pregnantem secreto, ut credidit, revelavit; amica vero ipsa muliebri more secreta, invenit aliam amicam insecretam, cui tanquam secreta, ut mulier negotium secretavit; et sic de aure ad aurem negotium secretando fuit diebus illis non modicum susurratum.'—*Ibid.*

‡ 'Nihil actum fore putavi, si, quæ legendo didiceram, non aggredierer exercendo.'

to the court of Lewis of Bavaria, and had resided there ever since. Onufrius had been his friend and the friend of his father, and, as he understood, had spoken freely of the secret of the Tribune's birth.*—‘His age,’ Rienzi himself proceeds, ‘to judge from his outward appearance, would tally with the period at which Henry VII. was in Rome.’ This statement of his age does not precisely correspond with what he asserts in another place, though there is not above the difference of a year. Once he says, that, as he was haranguing the people in an unpremeditated speech, he broke out in what certainly to our ears would sound a most irreverent comparison,—‘As Christ, in his *thirty-third* year, having overthrown the tyrants of hell, and delivered the souls of men, went up crowned into heaven, so God willed that, *in the same year of my life*, I, having conquered the tyrants of the city without a blow, and alone given liberty to the people, should be promoted to the laurel crown of the tribune.’† Henry VII. was in Rome in May and June, 1312; Rienzi, if his son, would have been born in February or March, 1313. In 1347, the year of his tribunate, he would have been in his thirty-fourth or thirty-fifth year.

Dr. Papencordt objects to the truth of the whole story, the total silence of the imperial historians on this adventure of Henry VII. The emperor's absence from his own quarters for ten days could not but be known, and must have excited great anxiety; his wonderful escape must have been a subject of marked rejoicing. It is even more singular that, with the exception of a vague rumour, which might have some connexion with the story, and which was gleaned, we know not from what quarter, by De Sade,‡ there is no vestige of it in any of the contemporary chronicles; more particularly in the Roman life of Rienzi. The question then arises, was it altogether an audacious fiction of Rienzi's during his residence in Germany? or did he find or set afloat this rumour during the earlier years of his ambition, and encourage or suppress it as it suited his circumstances? On these questions we can scarcely hope to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion; but in either case the use which he attempted to make of it, when it was his manifest purpose to connect himself as closely as possible with the German and imperial interests—when, as appears throughout these latter documents, he was offering

* ‘Tam sibi, quam suis, ut audivi, domesticis hanc conditionem meam sibi consciam revelavit.’

† Letter to the Archbishop of Prague. Urkunde, p. LII.

‡ De Sade had picked up what might be a loose reminiscence of this story. According to him, Madelena, the mother of Rienzi, was reported to be the daughter of a bastard of Henry VII.

himself as an instrument to reinstate the imperial power in Italy—is a singular illustration of the tenacity of his hopes, the fertility of his resources, and the versatility of his ambition. It is clear that his spirit was unbroken by the total failure of his republican schemes for the independence and aggrandisement of Rome; but that whether, by an intimate alliance with the strong religious enthusiasm of the day, he hoped to come forth again as a deliverer, foreshown by prophecy and vision, among the fantastic dreamers in the Franciscan hermitages—or as the champion of the imperial power—or as the representative of the temporal sovereignty of the pope—he was fettered by no scruples, and resolved by any means to regain his lost ascendancy.

It appears, from his own statement, that after the death of his mother, Rienzi lived at Anagni till his twentieth year; he then returned to Rome, and, embracing the profession of a notary, he devoted himself to those classical studies which exercised so powerful an influence on his mind. The old historian Fortioccia gives, as his favourite authors, Livy, Cicero, Seneca, and Valerius Maximus; but the magnificent deeds (*le magnificentie*) of Julius Cæsar were his chief delight. He translated these authors into the vulgar tongue, deciphered inscriptions, and explained the marbles of antiquity. He was evidently fully impregnated with the biblical language and religious imagery of the times; though, in a passage quoted by Dr. Papencordt, he declares that his meditations on the religious subjects of 'providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,' were not derived from the profound wisdom of Gregory or Augustine, but were droppings from the less deep but transparent springs of the Roman patricians Boetius and Symmachus, Livy, Cicero, and Seneca. He was handsome, and a peculiar smile gave a remarkable expression to his countenance: he married early the daughter of a burgher, named Francesco, and had three children, one son and two daughters. His wife's dowry was only 150 golden florins.

His classical studies had led Rienzi to contrast the miserable and servile state of his countrymen with that of their free and glorious ancestors. 'Where are these old Romans?—where their justice? Would that I had lived in their times!' The sense of personal wrong mingled with these more lofty and patriotic feelings—his younger brother was murdered, and unable to obtain redress from the partial and disdainful justice of the nobles, he vowed vengeance for the innocent blood. He seems likewise to have assumed the office of champion of the poor. As the heads of the mercantile guilds called themselves consuls, so he took the title of Consul of the orphans, the widows, and the poor.

Rienzi's first public function was his mission to Pope Clement

VI., at Avignon. He appears to have been one of the representatives of the people in this embassy, which consisted of delegates from the three orders; and he is said to have so charmed the pope with his eloquence that he desired to hear him every day. Petrarch was not one of the delegates, but accompanied the mission, and in Avignon made that personal acquaintance with the future tribune which has connected their names together; and there that admiration of his character commenced, which ripened into that noble canzone, '*Spirto gentil.*' That this canzone was addressed to Rienzi we have never doubted, and are glad to find our opinion confirmed by Dr. Papencordt's conclusive arguments.

Rienzi's joyful letter from Avignon to the people of Rome on the apparently favourable termination of his mission was first published by Sir John Hobhouse from the Turin MS., in his '*Illustrations of Childe Harold.*' The pope had conceded the jubilee on the fiftieth year: he had promised, when the affairs of France should permit, to revisit Rome. Rienzi calls on the mountains around, and on the hills and plains, and the whole city of Rome, to break out into joy:—

'May the Roman city arise from her long prostration, ascend the throne of her majesty, cast off the mourning garb of her widowhood, and put on the bridal purple. Let the crown of liberty adorn her head, and rings of gold her neck: let her re-assume the sceptre of justice, and, regenerate in every virtue, go forth in her bridal attire to meet her bridegroom. . . . Behold the most merciful Lamb of God, that confoundeth sin. The most holy Roman pontiff, the Father of the city, the Bridegroom of the Lord, moved by the cries and complaints and wailings of his bride, compassionating her sufferings, her calamities, and her ruin, astonished at the regeneration of the city, the glory of the people, the joy and salvation of the world, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, opening the bosom of his clemency, has pledged himself to have mercy upon us, and promises grace and redemption to the whole world, and to the nations remission of sins.' . . .

After all this vague and high-flown scriptural imagery Rienzi passes to his classical reminiscences:—

'What Scipio,' he demands, 'what Cæsar, or Metellus, or Marcellus, or Fabius, can be so fairly deemed the deliverers of their country, or so justly honoured with a statue? They won hard victories by the calamities of war, by the bloodshed of citizens; he, unsolicited, by one holy and triumphant word, has achieved a victory over the present and future calamities of his country, re-established the Roman commonwealth, and rescued the despairing people from death.'

Whether the pope was conscious that he was deluding the ardent mind of Rienzi with false hopes, or whether Rienzi betrayed his suspicions of the pope's sincerity, or the Cardinal

Colonna

Colonna became jealous of his influence with the pope, Rienzi soon fell into disfavour. At Avignon he was reduced to great poverty, and, according to the old Roman biographer, probably from illness, was glad to take refuge in an hospital. The cardinal, however, perhaps from contemptuous compassion, reconciled him again with the pope, and Rienzi returned to Rome with the appointment of notary in the papal court, and a flattering testimonial to his character, as a man zealous for the welfare of the city.

At Rome Rienzi executed his office of notary by deputy, and confined himself to his studies, and to his profound and rankling meditations on the miseries and oppressions of the city. The tyranny of the nobles was without check; the lives of the men, and the honour of the women, seemed to be abandoned to their caprice and their lust; and all this, at least so he wrote at a later period to the Archbishop of Prague, Rienzi attributed in a great degree to the criminal abandonment of his flock by the supreme pontiff:—

‘Would that our pastor had been content with this scandal alone; that he should dwell in Avignon, having deserted his flock. But far worse than this, he nurses, cherishes, and favours those very wolves, the fear of which, as he pretends, keeps him away from Rome, that their teeth and their talons may be stronger to devour his sheep. On the Orsini, and the Colonnas, and on the other nobles, whom he knows to be infamous as public robbers, the destroyers, both spiritual and temporal, of his holy episcopal city, and the devourers of his own peculiar flock, he confers dignities and honours: he even bestows on them rich prelacies, in order that they may wage those wars, which they have not wealth enough themselves to support, from the treasures of the church. And when he has been perpetually entreated by the people, that, as a compassionate father, he would at least appoint some good man, a foreigner, as ruler over his episcopal city, he would never consent; but in contempt of the petitions of the people, he placed the sword in the hands of some madman, and invested the tyrants of the people with the authority of senators, for the sole purpose, as it is credibly known and proved, that the Roman flock, thus preyed upon by ravening wolves, should not have strength or courage to demand the residence of their pastor in his episcopal seat.’—*Urkunde*, p. XLIV.

Rienzi, thus despairing of all alleviation of the calamities of the people from the ecclesiastical power, sat brooding over his hopes of re-awakening the old Roman spirit of liberty. In this high design he proceeded with wonderful courage, address, and resolution. He submitted to every kind of indignity, and assumed every disguise which might advance his end. Once in the assembly of the people he was betrayed by his indignation at some atrocious act of tyranny into a premature appeal to their yet unawakened sympathies. He reproached his fellow representatives

tatives with their disregard of the miseries of the people, and ventured to let loose his eloquence on the blessings of good order. The only answer was a blow from a Norman relative of the Colonnas; in the simple language of the historian, a box on the ear that rang again, *un sonante gotata*.

Allegorical picture was the language of the times. The Church had long employed it to teach or to enforce Christian truth or Christian obedience among the rude and unlettered people. Dr. Papencordt has indicated other occasions on which it had been used for political purposes. The reader of Dante will understand how completely the Italian mind must have been familiarised with this suggestive imagery. Many of the great names of the time, the Orsini, the Mastini, the Cani, the Lucchi, either lent themselves to, or grew out of this bestial symbolism; and Rienzi seized on the yet unrestricted freedom of painting, as a modern patriot might on the freedom of the press, to instil his own feelings of burning shame at their degradation and oppression. All his historians have dwelt on the masterpiece of his pictorial eloquence. On a sinking ship, without mast or sail, sat a noble lady, in widow's weeds, with dishevelled hair, and her hands crossed over her breast. Above was written 'This is Rome.' She was surrounded by four other ships, in which sat women, who personated Babylon, Carthage, Tyre, Jerusalem. 'Through unrighteousness,' ran the legend, 'these fell to ruin.' An inscription hung above,—'Thou, oh Rome! wert exalted above all; we await thy downfall!' Three islands appeared beside the ship; in one was Italy, in another four of the Cardinal Virtues, in the third Christian Faith. Each had its appropriate inscription. Over Faith was written, 'Oh, highest Father, Ruler, and Lord, when Rome sinks, where find I a refuge?' Bitter satire was not wanting to the piece. Four rows of winged beasts stood above, who blew their horns, and directed the pitiless storm against the sinking vessel. The lions, wolves, and bears denoted, as the legend explained, the mighty barons and traitorous senators; the dogs, the swine, and the bulls, were the counsellors, the base partisans of the nobles; the sheep, the serpents, and foxes, were the officials, the false judges and notaries; the hares, cats, goats, and apes, were the robbers, murderers, adulterers, and thieves among the people. Above was 'God, in his majesty, come down to judgment,' with two swords, as in the Apocalypse, out of his mouth. St. Peter and St. Paul knelt on either side in the attitude of supplication. Rienzi's own account of another of his well-known attempts to work upon the populace, and to impress them with the sense of the former greatness of Rome, is contained in his letter to the Archbishop of Prague. The great bronze tablet, containing the

the *lex regia*, the decree by which the senate conferred the *imperium* upon Vespasian (now in the Capitoline Museum) had been employed by Boniface VIII. (out of jealousy to the emperor, Rienzi asserts, at this period when it was his object to obtain favour with the emperor at the expense of the pope) to form part of an altar in the Lateran church, with the inscription turned inwards, so that it could not be read. Rienzi brought forth this tablet, placed it on a kind of high scaffold in the church, and summoned the people to a lecture on its meaning, in which he enlarged on the former power and dominion of Rome. It was in this speech that he made the singular antiquarian blunder, which Gibbon takes credit for detecting, his rendering *pomærium* (of which he did not know the sense) *pomarium*, and making Italy the garden of Rome.

Gibbon has also spoken of Rienzi as 'the modern Brutus' (the expression, indeed, is Petrarch's), 'who was concealed under the mask of folly and the character of a buffoon,' and thus was often suffered in the Colonna palace to amuse the company with his tricks and predictions. Rienzi describes his own conduct in this respect, but justifies it (he was writing to an archbishop) with different precedents :—

'I confess that, having become drunk after the parching fever of my soul, in order to put down the prevailing injustice, and to persuade the people to union, I often feigned and dissembled; made myself a simpleton, and an actor; was by turns serious, or silly, cunning, earnest, and timid, as occasion required, to promote my work of love. David danced before the ark, and appeared as a madman before the king; Judith stood before Holofernes, bland, and crafty, and dissembling; and Jacob obtained his blessing by cunning. So I, when I took up the cause of the people against their greatest tyrants, had to deal with no frank and open antagonists, but with men of shifts and wiles, the craftiest and the most deceitful.'

We shall not think it necessary to pursue the glorious history of Rienzi's rise to power; it may be read in De Cerçeau, in Gibbon, in Sismondi, or more fully in the work before us. Glorious it unquestionably was; it was the triumph of liberty, of order, of justice—even of religion—over the wildest anarchy, and the most cruel of tyrannies, that of an armed and unprincipled oligarchy; it was the establishment, for a time at least, of law and justice, of peace at home, and respect and even awe throughout Italy, almost throughout Europe. Let us, however, hear Rienzi's own account of the rapidity with which he achieved his wonderful victory :—

'By the divine grace, no king, or duke, or prince, or marquis of Italy ever surpassed me in the shortness of the time by which I rose to legitimate

mate power, and earned a fame which reached even to the Saracens. It was achieved in seven months, a period which would hardly suffice for a king to subdue one of the Roman nobles. I (for God was with me) on the first day of my tribunate (an office which, from the time that the empire had sunk into decrepitude, had been vacant under tyrannical rule for more than five hundred years), I scattered with my consuming breath before my face, or rather before the face of God, *all* these nobles, these haters of God and of justice. And thus in truth on the day of Pentecost was that word fulfilled which is chanted on that day in honour of the Holy Ghost: "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered." And again—"Send forth thy Holy Ghost, and thou shalt renew the face of the earth." Certainly hitherto no pontiff or emperor had been able to expel the nobles from the city, who had in general rather triumphed than submitted to the popes and the emperors; and yet these nobles, thus terribly expelled and exiled, when I cited them to appear again in fifteen days, I had prostrate at my feet, swearing obedience to my decrees.

This was the scene which the old Roman biographer described so graphically—*deh che stavano paurosi*!

The magic effect of the Tribune's sudden apparition at the head of a new Roman republic, which seemed to aspire to the sway of ancient Rome over Italy, and indeed over all the world, must be described, as before, in his own words:—

'Did I not restore real peace among the cities which were distracted by factions? Did I not decree that all the citizens who were banished by party violence, with their wretched wives and children, should be readmitted? Had I not begun to extinguish the party names of Guelf and Ghibelline, for which innumerable victims had perished body and soul; and to reduce the city of Rome and all Italy into one harmonious, peaceful, holy, and single confederacy; the sacred standards and banners of all the cities having been gathered together, and, as a testimony to our holy association and perfect union, consecrated and offered with their golden rings on the day of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady?'

In another passage to the emperor—

'I received the homage and submission of the counts and barons, and almost all the people of Italy. I was honoured by solemn embassies and letters from the emperor of Constantinople and the king of England; the queen of Naples submitted herself and her kingdom to the protection of the Tribune; the king of Hungary by two solemn embassies with great urgency brought his cause against his queen and against his nobles before my tribunal; and I venture to say further, that the fame of the Tribune alarmed the sultan of Babylon. When the Christian pilgrims to the sepulchre of our Lord related all the wonderful and unheard-of circumstances of the reformation of Rome to the Christian and Jewish inhabitants of Jerusalem, both Christians and Jews celebrated the event with unusual festivities. When the sultan inquired the cause of these rejoicings, and received

this

this intelligence about Rome, he ordered all the havens and cities on the coast to be fortified and put in a state of defence.'

It is difficult to decide whether, as he himself admits in one place, it was mere vanity, or a vague and not impolitic desire to gather round his own name all the glorious reminiscences of every period of history, and so to rivet his power on the minds of men, which induced Rienzi to accumulate on himself so many lofty but discordant appellations. The Roman Republic—the Roman Empire, in its periods of grandeur and of declension—the Church—and the chivalry of the middle ages were blended together in the strange pomp of his ceremonies and the splendid array of his titles. He was the Tribune of the People to remind them of the days of their liberty. He called himself Augustus, and chose to be crowned in the month of August,* because that month was called after 'the great emperor, the conqueror of Cleopatra.' He called himself *Severe*, not merely to awe the noble malcontents with the stern terrors of his justice, but in respect to the philosopher, the last of the Romans, Severinus Boethius. He was knighted according to the full ceremonial of chivalry;—being bathed in the porphyry vessel, in which, according to the legend, Pope Sylvester had cleansed Constantine the Great of his leprosy. Among the banners which he bestowed on the cities of Italy, which did him a kind of homage, that of Perugia was inscribed with 'Long live the citizens of Perugia and the memory of Constantine.' Sienna received the arms of the Tribune and those of Rome, the Wolf and her twin Founders; Florence had the banner of Italy, in which Rome was represented between two other females, designating Italy and the Christian faith.

Rienzi professed the most profound respect for religion: throughout he endeavoured to sanction and hallow his proceedings by the ceremonial of the church. He professed the most submissive reverence for the pope; and—though some of his measures appeared to encroach on the prerogatives of the pontiff, and when his vicar protested against them he drowned his voice with the sound of his trumpets—he was inclined, as far as possible, to encourage the notion, that his rise and his power were, if not authorised, approved by his holiness. He asserts indeed in one place that he was the greatest bulwark of the church—'Who, in the memory of man, among all the sovereigns of Rome and Italy, ever showed greater love for ecclesiastical persons, or so strictly protected ecclesiastical rights? Did I not, before all things, respect all monasteries, hospitals, and other temples of God; and whenever complaint was made, enforce the peaceful restitution of all

* Urkunde, XI. and LXV.

their estates and properties, of which they had been despoiled by the nobles? This restitution they never could obtain by all the bulls and charters of the supreme pontiff; and now that I am deposed they deplore all their former losses. I wish that the supreme pontiff would condescend to promote me, or put me to death, according to the judgment of all religious persons, of the monks, and the whole clergy.' The Tribune's language asserting himself to be under the special influence of the Holy Ghost, which already awoke the jealousy of the pontiff, and thus early cast a suspicion of heresy around his name, he explains away, with more ingenuity, perhaps, than ingenuousness. 'No power but that of the Spirit of God could have united the turbulent and dissolute Roman people in his favour. It was their unity, not his words and actions, which manifestly displayed the presence of the Holy Ghost.' At all events, in the proudest days of his ceremonial, especially that of his coronation with the seven crowns, all the most distinguished clergy of Rome did not scruple to officiate. This was the day of his highest magnificence: though the seizure, imprisonment, and disdainful pardon of the nobles, their insurrection and their defeat took place after this, never, as Rienzi confesses in his humiliation, was he environed with such pomp or elated with so much pride. It was on this occasion that he made the profane comparison between himself and our Lord; and the striking circumstance took place which he relates in his letter to the archbishop of Prague. In the midst of all the wild and joyous exultation of the people, one of his most zealous supporters, a monk, Fra Gulielmo, who was in high repute for his sanctity, stood apart in a corner of the church and wept bitterly! A domestic chaplain of Rienzi's inquired the cause of his grief. 'Now,' replied the man of God, 'is thy master cast down from heaven—never saw I man so proud. By the aid of the Holy Ghost he has driven the tyrants from the city without drawing a sword; the cities and the sovereigns of Italy have submitted to his power. Why is he so arrogant and ungrateful towards the Most High? Why does he seek earthly and transitory rewards for his labours, and in his wanton speech liken himself to the Creator? Tell thy master that he can only atone for this offence by tears of penitence.' In the evening the chaplain communicated this solemn rebuke to the Tribune: it appalled him for the time, but was soon forgotten in the tumult and hurry of business.

On the causes of the rapid and sudden fall of the Tribune, these documents furnish less information. One month after his triumph, and the death of the Colonnas under the walls of Rome, Rienzi was an exile. In fact, the lofty and imposing edifice of his power was built upon a quicksand. It would indeed have

been

been the most extraordinary moral and political miracle, if the Roman people, after centuries of misrule, of degradation, of slavery, and of superstition, had suddenly appeared worthy of liberty; able to maintain, and wisely and moderately to employ, the blessings of a just and equal constitution. That man must be far gone in the wildest and most irrational democracy of opinion, who will suppose that the magic name of freedom, or even the sudden consciousness of relief from the burthen of tyranny, and strongly stimulated sense of independence, could have wrought such a transmutation, not merely in *facie Romuli*, but in the burghers and in the lower orders of a Babylon such as Rome had been for centuries. It was impossible but that the malaria of that long servitude should have depressed and degraded their whole moral constitution. Of the old vigorous plebeian Roman they could have nothing but the turbulence; the frugality, the fortitude, the discipline, the love of order, the respect for law, were virtues which they certainly could not have acquired by any species of training or practice. If they were too often the victims of the profligacy of the nobles, submission to such outrages, however reluctant, is no good school of morals; and the long dominion of the Roman clergy, by the admission of all the indignant writers of the times, was little favourable to those social and domestic virtues, which are the only safeguard of free popular institutions. Rienzi himself appears fondly to have supposed that he had wrought a permanent moral as well as political revolution:—‘It was hardly to be believed that the Roman people, till now full of dissension, and corrupted by every kind of vice, should be so soon reduced to a state of unanimity, to so great a love of justice, virtue, and peace; and that hatred, assaults, murder, and rapine should be subdued and put an end to. There is now no person in the city who dares to play at forbidden games, or to provoke God or his saints with blasphemy; there is no layman who keeps his concubine; all enemies are reconciled; even wives who had been long cast off return to their husbands.’* This passion of virtue—we speak from no ungenerous mistrust of human nature or of her principles—was too sudden and violent to last. Nor was the example of Rienzi, though his morals were by all accounts blameless, adapted for the enforcement of the sterner republican virtues. He wanted simplicity, solidity, and self-command. His ostentation, though in some respects perhaps politic, became puerile. His luxury was costly, burthensome to the people, as well as offensive to their jealousy. The advancement of his family (the rock upon which almost all demagogues split) unwise. Even his religion, one of the indispensable dominant

* Letter to a friend in Avignon. From the Turin MS. in Hobhouse, page 537.

impulses of the age, was showy and theatrical; at this period, at least, wanting in that depth and fervour which spreads by its contagion, and hurries away its partisans with the unthinking obedience of veneration. From the first, the papal court watched the proceedings of Rienzi with suspicious jealousy. There was a cold reserve in their approbation, and an evident determination not to commit themselves too far. As his power increased, these suspicions darkened; the influence of his enemies at Avignon became more formidable. And when the courtiers of the papal chamber, and the clergy, especially the French clergy, who preferred the easy and luxurious life at Avignon to a disturbed and dangerous residence at Rome (perhaps with a severe republican censorship aspiring to regulate their morals)—when they had strong grounds for supposing that the Tribune would refuse obedience to any pope who should not fix his throne in Rome, the intrigues became more active, and the tone and actions of the papal representative less friendly to the Tribune. Petrarch, who knew Avignon well, speaks of the poison of deep hatred which had infected the souls of the courtiers, and says they looked with the darkest jealousy on the prosperity and fame of Rome and Italy.* The nobles of Rome had likewise powerful relations at Avignon, especially the Cardinal Colonna, who brought against Rienzi dangerous charges, not less dangerous because untrue, of heresy and even of unlawful and magical arts.

Power had intoxicated Rienzi; but it had not inspired him with that daring recklessness of mind which often accompanies the intoxication of power. In the height of his pride he began to betray pusillanimity. He had the courage to contrive but not to execute. He could condescend to treachery to bring his enemies into his power, but hesitated to crush them when beneath his feet. His own version of the seizure of the nobles (at least the version which he sent abroad) has formed one of the authentic documents in the former biographies of the Tribune. It was translated by Du Cerçeau from Hocsemius; and it is of this letter that Gibbon observes, that it 'displays in genuine colours the mixture of the knave and the madman.'† No document certainly could be more irreconcilable with a lofty view of Rienzi's character. Rienzi states, that having entertained some suspicion of dangerous designs among the nobles against himself and the people, 'it pleased God (!) that they fell into his hands.' (He seized them by treachery.) His suspicions being confirmed, he adopted an

* Quoted in Papencordt, page 159.

† Gibbon had not seen the original. We have compared Du Cerçeau's translation with Hocsemius in the '*Gesta Pontificum Leodensium*,' by J. Chapeville (rather an uncommon book), and can bear testimony to its general accuracy.

innocent artifice to reconcile them not only with himself, but with God! 'I procured them the inestimable blessing of making a very decent confession!!' The confessor, ignorant of the Tribune's merciful intentions, prepared them for death! It happened that just at that time the bell was tolling for the assembling of the parliament. The nobles, supposing it to be the knell of death for their execution, made their confession with the profoundest penitence and sorrow. In the Assembly of the People Rienzi not only justified the nobles but loaded them with praises. This letter, we must remember, was addressed to an Orsini, arch-deacon of Liege, nearly related, no doubt, to some of the imprisoned nobles, and intended to be submitted to the pope. Rienzi, however, must have strangely deluded himself to conceive that he could impose upon the pope and his cardinals by this assertion of religious solicitude for the captive nobles. But, if on this great occasion he had indeed some loftier aspirations after generosity and mercy, which he marred partly by his treachery and partly by his theatrical display, they were utterly unsuited to his age. He obtained no credit for sparing his enemies, either from his enemies themselves or from the world. The former remembered only that he had steeped them to the lips in humiliation, and brooded over vengeance; both ascribed his abstaining from blood to mere timidity. The voice of the times speaks in Petrarch. The gentle and high-souled poet betrays his unfeigned astonishment that Rienzi could be so weak, that, when his enemies were at his feet, he not merely spared their lives (that his clemency might perhaps have done), but left such public parricides the ability to become again dangerous enemies of the state.*

Nor did the character of Rienzi rise with his danger during the subsequent insurrection of the nobles. He wanted military skill, and even the courage of a soldier. He was pitifully depressed by adversity, and immoderately elated by success. The defeat of the nobles under the walls of Rome was owing partly to accident, partly to their own rash imprudence; and Rienzi tarnished his victory by insulting the remains of the dead. His sprinkling his son Lorenzo with the water which was turbid with the blood of his enemies, and saluting him as 'Knight of the Victory,' was an outburst of pride and vengeance, revolting to his most ardent admirers.

According to his own account, Rienzi had dark and inward pre-sentiments of his approaching fall. The prophecy of the coronation-day recurred in all its boding terrors to his mind; for the same Fra Gulielmo had foretold the death of the Colonnas by his hand and by the judgment of God. This prophecy Rienzi had com-

* See Petrarch's Letter, quoted page LXXXIX of the *Urkunde*.

municated to many persons; and when the four chiefs of that family fell under the walls of Rome, the people believed in a divine revelation. His enemies asserted that the Tribune kept an unclean spirit, who foretold future events, in the cross of his sceptre; and these unlawful dealings with devils were denounced to the pope.

'When I had obtained the victory,' proceeds Rienzi, 'and in the opinion of men my power might seem fixed on the most solid foundation, my greatness of mind sank away, and a sudden pusillanimity came over me so frequently that I awoke at night, and cried out that the armed enemy was breaking into my palace. And although what I say may appear ludicrous, the night-bird, called the owl, took the place of the dove on the pinnacle of the palace, and, though constantly scared away by my domestics, as constantly flew back, and for twelve nights kept me without sleep by its lamentable hootings; and thus he whom the fury of the Roman nobles, and the array of his armed enemies, could not alarm, now shuddered at visions and the screams of night-birds. Weakened therefore by want of sleep, and these constant terrors, I was no longer fit to bear arms, or to give audience to the people.'

To this prostration of mind he attributes his hasty abandonment of his power. But there were other causes. The pope had at length declared against him in the strongest terms. During the last period of his power Rienzi had given strong grounds for the suspicion that he intended to assume the empire. He had asserted the choice of the emperor to be in the Roman people; but in his liberal condescension he had offered a share in this great privilege to the people of Italy. The bathing in the vase of Constantine was not forgotten. When the papal legate, Bertrand de Deux, appeared in Rome to condemn his proceedings, to depose him from his power, he returned from his camp near Marino, and confronted the legate clad in the Dalmatica, the imperial mantle worn at the coronation of the emperors, which he had taken from the sacristy of St. Peter. The cardinal, appalled at the demeanour of Rienzi, and the martial music which pealed around him, could not utter a word. Rienzi turned his back contemptuously and returned to his camp. Hereupon, in a letter to his 'beloved sons the Roman people' (printed by Pelzel, but not by Dr. Papencordt), the pope exhaled his whole wrath against the Tribune. He was denounced under all those awful appellations which were perpetually thundered by the popes against their enemies. He was 'a Belshazzar, the wild ass in Job, a Lucifer, a forerunner of Antichrist, a man of sin, a son of perdition, a son of the devil, full of fraud and falsehood, and like the beast in the Revelations, over whose head was written Blasphemy. He had insulted the Holy Catholic and Universal Church by declaring that the church and state of Rome were one, and fallen into other errors against

the

the Catholic faith, and incurred the suspicion of heresy and schism.

After the triumph over the Colonnas, Rienzi's pride had become even more offensive, and his magnificence insulted the poverty and necessities of the people. He was obliged to impose taxes; the gabelle on salt was raised. He had neglected to pursue his advantage against the nobles; they still kept many of the strongholds near Rome, and cut off the supplies of corn and other provision from the city. The barons of his party were rapidly estranged; the people were no longer under the magic of his spell. His hall of audience was vacant; the allied cities seemed to waver in their fidelity. Rienzi began too late to attempt moderation. He endeavoured to associate the pope's vicar, the Bishop of Orvieto, with his power. He softened his magnificent appellations, and retained only the modest title of *Tribunus Augustus*. Amongst an assembly of clergy and of the people, after the solemn chaunting of many psalms, and the hymn 'Thine, O Lord, is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,' he suspended before the altar of the Virgin his silver crown, his iron sceptre and orb of justice, and the rest of the insignia of the tribunate. This, he says, he did amid the astonishment and the tears of his friends. All was in vain; Pepin, Palatine of Altamura and Count of Minorbino, marched into the city, and occupied one of the palaces of the Colonnas with an armed force. The bell rang in vain from the Capitol to summon the adherents of Rienzi; and he felt that his hour was come. He might, he adds, easily have resisted the sedition excited by Count Pepin, but he was determined to shed no more blood. In another public assembly he solemnly abdicated his power, and departed, notwithstanding, he says, the reluctance and the lamentations of the people. It may well be believed that *after* his departure, under the reinstated tyranny of the nobles, the government of Rienzi was remembered with regret. But when the robber chief, whom he had summoned before his tribunal, first entered Rome, fortified the quarter of the Colonna, and defied the power of the Tribune, Rienzi had in vain sounded the tocsin; the people assembled not under his banner. Even with the handful of troops which he could collect around him, a man of courage and vigour might perhaps have suppressed the invasion; but all his energy was gone: he who had protested so often, says his Roman biographer, that he would lay down his life for the liberties of the people, did not show the courage of a child. His enemies were astonished at their easy victory; for three days the barons without the city did not venture to approach the walls. Rienzi remained undisturbed in the castle of St. Angelo: he made one effort to work on the
people

people by his old arts; he had an angel painted on the walls of the Magdalen Church, with the arms of Rome, and a cross surmounted with a dove; and (in allusion to the well-known passage in the Psalms) trampling on an asp, a basilisk, a lion, and a dragon. Mischievous boys smeared the picture with mud; Rienzi, in the disguise of a monk, saw it in this state, ordered a lamp to be kept burning before it for a year, as if to intimate his triumphant return at that time, and then fled from Rome.

The retreat of Rienzi was among the wild glens of the Apennines, which border on the kingdom of Naples, among the hermits of the order of St. Francis, who dwelt in their solitary cells in the sides of the mountains. These were called the Spirituals, and the Fraticelli. They adhered to the rules of their founder in their severest austerity. They had been formed into a separate order by Peter del Morrone, afterwards Pope Celestine V., and called themselves the Poor Hermits of Celestine; the order had been annulled by Boniface VIII., but still subsisted, never completely re-united to the great Franciscan brotherhood. These hermits were men of the strongest enthusiasm, men of vision and prophecy. The predictions of the Abbot Joachim de Flore were their delight, and the bold interpretations of the Apocalypse by John Olivi. We have no space to enter into the peculiar opinions of this by no means unimportant fraternity. It is enough to say that they were profoundly hostile to the temporal authority of the pope, and that they generally believed in some great religious revolution commenced or about to commence. The kingdom of sin had lasted from Adam to Christ; that of the priesthood had been established by Christ; that of the Holy Ghost was yet to come, or had but partially begun—to wit, the kingdom of monachism in all its austere superiority to the world, its seclusion, its union with God by the Holy Spirit. They had attained a perfect spirituality, entirely divested of all worldly possessions, detached from all worldly ties, altogether unoccupied by worldly concerns.* Rienzi describes, with the simple fervour of admiration, their calm, and holy, and austere life. 'Oh life,' he exclaims, 'which anticipates immortality! oh angelic life, which the friends of Satan alone could disturb! and these men, with this evangelical poverty of spirit, are persecuted by the pope and the inquisition.'

It is difficult to decide whether Rienzi was really possessed with this contagious enthusiasm (at one time he seriously contemplated a pilgrimage to Jerusalem), or whether the anti-papal,

* One of their scriptural arguments is curious enough. Their adversaries objected that our Lord and his apostles had a purse. 'Yes,' they rejoined, 'but it was intrusted to Judas. Had it been intended for our example, it would have been given to St. Peter.'

we should rather perhaps say the Ghibelline, tendency of these opinions woke again that impulse, which some may call ambition, others a noble devotion for the independence of Italy. But in his retirement on Monte Majella he brooded over these schemes; he listened, as he said, to those inspiring prophecies which might be the subtle and latent yearnings of personal vengeance against the pope; but, if he were really touched by the infectious spirit of the fanaticism which haunted these regions, might disguise themselves to him as the hopes as well of a religious reformer as of a Roman patriot. They were days in which the minds of men had been prepared for some awful change. 'The years 1348 and 1349' (observes Dr. Papencordt) 'were fearful times throughout the west, from plague, earthquakes, and terrific natural appearances; Flagellants and other fanatics had risen in great numbers. The year 1450, on the other hand, that of the jubilee, had excited all minds, and elevated them from earthly to higher considerations.' It was in the year of the jubilee that Rienzi conceived and abandoned his scheme of pilgrimage to the Holy Land. After entering Rome in disguise, apparently very early in that year, in order to obtain the indulgence granted at the jubilee, the Tribune suddenly appeared at Prague before the Emperor Charles IV. The account of Rienzi's appearance in Prague, in the Italian of Polistore (*Muratori, Script. Ital.*, vol. xxiv. p. 819), to which Dr. Papencordt only alludes, is so dramatic, and therefore so entirely in character with Rienzi, that we insert it:—

'During this year, in the month of August, there came into Germany, to the city of Prague, a man in strange dress. He stopped at the house of a Florentine apothecary, and asked him to present him to my Lord Charles, elected emperor by the Church of Rome, as he wished to communicate something to his honour and advantage. This man, presented to the aforesaid emperor, addressed him in these words: "There dwells in Mongibello a hermit, called Brother Angelo, who has chosen two ambassadors. The one he has sent to the pope in Avignon, the other to you the emperor. I am he, O emperor, who am sent to you." The emperor ordered him to deliver his embassy. Then that man began to speak in the following manner:—"Know ye, sire and emperor, that the aforesaid Brother Angelo sends me to say to you, that up to this time the Father has reigned in this world, and God his Son. The power is now taken from him and given to the Holy Ghost, who shall reign for the time to come." The emperor, hearing that he thus separated and set apart the Father and the Son from the Holy Ghost, said, "Are you the man that I suppose you are?" And he answered, "Whom do ye suppose me to be?" The emperor said, "I suppose that you are the Tribune of Rome;" and this the emperor supposed, having heard of the heresies of the Tribune. And he answered, "Of a truth I am he
who

who was Tribune, and have been driven from Rome." Then the emperor sent immediately for the archbishop of Treves, and two other bishops, and the ambassadors of the king of Scotland, and many other ambassadors and doctors. And the emperor caused him to repeat in the presence of these distinguished men what he had said in secret to the emperor. And he said that the messenger who had gone to the pope at Avignon would say to him the same things, and that the pope would cause him to be burnt for these sayings, and the third day he would rise again by the power of the Holy Ghost: for which cause the people of Avignon would rush to arms, and slay the pope and the cardinals; and then an Italian pope would be created, who would remove the court from Avignon and restore it to Rome. "Which pope will send for you, O emperor! and for me, who will be one with the afore-said pope; who will crown you with the crown of gold of the kingdom of Sicily, of Calabria, and Apulia; and will crown me with the crown of silver, making me king of Rome and of all Italy." The archbishops hearing these fables, departed, saying that he was a foolish heretic, and caused the Tribune to write all he had said with his own hand.'

It is now in our power to correct and illustrate the statement of the historian from Rienzi's own writings. In his address to the emperor he thus relates the motives and the object of his mission:—

'After I had passed a year and a half in a mendicant habit amid the Apennines of the kingdom of Apulia, I was accosted by a certain brother named Angelo, calling himself the hermit of Mount Volcanus, and to whom many other hermits, it was said, paid the highest veneration. He addressed me by my name, and this astonished me, for my name had been concealed from all the rest; and he said that I had dwelt long enough in idleness, at least for the present, in the desert. It behoved me rather to labour for the general good than for my own. He disclosed to me that my dwelling had been made known to him by divine revelation; and he added, that God was now looking to that universal reformation which had been foretold by many spiritual men, and this chiefly through the prayers and influence of the glorious Virgin; that for the many sins of the times he had already sent a great mortality and earthquakes, but that he was meditating a more appalling scourge on account of the unrighteous pastors and the people. With this scourge he had designed, before the advent of St. Francis, to chastise and terribly to wound (*sagittare*) the Church; but through the urgent prayers of the two saints, St. Dominic and St. Francis, who, preaching in the spirit of Enoch and Elias, have hitherto sustained the falling church, the judgment of God had been prorogued to the present time. But since, he said, there is now "not one that doeth good, no not one;" and the very elect' [*meaning probably the Mendicant orders*] 'do not retain the primitive virtues for the support of the church—God for these reasons has prepared and is preparing vengeance. New and great events will shortly take place, particularly for the reformation of the church to its state of primitive holiness; with a general peace not only among

among Christians, but among Christians and Saracens, whom the grace of the Holy Ghost shall enlighten under one Shepherd to come. And he declared that the day was at hand when the times of the Holy Ghost should commence, in which God should be made known to men. Further, that for the accomplishment of this spiritual purpose *a holy man was chosen of God, and was to be made known to all men by divine revelation*, who, *with the elect emperor*, should in many ways reform the earth, the pastors of the church being cut off from the superfluity of all temporal and fleeting pleasures.'

Being questioned, he subjoined—

'that a certain person under a certain pastor of the church having been put to death, or being dead (*mortificatus vel mortuus*), should rise again on the fourth day, at whose voice there should be great terror and rout among the pastors of the church, and even the supreme pontiff should be in great personal danger.' And that then that same angelic pastor should support the falling church of God, as St. Francis did before; and should reform the whole church; and out of the ecclesiastical treasures should be built a great temple of God, dedicated to the Holy Ghost, which should be called Jerusalem, into which the infidels should come to worship. And he advised me to labour without delay in urging the Roman emperor, (the hundredth of the line of Augustus!) and in aiding him as his forerunner by my counsel and assistance, for the city of Rome was speedily to be adorned with the papal and imperial diadem, since the forty years were expired in which the ark of God had removed out of Jerusalem on account of the sins of men. It would be acceptable, he said, to the Most High if it should return to its proper dwelling during the year of the jubilee, which had been recently proclaimed according to the divine law in Leviticus.'

Rienzi adds, that when from doubt, and, as he says, from some remains of his old arrogance, he hesitated to present himself before the emperor, Fra Angelo showed him other prophecies of spiritual men (those of the abbot Joachim, no doubt, and Cyril and Merlin), part of which he knew to have been fulfilled. Considering that his delay would be contumacious towards God, he then undertook the journey, and now exhorted the emperor to accomplish that peacefully and without bloodshed, which on former occasions had been a cause of desolation to Rome and to Italy. No one, he said, could be of so great service as himself in this great work, for his return was eagerly and anxiously expected by Rome and by all Italy. He offered his son as a hostage—he was prepared to sacrifice his Isaac, his only begotten son, for the welfare of the people. He asked no favour, but that his government should receive the imperial sanction—'for every Roman ruler in temporal affairs is an adulterer who, when the empire is not vacant, shall assume without imperial licence the office of a ruler.'

Such was Rienzi's first address to the emperor. It was heard
by

by Charles with courtesy, but, as might be supposed, with astonishment. At a second interview his language appeared to the emperor so dangerous, and to touch so close on heresy, that he was committed to safe custody, under the guardianship of the archbishop of Prague; and intelligence was sent to the pope of his imprisonment. From his prison he wrote another address to the emperor, in which* he entered at much greater length into his former exploits and his future views. He began by protesting that he was not actuated by any fantastic or delusive spirit; that he was compelled by God to approach the imperial presence; he had no ambition; he scorned—would that he had ever done so!—the vain glory of the world; he despised riches; he had no wish but in poverty to establish justice, to deliver the people from the spoilers and tyrants of Italy. ‘But arms I love, arms I seek and will seek, for without arms there is no justice.’ ‘Who knows,’ he proceeds, ‘whether God of his divine providence did not intend me as the precursor of the imperial authority, as the Baptist of Christ?’ For this reason, he intimates, he may have been regenerated in the font of Constantine, and his baptism may have been designed to wash away the stains which adhered to the imperial authority. He exhorts the emperor to arise and gird on his sword, a sword which it became not the supreme pontiff to assume. He concludes by earnestly entreating his imperial majesty not rashly to repudiate his humble assistance; above all, not to delay his occupation of the city of Rome till his adversaries had got possession of the salt tax, and other profits of the jubilee, which amounted to a hundred million of florins, a sum strictly belonging to the imperial treasury, and sufficient to defray the expenses of an expedition into Italy.

The answer of the emperor was by no means encouraging to the magnificent schemes of the Tribune. It was a grave homily upon humility and charity. It repudiated altogether the design of overthrowing the papal power, and protested against the doctrine of a new effusion of the Holy Ghost. As to the story of Rienzi’s imperial descent, he leaves that to God, and reminds the Tribune that we are all children of Adam, and all return to dust. Finally, he urges him to dismiss his fantastic views and earthly ambition; no longer to be stiff-necked and stony-hearted to God, but with a humble and contrite spirit to put on the helmet of salvation, and the shield of faith.

Baffled in his attempts to work on the personal ambition of the emperor, Rienzi had recourse to his two most influential counselors, John of Neumark, afterwards his chancellor, and Ernest of Parbubitz, archbishop of Prague. John of Neumark professed

* Urkunde, xxix.

a love of letters, and Rienzi addressed to him a brief epistle, on which he lavished all his flowers of eloquence. It is impossible to conceive anything in worse taste. John of Neumark repaid him in the same coin. Rienzi had been committed to the custody of the Archbishop of Prague, as suspected of heresy. The archbishop was a prelate of distinction and learning, disposed to high ecclesiastical views, well read in the canon-law, and not likely to be favourable to the wild predictions, or to the adventurous schemes of Rienzi; yet to him Rienzi fearlessly addressed a long 'libel,' in which he repeated all his charges against the pope, of abandoning his spiritual duties, leaving his sheep to be torn by wolves, and of dividing, rending, and severing the church, the very body of Christ, by scandals and schisms. The pope violated every precept of Christian charity, while Rienzi alone maintained no dreamy or insane doctrine, but the pure, true, sound, apostolic and evangelic faith. It was the pope who abandoned Italy to her tyrants, or rather armed those tyrants with his power.

Rienzi contrasts his own peaceful, orderly, and just administration with the wild anarchy, thus not merely unsuppressed but encouraged by the pope: he asserts his own more powerful protection of the church, his enforcement of sound morals:—

'And for these works of love the pastor of the flock calls me a schismatic, a heretic, a diseased sheep, a blasphemer of the church, a man of sacrilege, a deceiver, who deals with unclean spirits kept in the cross of the Lord;* an adulterator of the holy body of Christ; a rebel and a persecutor of the church. "But whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." As naked I entered into power, so naked I went out of power, the people resisting and lamenting my departure.'

A little farther on he gives us this piece of history:—

'We read in the Chronicles that Julius, the first Cæsar, angry at the loss of some battle, was so mad as to raise his sword against his own life; but Octavianus, his grandson, the first Augustus, violently wrested the sword from his hand, and saved Cæsar from his own frantic sword. Cæsar, returning to his senses, immediately adopted Octavianus as his son, whom the Roman people afterwards appointed his successor in the empire. Thus, when I have wrested the frantic sword from his hand, the supreme pontiff, when his madness is passed, will call me his faithful son.'

He reiterates his magnificent offers to the emperor for the subjugation of Italy:—

'If on the day of the exaltation of the holy cross I ascend up into Italy, unimpeded by the emperor or by you—before the Whitsuntide next ensuing I will surrender up all Italy in peaceable allegiance to the emperor, excepting the islands of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica, &c.'

* We have already had an allusion to an evil spirit which Rienzi was said to consult, called Fiorino, and which he kept in the cross on one of his insignia of office.

For the accomplishment of this he offered hostages, whose heads were to be cut off if his scheme was not fulfilled within the prescribed time; and if he failed, he promised and vowed to return to prison, to be dealt with as the emperor might decide! He repeats that his mission, announced by the prophetic hermit, is to prepare the way for the peaceful entrance of the emperor; to bind the tyrants in chains, and the nobles in links of iron:—

‘So that Caesar, advancing without bloodshed, not with the din of arms and *German fury*, but with psalteries and sweet-sounding cymbals, may arrive at the feast of the Holy Ghost, and occupy his Jerusalem, a more peaceful and securer Solomon. For I wish this Caesar, not secretly or as an adulterer, like his ancestor of old, to enter the chamber of my mother, the city of Rome, but gladly and publicly, like a bridegroom! not to be introduced into the chamber of my mother by a single attendant, in disguise and through guarded barriers; not as his ancestor, by Stephen Colonna, by whom he was betrayed and abandoned, but by the whole exulting people. Finally, that the bridegroom shall not find his bride and my mother an humble hostess and handmaid, but a free woman and a queen; and the house of my mother shall not be a tavern, but the church!’

The tribune goes on to relate many of the wonderful interferences of Divine Providence in his behalf. He alludes to the changeable decrees of the pope. Boniface imprisoned and put to death Celestine, whom his successor canonised: Benedict XII. punished his seneschal, and denied him Christian burial; and that same seneschal had been taken up from the shore of the Rhine, and interred with the most splendid funeral rites.

The reply of the archbishop was short and dry. He could not but wonder at his correspondent's protestations of humility, so little in accordance with the magnificent titles which he had assumed as Tribune; or with his assertion that he was under the special guidance of the Holy Ghost. ‘By what authority,’ he demands, ‘did Rienzi assert for the Roman people the right of electing the emperor?’ He wondered that Rienzi, instead of the authentic prophecies of the Holy Scriptures, should consult the wild and unauthorised prophets, Methodius and Cyril. The archbishop ends with the words of Gamaliel,—‘that if the Tribune's schemes are of God they will succeed, however men may oppose them.’

There are several more letters from Rienzi to the Archbishop in the same tone and spirit, the Tribune indefatigably urging his cause, and answering the objections of the prelate: he acknowledges that, like Moses and David, he had sinned through pride, and that God had visited him for his offence; he asserts that he does not ground his great work of love to mankind on the prophecies which he alleges; the work itself is the evidence of its divine sanction,

sanction, and he was only *encouraged* in its accomplishment by these inspired visions; 'he is not the first who has run the danger of being stoned for a good work!—or who has been accused of working good works through the devil!'—

'Finally you conclude that, if my plans are of God, they cannot be prevented by the counsels of men. By your favour, you tempt God in this, as though you said, if I am acceptable to God I shall be freed from prison by his power. I know that not only I, who am a very great sinner, but even the prophets of God, appointed by God himself, even in Jerusalem the city of God, were taken and slain. Yet, although that evil was permitted, the authors of that evil were not without sin. But ye perhaps derive glory from my captivity, and expect a reward from *another*, not from God. I know, if I had come with two or three thousand horsemen, and with a gift in my hand of a good squadron of cavalry; if I had come to salute the emperor, not as a poor man, but as a very rich one, I should have been received at a banquet, not in a prison; nor would these defenders of the faith, if I had been gorgeous in gold or steel, have entered upon an examination of my belief; no, not even had I created an anti-pope, as did these Roman nobles, who are received on such good terms by the emperor, and promoted by the pope himself.'

He proceeds to inveigh against the vices of the ecclesiastics, which he had rigidly repressed.

'When, as tribune of Rome, out of my veneration for the holy body of Christ, by rigorous but just punishments I put down their concubines with whom they lived in sin, a cry was raised against me to the pope, that I was an oppressor of the clergy! Oh angel, expected by all just men, by whose glory the earth shall be illumined, come quickly, scatter the clouds. . . . A mighty power must be given thee from on high, for thou wilt find, when thou wouldest scatter the clouds, strong and mighty adversaries. . . . Finally, I will in no way put an end to my life, for my soul is prepared for everything, and by the blessing of God, instead of being cast down, rejoices rather. And since I am wont to use strong language, bear with me if I have not spoke so humbly as I ought: for among men of the world humility is become a rare virtue; since the days of St. Francis it has been gradually wearing out, and no one has ventured to sow it again, so that its seed is not now found upon the earth.'

We add one further extract from this correspondence, because it relates to the person of Rienzi, and the imprisonment to which he was subjected, which does not seem to have been wantonly severe. It appears that he was subject to fainting fits; for which he says that, even under the warmer climate of Italy, a fire was a necessary with him—how much more in this cold northerly region! He requests therefore to be indulged with a fire by night as well as by day, and with the visit of a priest, in case his disorder should turn out dangerous. 'I have endeavoured long enough

enough to mitigate my malady by feigned cheerfulness, which now avails me no longer.' He also entreats that his servants may be clad more warmly at his expense. 'For the rest, I turn to Him, who by the will of the Father was sent into the world to atone for the sins of men, to redeem the afflicted, to free the captives, to console the afflicted and the mourners, to gather together the dispersed, to heal the contrite hearts, and to answer for all who suffer wrong and violence!'

Besides this correspondence with the Emperor and the Archbishop of Prague, Dr. Papencordt's collection of original documents contains copies of one or two letters which show that Rienzi still really kept up his connection with leading persons at Rome. There is a copy of a very curious one, addressed to the prophet Fra Angelo. It not merely leaves a strong impression of Rienzi's sincere belief in the strange prophecies of Angelo and the other monkish seers, but enters into some details about his family.

In one passage there is a strange enigmatic allusion to his domestic Luna (Moon), *i.e.* his wife. We insert the Latin for the benefit of those who can construe it:—

'Quam.....inveni juxta prenunciatam à Britannico [sc. Merlino] seriem ab ipsâ bestiâ furtivâ dosolissimè ac nefandissimè maculatam; quam sine crimine meorum et mei audiivi nuper juxta eandem seriem miserabiliter in suâ gloriâ defecisse.'

The prophecy and its fulfilment seem equally obscure. It seems to intimate that his wife had really been corrupted by some of his enemies among the Roman clergy, and had lost her glory: but, as we find that she had put on the dress of a sister of Santa Clara, we will hope for the best.

'My son, whom I left, if he has not been corrupted by the bad manners of others, chaste, humble, and well-instructed, I pray you to withdraw from the perils of the world into the light, and, since his disposition is like mine, allow him not to drink of the stream which I have drunk. All my books, except those on Theology (Ecclesiasticos), my arms, and the rest of my property, which are in a place well known to you, let him sell with the assistance of my uncle, and when some one of the brethren shall visit the sepulchre at Jerusalem, let him take the money to complete an oratory, which a certain queen began to build there. If the Infidels prevent this, let him divide the money among the priests and the other Christians resident at Jerusalem. My Moon has taken the dress of St. Clara; I would wish both my daughters and my sister to enter the same religious Order. Let all this be secret to others; to you and to the brethren, farewell.'

During all this time the pope had been in constant communication with the emperor, and demanded the surrender of this 'Son of Belial,' to be dealt with as a suspected heretic, and a rebel

rebel against the holy see. The emperor at last complied with this demand.

Rienzi's arrival at Avignon is thus strikingly described in a letter of Petrarch:—

‘There came lately to the court—I should not say came, but was brought as a prisoner—Nicolas Laurentius, the once formidable tribune of Rome, who, when he might have died in the Capitol with so much glory, endured imprisonment, first by a Bohemian [the emperor], afterwards by a Limousin [the Pope Clement VI.], so as to make himself, as well as the name and the Republic of Rome, a laughing-stock. It is perhaps more generally known than I should wish how much my pen was employed in lauding and exhorting this man. I loved his virtue, I praised his design, I congratulated Italy; I looked forward to the dominion of the beloved city and the peace of the world. . . . Some of my epistles are extant, of which I am not altogether ashamed, for I had no gift of prophecy, and I would that he had not pretended to a gift of prophecy; but at the time I wrote, that which he was doing, and appeared about to do, was not only worthy of my praise but that of all mankind. Are these letters, then, to be cancelled for one thing alone, because he chose to live basely rather than die with honour? But there is no use in discussing impossibilities: I could not destroy them if I would; they are published, and no longer in my power. But to my story. Humble and despicable that man entered the court, who, throughout the world, had made the wicked tremble, and filled the good with joyful hope and expectation: he who was attended, it is said, by the whole Roman people and the chief men of the cities of Italy, now appeared between two guards, and with all the people crowding out and eager to see the face of him of whose name they had heard so much.’

Petrarch proceeds to state that a commission of three ecclesiastics was immediately appointed to examine what punishment should be inflicted on Rienzi. That he deserved the utmost punishment, the poet declares, for having basely abandoned his enterprise when he had conducted it with so much success—for having betrayed the cause of liberty by not crushing the enemies of liberty when in his power. Part of this passage we have already quoted, as an illustration of the general sentiment of Europe concerning the Tribune. Petrarch's whole letter is a singular mixture of his old admiration, and even affection, for Rienzi, with bitter disappointment at the failure of his magnificent and poetic hopes; not without some wounded vanity, and more timidity, at having associated his own name with one who, however formerly glorious, had sunk to a condition so contemptible. One of the first acts of Rienzi on his arrival at Avignon was to inquire if his old friend and admirer was in the city. ‘Perhaps,’ says Petrarch, ‘he supposed that I could be of service to him; he knew not how totally this was out of my power: perhaps it was only a feeling of our former friendship.’

But,

But, after all, as everything in this extraordinary man's life seemed destined to be strange and unexpected, Rienzi owed his safety chiefly to the influence of Petrarch; and of Petrarch, as a poet. He could scarcely look for any sentence but that of death or perpetual imprisonment. He had few friends and many enemies at Avignon. He was even denied the assistance of an advocate. His trial, however—it does not seem clear for what reason—was not pursued with great activity. The most dangerous charge, that of heresy, seems to have dropped quietly to the ground. Petrarch began to feel increasing interest in his fate: he even ventured to write to Rome to urge the intercession of the people in his behalf. We translate from Dr. Papencordt, of whose style of composition we have as yet given no fair example, the close of this act in the drama:—

‘We know not whether the Romans did anything in favour of the tribune. Cola himself had acknowledged himself guilty of the crimes imputed to him, and was condemned to death. Nothing, it seemed, could save him from execution or a perpetual and ignominious imprisonment, when a movement in his favour began to show itself in Avignon. The greatest passion for poetry and for poets prevailed in the papal court and in the whole city. Petrarch applies the passage in Horace, “*Scribimus indocti doctique poemata*,” to the whole place, and complains of his melancholy lot in having so many acquaintances who rained poems and letters upon him every day from all sides: lawyers, physicians, husbandmen, and builders neglected their work to make verses; he was followed home, and could scarcely set his foot in the street without being environed with people, asking him questions about poetry. As the rumour spread abroad that Rienzi was a celebrated poet, a general clamour arose that it would be a sin to put to death such a man, who was skilled in that sacred art. Petrarch, indeed, says that Cola had read all the poets, but he was not aware that he had written a single poem; yet this report saved the prisoner's life. He was imprisoned in a tower, and fettered with a single chain, fastened into the vault of the dungeon; in other respects kept in honourable custody, and had his meals from the remnants of the papal table, which were distributed to the poor. He could pursue his beloved studies: the Bible, and the history of the ancient Romans, particularly the books of Livy, were his companions in his prison, as formerly at the height of his prosperity.’—pp. 259, 260.

Who could have supposed that this man, hardly escaped from death as a dangerous usurper of the papal authority, suspected as a heretic, the assertor of the liberties of Rome, and who had endeavoured to incite the emperor to reduce the papal power to the strict limits of spiritual jurisdiction—the writer of those stern and uncompromising invectives against the desertion of Italy by the popes—this unsparing castigator of the vices of the clergy—this heaven-appointed reformer, as he declared, of the church—this

harbinger

harb
from
lega
expr
lele
life,
orig
Inno
best
of It
of t
Som
peri
A se
to fo
fall o
earth
thous
wealt
strife
to Ca
desce
pope
been
unde
know
He
The
him
and t
repre
that
and r
dence
might
the tr
one o
more
distr
Moth
pire.
haps
tain
eloque
Brette
VOR

harbinger of the new kingdom of the Holy Ghost—should emerge from his prison, to reappear in Italy as the follower of the papal legate, and reassume the supreme government in Rome with the express sanction of the pope. Such, however, were the unparalleled vicissitudes in the life of Rienzi. On this last act of his life, the researches of Dr. Papencordt have not furnished much original matter; we hasten therefore to the close. A new pope, Innocent VI., had succeeded to the pontificate; he was the best, perhaps, of the prelates who ruled at Avignon. The affairs of Italy called imperatively for his interference. Since the fall of the Tribune, Rome had returned to its miserable anarchy. Sometimes two senators chosen out of the nobles—for a short period a popular leader named Cerroni—held the government. A second tribune had arisen, named Baroncelli, who had attempted to found a new republic on the model of that of Florence; but the fall of Baroncelli had been almost as rapid as his rise. Plague and earthquake had visited the city; and, though the jubilee had drawn thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world, and poured wealth into her bosom, this wealth had been but a new object of strife, faction, and violence. Innocent delegated the affairs of Italy to Cardinal Ægidius Albornoz, Archbishop of Toledo. Albornoz descended into Italy to re-establish the temporal dominion of the popes; he was a man of great ability and experience. Rienzi had been released from prison; and the papal court considered that, under the judicious guidance of Albornoz, Rienzi's advice and knowledge of Italy and Rome might be of use to the papal cause.

He seems to have embraced the offer without reluctance. The more-immediate object appears to have been to employ him as an opponent to Baroncelli, who had usurped his office and title of tribune. The vice-legate in Rome, Hugo Harpagon, represented that sufferings had no doubt taught Rienzi wisdom, that he had abandoned his old fantastic dreams of innovation, and might be of service to counteract by his activity and prudence the dominant impiety and evil. He requested that he might be sent to Rome. 'So,' observes Dr. Papencordt, 'was the tribune now to share in that work which he had said in one of his addresses to Charles IV. would be much more easy, more safe, and more congenial with his disposition, to reduce distracted Italy to unity and peace in the name of the Holy Mother the Church, rather than in the interests of the Empire.' On the fall of Baroncelli, however, Albornoz, who perhaps had formed a sounder estimate of Rienzi's character, retained him in his own camp. There Rienzi cast the spell of his eloquence over two distinguished youths, Arimboldo, a lawyer, and Brettone, a knight, brothers of the celebrated and formidable

Fra Morcale, the captain of the great Free Company. Out of the Bible and out of Livy he filled them with lofty notions of the greatness of Rome, and allured them by splendid promises of advancement. They lent him considerable sums of money, and they enabled him to borrow more. He appeared, accompanied by these youths, and in a magnificent dress,* before the legate, and requested to be invested in the dignity of senator of Rome. At that time the papal authority in Rome was still unacknowledged by the factious nobles. It seemed a favourable opportunity; and in the name of the Church Albornoz appointed Rienzi senator of Rome. With a few troops Rienzi advanced; and in a short time was once more master of the scene of his former power and glory. But Rienzi had not learned wisdom. The intoxication of power again bewildered his reason; he returned to his old pomp, his old luxury. He extorted the restoration of his confiscated property, and wasted it in idle expenditure. He was constantly encircled by his armed guard; he passed his time in drunken banquets.† Again called on to show his military prowess against the refractory Colonnas, he was again found wanting. The stern and equal vigour which had before given an imposing majesty to his wild justice, now seemed to turn to caprice and wantonness of power. His great measure, by which he seemed determined, this time at least, to escape the imputation of pusillanimity as shrinking from the extermination of his enemies, was tainted with treachery and ingratitude. The execution of Fra Morcale, the brother of the youths to whom he had been so deeply indebted, revolted rather than awed the public mind. The second government of Rienzi was an unmitigated tyranny; and ended by his murder in a popular insurrection. With the cry of 'Long live the people,' was now mingled 'Death to the tribune, to the traitor Rienzi!' His body was treated with the most shameful indignities.

There is much good sense in Dr. Papencordt's simple expression, that Rienzi was an extraordinary rather than a great man.

* The Roman biographer, who might appear to have been an eye-witness, describes his splendid attire with the most minute particularity.

† The Roman biographer is again our authority. 'Before,' he says, 'he was sober, temperate, abstemious; he was now become an inordinate drunkard. * * He was always eating confectionery and drinking. It was a terrible thing to be forced to see him—'horribile cosa era potere patire de vederlo,'—they said that in person he was formerly quite meagre, he had become enormously fat (*grasso sterminatamente*); he had a belly like a tun, jovial, like an Asiatic abbot!—'habea una ventresca tonna, trionfale, a modo de uno abbate *Asiano*!' Another MS. reads *abbate Asinino*, which decorum will not allow us to translate. 'He was full of shining flesh (carbuncles?) like a peacock. Red, and with a long beard, his face was always changing; his eyes would suddenly kindle like fire. It was as changeable as his opinions. His understanding lightened in fitful flashes like fire—'così se mutava suo intellecto come fuoco.' (*Apud. Murator. Antiq. Ital.* iii. p. 524.)

His vigour of action fell short of his vigour of conception. He was a lofty idealist. That he could not accomplish his glorious visions, his times were partly in fault, and partly his own character. As long as his career was brilliant, imaginative, theatrical, he played his part with majesty; and even his magnificence might, as we observed, not have been impolitic; but when he had to strive with the rough realities of faction, to act on unimagined emergencies with vigour and promptitude, his mind seemed to give way—*dignus imperii nisi imperasset*. In a warlike age, his want of military skill, and even of a soldier's courage, was a fatal deficiency. But if in action thus occasionally pusillanimous, his imaginative resources were inexhaustible. To his visions of political freedom, the supremacy of the dominion of Rome, and the independence of Italy, succeeded his religious dreamery, the predicted kingdom of the Holy Ghost. And we may give him the benefit of supposing that, even in his latter enterprise, when an instrument of the ecclesiastical power, he might honestly conceive himself labouring in the only practicable scheme for the peace and prosperity of Italy. Dazzling as was the course of Rienzi, and awakening all the generous sympathies, especially at the commencement of his career, even now arresting our attention amid the tumult and confusion of the dark ages in Italy, he bursts upon us, in our youth perhaps, even as he did upon his own age, as a hero and a patriot. And like his own age, and like Petrarch, the voice of that age, we are inclined to revenge, as it were, our disappointment at the failure of the hopes which he has excited by injustice to the lofty parts of his character. We do not allow him credit for what he did achieve under such adverse circumstances, from a kind of resentment that he achieved no more. We depreciate the good, the very transitory good which he did, because we justly feel that he was not a man who produced any permanent effect on the condition or destinies of man, but a fleeting and ephemeral pageant.

Of the merits of Dr. Papencordt's work we have not yet spoken. The expressions of our praise, we are sorry to say, must be mingled with those of regret. We have heard, since the commencement of our paper, that this promising pupil in the Berlin school of history has been suddenly cut off in the dawn of his literary reputation. Dr. Papencordt seemed likely to unite industry and diligence, general qualifications of German historians, with the virtues of judgment and skill in composition—which are not quite so common among them. We fear that his premature decease will deprive us of the work which he meditated, and of which the present monograph is, as it were, a chapter,—

the history of the city of Rome from the fall of the Western Empire to the commencement of the sixth century. But—*his saltem donis*—we would honour the memory of a writer who promised to attain to high eminence; and condole with the friends of, as we learn, a modest and estimable man.

-
- ART. VII.—1. *Russia under Nicholas the First*. Translated from a Supplement to the *Conversations Lexicon*, by Captain Anthony C. Sterling. London. 12mo. 1841.
2. *Notes of a Half-pay in Search of Health; or, Russia, Circassia, and the Crimea in 1839-40*. By Captain Jesse. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1841.
3. *Petersburg in Bildern und Skizzen*. Von J. G. Kohl. Dresden und Leipzig. 2 vols. 8vo. 1841.

NARRATIVES of travels through Russia, and residences in various portions of that empire, all conveying, with more or less pretension, accounts of its present policy and prophecies of its future destiny, have been of late so plentifully supplied to the reading world, that general opinions of some kind must, we should think, be beginning to take shape and form. At all events, there must be a very general curiosity on the subject: the reporters in this department bid fair to become as numerous and multifarious as those from the Transatlantic shores. This time last year we noticed a cycle of Russian tourists—at Christmas we introduced the 'Letters from the Baltic,' which have since run through two editions—and now, aided by our friends the Germans, we again muster strong. However differing in country, character, principle, prejudice, and capacity, all these explorers seem to profess the same main object and end—namely, to ascertain what the actual progress of civilization in Russia has been: by what influences it has been most forwarded; and in what departments of life its results are most apparent.

Ever since the advent of Peter the Great, the great-great-grand-sire of his present majesty, who breathed a species of animation into the vast colossus, but bequeathed to his successors the far more difficult task of wakening intelligence and stimulating conscience, civilisation, like the unknown god of the ancients, a something they acknowledged yet knew not how to approach, has been more or less the aim or the pretension of each succeeding sovereign. But no matter how they founded cities, or raised temples, or endowed institutions, ostensibly in her name, so long

as the worship of the heart was wanting—so long as she was sought: not for herself, but for her concomitant gifts—civilisation in her real worth remained, as a matter of course, far from their grasp. Even granting their motives to have been pure, their devotion real, the object—in the degree they affected to secure it—was equally unattainable; for in the words of a great writer of the day, ‘To think of engrafting, at once, on an ignorant people the fruits of long knowledge and civilisation—of importing among them ready-made those advantages and blessings which no nation ever attained but by its own working out, nor ever was fitted to enjoy but by having struggled for them—to harbour even a dream of the success of such an experiment implies a sanguineness almost incredible.’

Nevertheless, all these gigantic efforts—this enormous expenditure—these innumerable ukases in pen and ink—in brick and mortar—cannot have remained barren. Something good or bad must have accrued from such combined and continued exertion; and in our humble opinion the result is very much what from such premises might fairly have been anticipated: in a word, that after the lapse of more than a century—in the course of which the Russian power has been developed and extended in a degree unmatched in modern European history—throughout the country itself, as it stands, the work of corruption is found far a-head of that of civilisation, and both gradually reversing in position—the one, through all the glare and parade of advancement, visibly undermining the structure borrowed from other nations—the other slowly impregnating the barbarous elements of the soil.

Impressed with this latter fact, we feel disposed to approach the Russian peasant with somewhat of the same respect as we should his czar—convinced that in these ranks lies that quarry of sterling materials from which alone the stepping-stones to Russian progression may be securely hewn. It may seem strange to say this of a class still in bondage, and more strange to speak openly of a system of serfage without as openly condemning it; but, even if Russia did not show us at every step the danger and futility of hasty changes and forced adoptions, we should be inclined to advocate the most cautious grant of that liberty which will only assimilate the serfs with other classes which have hitherto turned superior advantages to far inferior account. The peasantry of Russia are now strongly characterized by those qualities which legislators would be glad to retain in some more civilized countries, or infuse into others. At once active and tractable, intelligent and confiding—their affections more developed than their reason, their ingenuity far in advance of their knowledge—the voiceless and voteless worth of this estate in the political balance
of

of Russia is as little suspected by the world in general as it is by themselves. Nevertheless it is to this class, almost exclusively, that Russia must look for the preservation of the sounder portions of her nationality—through this class it is that the sap of civilisation must rise; and it is worthy of remark that more has been done to waken the self-consciousness and moral energies of the people by their unanimous repulsion of the French invasion—(and the further we are removed from the barbarous features of this exertion the more shall we perceive its true dignity)—and more to humanise their habits and raise their ideas, by the return of the Russian troops from the allied armies—more, in short, to civilise them by these two national impulses, than by all the grafting and patching and mere outward applications upon the other classes of the empire, ever since the time of Peter the Great.

We thought it fair to state this general impression of ours on the threshold; but our immediate object is to make our readers acquainted with three very interesting books on Russia. And certainly whoever wishes to prepare himself for studying with advantage either the new travellers on our list, or any other work of their class, ought to begin by mastering the skilful Essay compiled from the rich pages of the 'Conversations Lexicon,' for which we are indebted to Captain Sterling.

Its first chapter opens with a few general remarks on the tardiness of Russia in the career of improvement; on the manner in which 'she has been obliged to rush through or skip over many degrees of civilization in order to march in the same line with her rivals;' proceeding with a short survey of the events which preceded the reign of the Emperor Nicholas; the vexations which met him on his ascending the throne; with a few allusions to his personal character, and a short sketch of the motives for his policy—to which we shall advert more at length. To these succeed a list of the administrative and diplomatic officers; the history of the Svod, or systematic collection of civil laws—a gigantic work, which dragged its weary length through the reigns of Catherine the Second, Paul, and Alexander, and was reserved for the youth and vigour of the present sovereign to recommence and finish;—and a comprehensive sketch of the state of trade, the condition of the peasants, and the increased facility of intercourse, &c. One of the most interesting portions is contained in the chapter on the war with the Circassians, the inefficiency of all the varied modes of battery which Russia has hitherto brought to bear upon them, and the little present prospect there appears of terminating this contest in the usual Russian sweeping mode. These remarks are followed by a masterly analysis of the relations of Russia with the various states

states of Europe—including a review of the alternate progress of Russian and British influence in the affairs of Turkey, and the yet more obscure doings in the interior of Asia. We have then elaborate summaries of the revenues and resources of the empire—the force of the army and navy—the acquisitions of territory, and actual area of European and Asiatic Russia—the proportion of inhabitants to each district, and gross sum of the population—with reports of the various modes of education, from the six universities, down to the 426 district, 884 parochial, and 508 private boarding-schools—and, finally, an immense deal of positive and extraneous information which has crept into no other work: altogether rendering this little volume a complete manual of the present statistics of Russia. In the close research requisite for the condensation of so much varied knowledge, we recognise the patient hand of the German; while the arrangement of the materials does credit to Captain Sterling's clearness of head, and the unaffected plainness of his general style sets off many lively and even graceful turns and passages.

It is well to have this on the table for ready reference while one is going through Captain Jesse's more amusing work, which abounds in puns, jokes, anecdote, and quotation more than enough for both. In the two volumes by this gentleman the public are presented with the first fruits of a happy convalescence—a period when the spirits no less than the appetite are generally found to be in most mercurial condition. For only thus can we account for the many off-hand trivialities in a work which wants neither manly thought, nor solid information, nor some real liveliness.

In his first chapter Captain Jesse is kind enough to give us an account of his youthful doings in India—in the course of which he takes us through two fevers and one cholera morbus—with a sufficiency of snipe-shooting under a meridian sun, and up to his knees in water, &c. &c.: he then transports us back to England, and stations us for six years at monotonous country-quarters, where he, unfortunately, had little else to think of but the maladies he had imported from the land of jungles and paddy-fields: he allows us a peep into his journal of that period so full of dyspeptic memoranda as would in all probability have made him ill, had he not been so already—and being now come to that wretched pass when, in his own words, he no longer knows 'his favourite Amati from his regimental spit,' he thinks it high time to give the enemy the slip by a complete change of climate. Accordingly, at the end of the chapter we find our patient at Corfu.

He now steams on through classic waters—anchors in the roads of Patras, and thence, wind and weather permitting, finds himself
in

in sight of the Pyræus, and quickly after approaching Athens in a hack-carriage amid clouds of dust. A sojourn of six weeks beneath the Athenian porches produces some sharp remarks upon the present state of Greece; but, strange to say, the soul-stirring antiquities of the place give occasion to little more than a somewhat peevish philippic at the annoyances which had long before encountered him on visiting those of Rome!

We regret to be obliged to hurry through his interesting tour to Nauplia—his return to Athens, and passage in company with Prince George of Cambridge to Constantinople—a city which he describes in tempting colours. Not so, however, the Turkish bath; to the equivocal enjoyment of which he reconciles himself with a few puns in careful italics—a precaution not altogether superfluous—consoling himself, after being ‘flayed, parboiled, and steamed, half-drowned and half-suffocated,’ with the discussion of a pipe—to which, under various forms, the gallant captain appears so addicted, that it is only to be hoped his fair fellow-traveller in no way objected to the practice. With the exception, however, of the bath, our author, with his Oriental habits, appears perfectly at home among the Moslems. A passage on the exquisite beauties of Constantinople has a picturesqueness of manner which is of rare occurrence in the work, so we the more willingly transcribe it:—

‘The sunsets here are not so fine as those of Greece, but moonlight over the City of the Sultan is indeed beautiful, and to enjoy it perfectly I frequently retired to my divan, which commanded a view of the Golden Horn, and with my pipe and sherbet at my side [cross-legged also?] remained there watching for her beams. As the night advanced the numerous lights of the city gradually disappeared, the hum of voices died away, the breeze of evening was hushed, and the Horn, which during the day had been covered with boats engaged in all the noise and tumult of traffic, now lay in hazy obscurity beneath me. The pale light in the horizon soon ushered in the “bark of pearl in that cloudless sky,” the shadows become more evident, the golden crescents of the Sulimani mosque and Seraskier’s tower then appeared, the slender minarets followed, and at last the whole city and the Horn were lighted up in colours more chaste though less splendid than those of sunset. I felt that this was the hour to enjoy the City of the Plague, and I thought my opinion was confirmed by the numerous caïques which stole quickly yet noiselessly across the moonbeams, returning to Stamboul from the Sweet Waters at the extremity of the Horn. If it were possible for anything to increase the beauty and interest of this scene, it was so increased by the planet Venus being in conjunction with the moon, exhibiting the emblem of the Moslem’s empire over his own capital. This divan was my bed, but the sleep that succeeded was far more generally interrupted by the loud and continual yells of the mongrel curs of Pera than by dreams of Mahomed’s Houris.’—*Jesse*, vol. i. p. 42.

But

But we now share in the author's impatience to enter Russia, and must therefore land him, after three days' voyage through the Black Sea, at Odessa, where, immediately on reaching *terra firma*, he was subjected by the jealous sanitary laws to a purifying process, which, after all, is no very inappropriate sequel to the Turkish bath. To this succeeds the unutterable dulness of a fortnight's quarantine; a period of gentle durance which some graceless author has likened to the English honeymoon—though Captain Jesse has managed to make it amusing enough to his readers, and which affords him the opportunity—not seldom repeated throughout his pages—of contradicting Marshal Mar-mont's statements *in toto*. If Captain Jesse fared worse than most during quarantine, he had at all events the comfort of far-ing better than most in the custom-house, his baggage being helped through by the friendly intervention of a brother epau-lette. But no military pass-word could be extended to a pocket edition of Byron—a name so sternly banned in the Russian empire that we rather wonder at the captain's attempt. To be sure, we have known the prohibition successfully evaded by simply cutting out a leaf; for, like the human countenance itself, a title-page is here considered as the sure index of the soul within; and while, under a smooth face, the most desperate sinner may securely creep into a Russian bookcase, a suspicious head-piece will condemn the most innocent production that ever issued from the press. A ludicrous instance of the latter occurred to a pas-senger entering Petersburg, who, among the usual complement of guide-books and hand-books, happened to possess a small astronomical work, entitled 'Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies.' No sooner had the censor cast his eyes upon the title-page than its doom was sealed. The first word was enough for a loyal Russian—no matter where the scene of action—and, not content with confiscating the book, the police had orders to keep a strict watch over its audacious importer.

Leaving his lady at Odessa, Captain Jesse now proceeds upon a tour in the Crimea, a change of scene by which the reader profits as well as the author; for the 'Month's Leave of Absence' constitutes one of the most agreeable portions of his work. His investigations of the historical reminiscences and antiquarian remains of this region, though somewhat too diffuse, are conducted with the zeal of a scholar; his descriptions of the works and docks of Sevastopol are given with the technical precision of a military man; while all that can be objected to (with the exception of his view of Cape Matapan *from the Black Sea*) is not so much his having dwelt too long upon the artificial ugliness of the Macrocephali, but too little upon the natural beauties of the Crimean

Crimean paradise, of which beyond a festooning vine or creeping geranium we catch but few glimpses. He mentions, it is true, one grand and sublime view from the top of a high mountain, to which he ascends by a route significantly called the 'Devil's Staircase,' and where he particularly alludes to 'a sensation of loneliness which I always experience at a great height.' But in this respect Captain Jesse is not singular; the sensation he alludes to being a natural consequence to which most people are subject in any very elevated position, whether physical or social.

His account of the war in Circassia (though, despite an intimation in the title-page, our traveller does not appear to have entered that territory) conveys most exciting matter for those who take interest in the fate of these gallant 'Highlanders of the Caucasus,' heathens though they be, while, in those who do not, a glance in the accompanying map at the narrow gap which alone remains free from the embrace of the Russian fortresses might be sufficient to induce it. The temptations to serve in this cause are succinctly stated by Captain Sterling. 'An ukas of the 20th May, 1838, promises to such officers as volunteer for this service a whole year's pay in advance, double pay during the war, and their travelling expenses.' 'Upon this,' adds Sterling, 'there were numerous applications;' but how disproportionate all the advantages are to the risk incurred may be told by a few extracts from the 'Notes of a Half-pay.'

Speaking of the Russian fortresses in Circassia, of which a river always forms one side,—

'This face,' says Captain Jesse, 'is protected by a gun-boat when there is sufficient depth of water, an intrenchment, and traverses. If there is no river, a small stream will always influence the choice of situation, as the garrisons cannot leave the fort to get either wood or water without some casualties taking place. Sometimes the Circassians turn the stream above the fort, and the Russians are then under the necessity of sending to a considerable distance for their supplies of those articles absolutely necessary to their existence. In doing so they are obliged to traverse thick underwood and other obstacles, which their opponents well know how to take advantage of, and, by posting themselves behind trees and pieces of rock, the escort, generally composed of a company, seldom returns without severe loss. It was in allusion to this that I once heard a Russian officer remark 'that a glass of water was very often purchased by a glass of blood.' Of course the difficulties are greater in keeping up the communications between the forts themselves. But this is not the only misfortune under which the troops suffer, for malaria prevails in all the low situations, and the men are decimated by fevers for which they have neither preventive nor cure. Their supplies of food, always scanty and indifferent, are sometimes cut off by the gales, which blow with great violence on this coast; and as they cannot obtain provisions in the country, they are sometimes reduced to the

greatest

greatest possible distress. Fresh meat is rarely seen, and, being very dear at all times, is never given to the men. In the winter of 1839 the communications with Sevastopol and Kertch had been so interrupted that rye-flour was sixty-five roubles, nearly sixty shillings, the chetvert. Thus wretchedly off for food, they are worse off for medicine, and, when suffering under intermittent fever, are left to cure it with a salt herring, a cheap, and in this part of the world popular, remedy.'—vol. i. p. 272.

Being detained till too late in the season for travelling to Moscow, Captain Jesse resolves, having indeed no other alternative, on spending the winter at Odessa. Of this city, as a residence, he speaks bitterly and contemptuously. Knowing that an English gentleman, so accustomed to the highest luxuries of society as Lord Alvanley, is now spending for choice his *second* winter there, many may be somewhat puzzled. The 'Half-pay,' however, gives a catalogue of unmitigated miseries. According to him, the climate, to begin with, has all the inconvenience of the two opposite extremes. It is Siberia in the winter, and the coast of Africa in the summer, without the steadiness of the one or the luxuriance of the other. In winter the snow-storms are so heavy that ladies bound for ball or theatre used to yoke oxen on to their equipages, and 'even now the servants announce the shovel before their carriage.' In spring they are stuck fast, knee-deep in mud, so that maid-servants go to market in their master's boots—(at least so Captain Jesse's did);—in summer they are dried up for want of water, of which the town does not furnish a single drinkable spring,—suffocated with columns of dust, and tormented by 'eight billions of flies!' neither more nor less. In addition to this, the pavement is execrable, and the principal thoroughfares intersected with deep drains, in which people break their legs; the streets are wretchedly lighted, or rather not lighted at all; the meat is bad, the servants infamous, the shopkeepers all rogues, and the society of the town by no means a compensation for all these evils. Surely Captain Jesse must have been particularly unfortunate—or particularly difficult. Even his puns flag here. But we are inclined to think with him that in all Russia he could not well have pitched upon a place more devoid of advantages. Banishment to Tobolsk (with exemption from the mines) would decidedly, in point of society, have repaid him much better, and in other respects no worse. Odessa is by much too new in the list of autocratical creations to offer a fair standard of Russian society: the upper classes are more artificial, and the lower less national, than they would be found elsewhere,—while habits of constant intercourse with the crafty Greek, the indolent Turk, and the demoralised Pole, have produced

produced an amalgamation which, unlike some counterfeits, has not the recommendation of being good in itself.

Captain Jesse is an honest writer; and enables us to measure his opinions by giving a fair account of the opportunities he had for forming them. We did not expect from so rapid an observer accurate representations of things that do not immediately and everywhere meet the eye; but we confess our disappointment in not discovering throughout these pages anything like a real picture of the Russian peasant. He everywhere, under Captain Jesse's delineation, stands forth a miserable creature, with slavery on his brow, superstition in his heart, thieving at his fingers' ends, and a clean shirt only once a twelvemonth to his back! This may be true in part: but of the two sides there are to everything our author has decidedly taken and stuck to the worst; and a foreigner who should come to England and report that all our lower classes were drunkards or poachers, and—of which these late distressed times have furnished too many instances—all without a bed to sleep upon, would be just as near the truth. According to our own observation of *the class*, the Russian serf, with his loyalty, courtesy, and filial piety, his intelligence, shrewdness, and wit,—who stands like a hero, who is proverbially as far removed from all vulgarity in manner as from all grammatical inaccuracy in speech, who venerates his czar, loves his lord, and believes his priest—(we will say nothing about the clean shirt)—is about one of the most interesting specimens of peasant humanity the present world affords.

'There is no *gaiété de cœur* or hilarity about a Russian; and unless they are tipsy, or otherwise much excited, they are a tranquil, not to say a stupid people.' What! no *gaiété de cœur* about the *Français du Nord*? No hilarity about him whose voice may be heard singing from the roof of every house, or laughing in most contagious tones from the ice labours of the canal below;—whose national sports are the gayest in the world; whose very choice of colours bespeaks the tone of his mind; whose joke is always ready, always new, always good;—who looks as happy as if all the world were his equals—and rather more so, we should fancy! Certainly, as respects a true judgment of the real sturdy Russian *peasant*—and we do not, like the author, see anything objectionable in the application of this term to them—our 'Captain bold' is as far removed from the right mark as if he had never stirred from his 'country quarters.' His chief opportunities for observation appear, as he confesses, to have been derived from the mixed population of Odessa, and from the wretched road-side beggars of the

Steppes.

Steppes. Unacquainted with the Russian language, their inner life was of course a sealed book to him; and because they bow low with their bodies like a nobleman of the old English school, and dispersed on the emperor's birthday without a cheer, like the Scotch at George IV.'s visit, he interprets these as so many signs of crushing slavery. Nay, even their national food, their kvass and black bread, are in his eyes only specimens of brutal fare, and symbols of utter degradation. Though Captain Jesse did not relish either, they may not be the worse for that. There are many articles besides *kvass* and *chleba* on which tastes are found to differ. Some persons detest olives; others positively loathe the best Tenby oysters (the Russians prefer the latter a little tainted); some strange people do not like real turtle-soup, and some, stranger still, do; and one respectable individual we could mention has even an antipathy to roast mutton! The truth is, that strictly national dainties rarely find favour with foreign palates, until after repeated experiment.

To return to our serfs—the Captain's feelings are wounded by the little efforts made by the nobility to emancipate or improve their condition. This painful impression is natural to an individual living in an age so entirely opposed to that of feudalism, and where the last poetry of that system is now fast fading from view; but if there be one country more than another in which the introduction of liberal principles, so misnamed, is to be deprecated, that country is Russia. Our author himself owns that 'those who talk most of the imperative duty of kindness to them are most deficient in the performance of it.' In considering the act of enfranchisement, every other contingent influence must be taken into account; and we have little doubt, if Captain Jesse had spent a few years in the country, he would have come to our conclusion—that, while the estimation of liberty in the breast of a Russian noble remains such as it now is—while the enfranchised classes next above the serf are in bondage to a system infinitely more degrading than the feudal tenure—while the laws with which, by an extension of civil rights, he would come into collision are so different in practice from what they are in theory—the peasant is subjected to the lesser evil of the two in being left to work out his own civilisation in his own way, and within the prescribed bounds of his tether. Nor is this by any means so confined as a posting 'Half-pay' may have supposed. Seen under average fair circumstances, the serf is the most active tradesman in the empire; while the fact of his being little disposed to spend his gains upon himself is some proof that he is but little anxious about their security. If neither the fire of his patriotism nor the activity of his speculation has been damped by his servitude,

and

and if with increasing prosperity the serf does not stumble on the rock of *improvidence*, we fancy we can hardly be far wrong in drawing the inference that serfage, such as it is in Russia, does not necessarily debase the moral man. But we cannot do better than quote the Captain himself:—

‘Some of Count Chérémétieff’s serfs are merchants, and very wealthy. The riches of a serf are generally obtained by procuring his master’s permission to leave his estate, and follow some trade in a town where he can, without interruption, turn a small capital and his natural shrewdness to account. This boon is well paid for if he is successful. In the country, in cases where the landlord’s cupidity does not interfere with the provisions made by the law for the serf’s benefit, they sometimes accumulate large sums; *for they spend but little upon themselves, and an increase of wealth does not make that alteration in their habits which might be expected.* The custom is to allow the serf three days of the week to cultivate the portion of land assigned to him by his master, for whom he works the other three; and in this case, also, he sometimes reaches a state of comparative affluence. . . . Many of Count Chérémétieff’s serfs could of course, if permitted, purchase their freedom; but this nobleman has no idea of allowing them to take advantage of their own industry: on the contrary, it is a subject of self-gratulation with many to possess rich serfs, and it is affirmed that Chérémétieff is so proud of his that no sum would tempt him to give them their liberty—a worthy descendant, truly, of his ancestor in the days of Catherine! With this man there is no plea of necessity, but it gratifies his vanity, for it has an effect when he invites foreigners to his country-seat. On these occasions the Count is received by one of his rich serfs, in a mean hut, built in the usual style of a Russian log-house, and fitted up with the rudest furniture; the table is covered with the coarsest linen, and a black loaf, with some salt and a wooden bowl of borsch, are placed upon it. The party merely taste this humble refreshment, when the door leading to another house at the back is opened, and the noble proprietor and his friends are then ushered into an apartment handsomely furnished: the table here is loaded with plate, glass, fruit, and a profusion of viands, in the arrangement of which little taste is displayed; and champagne, quass, and vodka are served, one as freely as the other. The guests leave the house astonished by such an entertainment given by a Russian serf, fancying perhaps that, under the circumstances, the man is as well pleased to be a slave as free; and, in some cases, they are likely to be right. In all probability the serf who has thus feasted his master and his friends can scarcely read, knows nothing of figures, counts with beads, and has a beard of enormous length: he makes, however, large sums of money, for he is shrewd, cunning, and saving. His moments of extravagance are when, as in this case, he receives his lord, or at one of his own children’s weddings.’—vol. ii. p. 282.

We must frankly own that we do not share the author’s feelings on this occasion: we see infinitely more to deprecate, and more to commiserate, in that false system, arising from an opposite

site extreme of civilization, which compels the freeman to enslave himself. We deeply lament, with Captain Jesse, the recklessness and tyranny of the nobles in too many instances; but what will he say to the late disturbances in Livonia, where the oppressed were freedmen, and their oppressors enlightened German barons? All public accounts of the real nature of this insurrection were carefully suppressed or qualified by the Russian government, but we know through private sources that no abuses of the feudal power were ever more crying than those which urged the free Livonian peasant to violence. This is only another proof that, till the upper classes be more enlightened, the simple fact of enfranchisement is not accompanied by that benefit which the *word* suggests, and that the peasant, though nominally made free, only exchanges in point of fact one master for many; to say nothing of the annihilation of that feeling on the part of the serf which may be compared to what the Highland clansman *had* for his chief, and which forms one of the few elements yet to be respected in the Russian nation. It is to be hoped that the legislature will proceed with much caution before they subject the yet healthy peasant to that moral pestilence which everywhere marks the progress of a spurious civilisation in the other classes of the empire; it is the easiest thing in the world to rail at 'the feudal bond'—but ugly as the *word* may look, the *thing*, in Russia as she still is, implies at least as much of protection as of oppression.

We have much less quarrel with Captain Jesse's views about some other orders of Russian society—for example, the so-called middle classes, whom, in the vain idea of suddenly reclaiming those awful moral steppes which lie between the serf and his lord, the State has fostered into being. From a variety of causes—but from none more than the absence of a law of primogeniture among the nobility, and the consequent depreciation of every walk of life except the military—it follows that posts of honour and responsibility, involving some of the most complicated machinery of this vast empire, fall to a body of men in whom ideas of honour are neither entailed by descent, implanted by education, nor encouraged by example. These individuals are in general termed *Chinovniks*, or *the betitled*; there being no class in Russia on whom—for want of something better—a more liberal shower of orders and medals descends. The evils which these *Chinovniks* entail upon the country receive a double impulse from the nature of the laws themselves, which, though frequently excellent in the abstract, can be with wonderful ease perverted to serve the turn of all but the innocent. Emanating probably from the military ideas which pervade everything, a drill-sergeant system of minutiae, an absurd multiplication of forms is insisted upon, which

too

too often operates as if it had been expressly designed to encumber truth and screen error; and in a State where the form of justice is in itself so new, and its administration so absolute, it is doubly revolting to find it already clogged by abuses which the most venerable age could not justify, and thwarted by a venality which the most violent party-spirit could not excuse. In the suspicious temper of the government, which starts by presupposing no man honest, half a dozen base-born hirelings, intended, beside their avowed vocation, to act as spies on each other and all around them, are thrust into a department which cannot honestly occupy more than one functionary, and there kept on wretched stipends, the sum total of which would not maintain more than one of the party. Nor need it be supposed that these worthies sit with their hands before them—why should they? The crown makes its own paper; pens and ink, such as they are, are cheap; sand is plentiful; and all things in Russia being valued according to their numerical amount, it follows that the greater the number of stamped sheets on which a decision can be spread out, the more just and satisfactory, arithmetically speaking, must that decision be. But the pay of his paltry office is not what the Russian subaltern even affects to regard as the mainstay of his existence; where he receives one rouble from the government he reckons on ten from the public, who know that their slender hope of justice, or better chance of evasion, depends on 'the gift' they bring. But Captain Jesse has given us so lively a picture of the true *Chinovnik* that we cannot do better than introduce it:—

'I was now recommended to bestir myself about my passport, which, from its being for the interior, would take some time as well as trouble to procure. In applying for it I had an opportunity of observing one of the numerous methods adopted by the government of raising the wind through the medium of stamped papers. All business in the public offices and courts of justice is carried on in writing, and no communication is received by the head of a department unless the document has the imperial eagle upon it. The price of the lowest stamped paper on which official business is transacted is about seven pence of our money; and when the extent to which the system of "bureaucratie" is carried is carefully considered, it will be evident that the sums raised in this manner must form an important item in the revenue. The vexatious delays I had experienced in procuring my Crimean passport were few in comparison with what I encountered on this occasion. The first step it was necessary to take in so intricate an affair was to go to the police-office with my "carte-de-séjour." Before this document, however, could be forwarded to the police-master, it was requisite that it should be accompanied by a petition, and, as I could not write Russ, I had to look about the office for one of the numerous scribes who make a livelihood by inditing these official "billets-doux." This was of course drawn out upon

upon a stamp; and having given in the two papers I departed, with an intimation that I might "call again to-morrow." Three hours were consumed in this preliminary step. The next morning, at the appointed hour, I was again at the office; and after having had the satisfaction of seeing the hand of the cuckoo-clock describe two circles, an understrapper announced to me the agreeable intelligence that I might follow him. Keeping close to his heels, we threaded, or rather pushed, our way through a crowd of petitioners, all of the lower orders, until my companion confronted me with a man in a green coat with brass buttons—the civil uniform. This was only a *Chinovník* (i.e. an under-clerk); though, judging by his important manner, he might have been Count Benkendorf himself. I now observed that a third document had been appended to the two I left the day before: this being, as usual, on a stamp, I paid for it; and, in the official catechism that followed, the gentleman in green was so pre-occupied, that he *forgot* to give me my change. The official jackal now took me to at least ten different persons, who signed and countersigned each paper; and, after wheeling in and out of almost every room but the one I wished to get into, the principal one, I was brought back to my absent friend with the brass buttons; here I had to pay for another stamped paper, and have the "change taken out of me" again: my silent submission to this roguery procured me a low bow, with a request to leave the papers with him, and "call again to-morrow." Before I left the office I was informed that this delay was to give the police time to inquire whether there were any claims against me in the town for debt. The following day I was once more at my post; but this time it was evident that the legal (though not the illegal) forms and demands had been complied with. My papers lay duly arranged upon the table, but the man in green paid no attention to me; and though many applicants were successful, the crowd around him appeared to increase rather than diminish. I soon saw how matters stood; and feeling certain that, unless I followed the example of those who had retired, I should again be desired to "call again to-morrow," I put my hand into my pocket, a sign manual which this purveyor of signatures perfectly understood, and we effected an amicable exchange. Handing me the papers, he pocketed the silver with the most perfect "sang froid," telling me, as he dropped the fifty-two-copeck pieces into his pocket, that the "imperial salary would not keep him in boots."—vol. ii. p. 2.

He adds shortly after, 'the person in the present instance had accumulated a fortune that his net salary for one hundred years would never have amounted to.'

If such was the annoyance and extortion experienced by a passing traveller in obtaining a mere every-day formula, some idea may be gathered of the miseries suffered by those whose whole existence is at the mercy of these creatures. Many indeed are the unfortunate individuals who have been stripped of the very fortune it was their object to save, in the vain attempt to pay their way up the ladder of Russian justice, at every round of which a higher

fee, in proportion to the rank of the official, is exacted. Such also is the awful majority of those who 'turn aside after lucre, and take bribes, and pervert judgments'—such the bond of iniquity between them—that many a *wrongheaded* exception has been known to throw up his sole means of maintenance, rather than remain to witness practices of which he can in no other shape manifest his detestation.

But though the general aspect of judicial administration be thus bad, there is no one portion so bad as that immediately connected with the affairs of the Crown. For in proportion to the loyalty assumed does the spirit of dishonesty prosper. Hence the extensive and peculiar department of procedure originating in the immensity of the Imperial domains, and the numerous monopolies in which the Crown is engaged, may be considered the very school and pattern of all other abuses. In every government of the empire will be found individuals of good birth and standing, who, either as administrators of estates, superintendents of factories, or in some other relation of dependence or partnership, are induced to enter into immediate connexion with the Crown. Nevertheless, the instances of those who have suffered in this unequal league are so numerous that the caution, 'Beware of having anything to do with the Crown,' now amounts to a current proverb, and is among the first counsels a prudent father will give his son upon entering life. For a time such alliances may prosper; but sooner or later, a word of offence, a just reprimand, or an indignant reprehension to any one of the myriads of subalterns who tread on each other's heels in the zeal to scan the conduct of others, is too surely followed by some new application of the same old trickery—a scheme which can hardly ever fail to succeed where ostentatious loyalty is the usual veil for the grossest malignity, and where suspicion exposes its object to as much inconvenience as elsewhere conviction. An *information* once laid, however hitherto unimpeachable the party, the Russian law, which supposes all men to be guilty till they prove themselves innocent, obliges the accused at any cost to await the issue. The first announcement of hostilities is in the shape of a sequestration of all the real property of the individual denounced—for in such matters the Crown is understood never to lose a kopeck—which done, its myrmidons are let loose to investigate the facts. Now is the time to improve their opportunities, and to probe how much the victim will endure before he makes up his mind to compromise the matter upon such terms as *their* consciences may fix. Their business, as we said, is to investigate the facts and report on the case; and in Russia this can be no otherwise accomplished than by quartering themselves in the house of
the

the accused—in the very heart of his family. At first a mask of courtesy and civility is worn; nay, even a friendly compassion for the hardship of the case is assumed—as the best plan, if there be anything to conceal, to throw the party off his guard. Even while the smooth deceit is kept up, it is not the most agreeable thing in the world to have a couple or more of coarse-minded and coarse-bodied fellows stationed at your board, mixing with your friends, and intruding on your privacy whenever they may think proper. But this does not last long. If the individual *in question* be so obstinate as not to criminate himself by fair means, foul are quickly resorted to. If cajolery will not catch him, provocation may. The veil of courtesy, therefore, is discarded for a demeanour of the utmost insolence. The control over the house is assumed—the substance is wasted—the orders countermanded—the retinue insulted—the family itself is expelled from one apartment after another, to make room for the caprices, or even the *vices*, of their persecutors; while, with the double trial of annoyance for the present and anxiety for the future, the wretched host, who knows that both are equally at their mercy, has only the prospect of endurance *ad libitum*, or the alternative of a bribe, which, if not up to the measure of *their* extortion, will serve as the most direct evidence of *his* guilt.

Meanwhile all the farce of business is carrying forward by those whose interest it is to spin out the investigation, and with it the enjoyment of comfortable board and lodging, as long as possibly may be contrived. To give some idea of the pace at which they proceed, we need only say that a couple of these menial despots will spend more than *six months* in making merely an inventory of the stock in trade or farming implements, with descriptions of the various buildings and fixtures. It is true the length and breadth, the height and thickness of every wall and roof are measured, and compared with the equally conscientious official bequest of the last spies who equally persecuted the last occupant. And here, if a tile be wanting, or a morsel of cement be displaced—and Russian cement is not so tenacious as Roman—each is regularly entered as matter of complaint. Every implement, down to the billet-wood in the yard, is formally counted, examined, and reported. A chopping-block is ‘large in circumference, rough at the edges, and to all appearance solid,’ (very much like our good friend the ‘Conversations Lexicon’): a stable-bench is described as ‘so many feet, so many inches long and broad, with *four legs and no ears* ;’ and milk-tubs as ‘*little machines with ears and no legs*.’ Some little *pitchers* with *long ears* of our acquaintance, not specified in this catalogue, would have known better.

Not to take a leaf out of their book by lengthening our story, such cases are sometimes known to drag on through seven years!—a sure proof that the defendant rests on his own innocence, and will adopt no short cut to release; during which time he has to dance an expensive attendance at St. Petersburg—is referred from court to court—bandied from one great man to another—knows that his family are in distress, and has no money to send them—that a child is dead, and dares not quit his post of vexation to console the mother—lies down every night on his weary pillow with the dispiriting conviction that his cause is not advanced one iota, and that the longer the issue is protracted the less will it compensate for his detention; till, embittered in mind, aged with care, and broken in fortune, he receives an acquittal which comprises neither indemnification for the wrong, nor punishment for the wrong-doer. Not seldom the whole matter terminates with a formal declaration—for Russian justice does not hesitate to convict herself—signed by the highest court in the empire, *that there were no grounds whatsoever from beginning to end for the accusation.*

We have no occasion to asseverate the truth of this case: we have drawn the picture from life; and those who know Russia will recognise every line. Such instances as these, which are seen repeating themselves with more or less aggravation throughout the empire, enable the spectator to account in some degree for the deadly and growing hatred with which this misnamed middle class is regarded; while the sacred name of loyalty being taken in vain by a set of rogues who spend their lives and mend their fortunes in uttering base moral counterfeits, infinitely more destructive to the interests of the community than any adulteration of the coin of the realm, has well nigh debased the quality itself to the level of those who thus abuse it. By an edict of his present majesty—who, in his policy towards this class, is with his eyes wide open following up that mistake of which Peter the Great could not foresee the result—the *éclat* of a personal nobility has been conferred upon the higher steps of his official hierarchy—a more extended and less discriminate distribution of orders has been introduced—thus strengthening every incitement to paltry ambition and show of petty dignity, without any increase of those means which might maintain either. That a measure tending thus directly to give them ideas to which their fortunes bear no relation—to foster a miserable pride, the very antithesis of an honest independence, and moreover calculated to excite the most dangerous unkindness between these *parvenus* and the old nobility of the land—that such a measure should have been the deliberate act of a monarch whose interest and professed aim it is

to consolidate the middle ranks of his empire, must seem perfectly incomprehensible. But though the higher Russians are fond of talking of their growing middle class, and boast of the enactments made in its favour, as if they were some compensation for those still wanting—the autocratical devices attach to this estate none of the qualities which elsewhere constitute its greatest power and pride—of which indeed the utter exemption from all the parade of outer rank is not the least. Nor is this evil redeemed by any benefit, present or future, to the serf. As Captain Jesse remarks, ‘The new nobility have gained by the common routine of army promotion the same titles and immunities as are possessed by the old, and the State knows no difference between them. These men are certain to stand by the system that has made them, and oppose every question of reform regarding the tenure of land, emancipation of the serfs, or any other modification of their newly-acquired privileges which the others might be willing to advance.’ (Vol. ii. p. 224.)

Regarding orders, Voltaire says, ‘It is a badge they carry about them, that commands the veneration of the populace—a mark of honour, which costs the sovereign nothing, and which flatters the vanity of subjects, without adding to their power.’ This would be all very well, if Russia were a patient which required to be lulled into torpor, instead of braced into energy. As it is, we should be inclined to suggest the difficulty of flattering the vanity of a nation without undermining a better feeling, and that a badge which commands the veneration of the populace must effectually add to the power of the possessor. ‘It is an ill wind that blows no good,’ and Russia is a warning to other nations, that the satisfaction of bestowing rewards which cost the giver nothing is a dear pleasure in the end. But in truth the very honesty of the motive at the outset may be questioned, when it is known that the sum paid into the treasury, where brass medals are more plentiful than silver roubles, at each investiture, is such that many decline the expensive distinction.

Whoever has partaken of that dead-hearted feeling, that positive dejection of spirit which must follow any considerable observation of the social system in Russian, finds it refreshing to turn to the sturdy masses of the peasantry, whose position places them, no matter whether above or below, at all events without the pale of such influences as these. Safe by the very fetters they wear from the artificial experiments of the crown—enjoying, as far as it goes, a healthy sphere of expansion, and removed, by their dependence on their lords, from any frequent contact with the laws of the State, we repeat that in this class alone the elements of loyalty and promise of civilisation are found in vigour. But at the same

same time we cannot allow the nobility the full benefit of this argument : for it is an incontrovertible fact, that in other qualities, equally as in these, they are beneath their boors. Unlike his serf, the Russian noble rarely respects anything that is national. He depreciates the real merits of his country—apostatizes from her real virtues—abjures her rich and energetic language—and, in short, glories in nothing that belongs to her, except her domination. His aim in rebellion has no reference either to her wants or her resources. His help, when obedient, is not the co-operation of conviction. Profiting generally of the imperial rage for the outer semblance of civilization, to graft only its sapless branches, its mere fashionable luxuries, upon his own barbarity—the Russian noble, even if not tainted by the all-pervading corruption of *place*, is too ignorant to form any schemes of real benefit to the country. Of what materials are the Russian rebellions composed? Of the most villanous designs, or the most impracticable visions—of men whose sole aim is self-aggrandisement, or whose philanthropy is but a name or a disguise for imbecile folly?

Again, the crown invariably heaps upon its ministers and superior servants more vocations than any one individual can possibly fill ; and thus, whilst the drudges of office have leisure in plenty for their machinations, their *chef* has not a moment for the barest circumspection. Hence also arises that inveterate disorder which characterises every department of public business. One noble personage, for example, unites in his weather-beaten person as many functions as would amply occupy half-a-dozen stronger officers. Commander-in-chief of the Army, Aide-de-camp General, head of the whole gens-d'armes of the empire—head of the whole police of the empire—head of the secret police of the crown—member of the council—member of the senate,—all the noble count's spare moments are further ingeniously filled up with the office of censor to the theatres, which includes the obligation of reading every play before acting ; and, lastly—we lose our breath in the enumeration—with the charge of the emperor's person, including not only participation at every *fête*, review, parade, and masked ball, but corporal attendance in the emperor's carriage, or kибитка, in his majesty's 'whirlwind expeditions' from Tobolsk to Warsaw, from Finland to the Black Sea. When, besides all this, it is remembered that the military service is one of ceaseless punctilio and immense bodily fatigue, that the civil one is encumbered in the way we have described, and that in Russia there are no such things as *sinecures*, some faint idea may be gathered of how much there is to do, and how little there can be done by the most responsible officers.

Those

Those who, like the excellent nobleman to whom we have alluded, endeavour by the devotion of their whole time and energies to master their many-headed employments, soon become as dispirited in mind as they are exhausted in body: for not only does the sum total of their duties surpass their powers, but, in that which they might accomplish, they find themselves sore let and hindered by the negligences and perversions of other bureaux. '*On nous perd le tems, tantôt avec des méchancetés, tantôt avec des bêtises,*' was the remark of one of the highest in birth and talents in the empire. To this false standard of exertion the emperor's own unremitting but injudicious efforts have not a little contributed: for, instead of remedying an evil obvious to the simplest observation, he has lent the whole weight of his own Herculean frame and will to uphold and justify a measure of personal taxation which his Majesty, perhaps, is alone qualified by Nature to fulfil.

The character of the present Czar—for having crept through the various steps to the throne, we find ourselves on a level with that pedestal which sustains the awful Majesty of Russia—is one which must excite lively curiosity, and will repay careful investigation; but the result, we think, must be, that he is remarkable rather in the stern exercise of a few sound moral qualities than from the possession of any extraordinary powers or talents. His firmness is unalterable—his industry unfailing—his justice, as it emanates from himself, strict—his preferences steady—his consistency rigid. He brought with him to the throne 'a strong will and a mind of activity.' Not a few will say, here are already the prime materials of a great man! But we have added neither the cultivation of mind that should lead to clear views and sound judgment, nor the native intelligence that might supply the place. And both these necessary qualities being failing, those we have enumerated are as often seen violently impelled in a wrong direction as in a right—as often expending their strength in the rectification of mere nonsenses, as in wrestling with deep-rooted errors. As was said of him by one of the most enlightened and, moreover, loyal of his own nobility, '*Pour bien faire du bien il y a trois qualités essentielles—la puissance, la bonne volonté, et la connaissance—il possède les deux premières, mais il lui manque la dernière—en un mot, il est IGNORANT.*'

The emperor's chief characteristic is power of will—not that firmness upon principle and conviction which bears gentleness and repose as its outer synonyme, but that absolute inflexibility of persistence and purpose which under one aspect shows itself majestic, under another puerile. In the one light we may view his conscientious, however ill-directed, desire to promote the good of his people—

people—his own intense application, both mental and physical—his undaunted perseverance through all obstacles; and last, though not least, his control over a nature in which all the rude violence of his ancestors appeared originally to be revived and embodied. In the other, we cannot but consider the degrading frivolity and extravagance of his court—the emptiness and vanity in which his own family have been educated—the child's play of his military tastes—the immense importance attached to the length of a spur or the breadth of a button; strange diversity of symptoms, but the source still the same!

It is matter of surprise among the Russians themselves, who are not much in the habit of reasoning on such subjects, that the strength of will and frequent excellence of purpose which now distinguish his Majesty should have remained altogether unmanifested down to the time of his accession. When Grand Duke Nicholas, the latent Emperor was little suspected. No one indeed disputed the morality of his domestic life; but the irascibility of his temper, and the abruptness of his manners, held out inducements neither to the worthy nor to the unworthy to approach him, and he was, in fact, popular in no circle. With regard to his temper, no revolution in Russia was ever more unforeseen than that which took place in the bosom of the new Monarch, who, impressed with a religious sense of his responsibilities, felt an inducement to self-control which had never before existed. Not that the comparative moderation of this august personage would be greatly appreciated by those who are unacquainted with the real brutality of hasty passion which is so common among the higher classes of Russia; nevertheless, it is a noble thing to say of him, that the strength of his absolute will was first exercised upon himself.

After all, it is very questionable whether an infusion of gentler virtues would benefit the community, such as it now is. Hitherto, with one exception, the Russian monarchs have been as barbarous as their age, and, with the same exception, as corrupt. But it may be doubted whether the soft heart of *Alexander the Blessed* did not entail as many vital mistakes as the wilful head of his brother. Both evince the same thorough devotion to their people—with this difference, that the one's aim was to enfranchise them, the other's is to discipline them. Alexander's character was highly Christian and chivalrous—his successor's is rather that of a stern self-denying pagan hero. Alexander was pre-eminently in advance of his age, and therefore *not* national—Nicholas is the ideal type of his people, the most faithful representative of their virtues and their vices. The same love of exhibition which characterises the Russian nation is nowhere seen stronger than in
the

the person of their Emperor ; and while he astounds all strangers, and captivates most, by the dazzling splendour of his court, they little suspect what filthy rags compose the under-garments of the State. Moreover, misled by the very system of parade he himself upholds, no one is a firmer believer than his Majesty—we question whether any are so firm—in the magnificent statements set forth by the official estimates respecting the increased prosperity and multiplying production of the empire—one-half of which, were it strictly true, would preclude the necessity, and well nigh the possibility, of a much greater advance. So far from this being the case, there is no department of Russian industry, the humble range of the peasant always excepted, where the element of spontaneity is traceable. On the contrary, the present commercial activity seems rather a prescribed part which the nation has learnt by rote—a fountain supplied by artificial means, whose waters will dry the moment those cease.

It is truly pitiable to see so much power and zeal thus mis-spent, though it need hardly be repeated that his Majesty himself gives the chief impulse to this factitious system by the prodigies he attempts ; which, as a necessary consequence in such a state, are repeated with more pretension and less success by all the subordinate rulers. Such were the truly righteous intentions with which Nicholas ascended the throne, that he formed the resolution, easier made than kept, of himself inspecting the reports of *every criminal case*. The number of which proved to be such, that had his Majesty given his attention to this department exclusively, and that without intermission for the four-and-twenty hours round, there would have remained to him only an average of two minutes and a half to devote to each document. At best, till more confidence can be placed in the working departments, the office of chief can be but superficially performed. We are far, indeed, from questioning the sincerity of devotion which so many millions recognise in his majesty's fiery-paced journeys and forced marches through all parts of his dominions. The thorough purification of any one channel of the legislature would, however, work more beneficially upon the whole, than the present slovenly brushings-up which alone the most zealous subdivision of his time can permit him to bestow on the many distant sinks in the empire. 'Driven by the necessity of seeing things with his own eyes, he spends,' so says Captain Sterling's little offset from the tree of knowledge, 'a great portion of his time on the wing, in rapid journeys through the provinces.' Very true ; but he at most succeeds in seeing the mere externals of things, which in nine cases out of ten have nothing beyond that to recommend them. His national foible, that love of exhibition we have mentioned, multiplies itself in numberless

berless aspects through a people who are proverbially fonder of show than of substance; and, we believe, the thought that his Majesty himself may at any time pop in, or pass through, excites far more of the parade of obedience than the principle of honesty. We all know that in every situation of authority, whether public or private, a generous willingness to place confidence in those beneath us is an absolute *sine quâ non*. Were there twenty Czars of Russia, and those all as active as Nicholas, it would not obviate the necessity for confidence, and consequently for honesty. These two qualities are so nearly allied that it is difficult to decide which begets the other. Now there may be much latent honesty in the people, but it is obvious that there is not one grain of confidence in the government. The state keeps its subordinates poor, in order to secure their dependence—a very grievous mistake. If all the money spent in these ineffectual journeys—but a tithe of that lavished in the most reckless court extravagance—were applied in augmenting the salaries of an ill-paid middle class, a different principle would immediately arise. A Russian proverb says, '*Skupost ne glupost*,' i.e. 'covetousness is no foolishness,'—but, however its immediate application in certain splendid palaces overlooking the Neva may be justified, it is plain it works but badly in the humbler lodgings of public business.

It is true the sudden apparition of the Emperor in the uttermost parts of his empire, and the knowledge that, like the lowest of his subjects, he minds neither heat nor cold, fatigue nor hunger, excites a magnificent enthusiasm amongst those very classes, and tells well in other lands; but, as to the more immediate practical ends he has in view, the good results are but skin-deep—nay, even the very abuses which his Majesty sees with his own fine eyes, and rectifies with the *vivâ voce* ukas of his own tongue, are reinstated before the post-horses that whirled him away are returned to the same station. The contempt attending his orders, the number of instances of officers either not fulfilling or exceeding their instructions, is more than would be credited beneath the terror of an absolute government. Where the subject is likely to meet his attention at every turn, there, of course, the most scrupulous fulfilment takes place; but where the grievance is remote from sight, and, above all, where the rectification has already lashed the imperial temper into certain alarming indications, there the transgression may be renewed with impunity.

A flagrant instance of this kind may be cited in the conduct of M. Ouvaroff—a minister whom even the Russians do not scruple to call '*un grand Bavard*'—towards the University of Dorpat, of which Captain Sterling makes mention. On this occasion the venerable

venerable Baron Bruning, then Marshal of the Livonian noblesse, himself repaired to St. Petersburg, and there, in the Imperial presence, pleaded the rights of the University as openly, and denounced M. Ouvaroff as boldly, as if he had been haranguing his brother barons in the Ritter-Haus at Dorpat. At last the Emperor, much annoyed at the exposure, assured to him the restitution of their rights, and, reprimanding the Minister of Public Instruction in no measured terms, broke up the conference with some temper. Upon this, the Russians, who had hitherto looked upon Bruning's heroic expostulation as a piece of fool-hardiness only calculated to make bad worse, now hailed the venerable patriot with respect, and began to doubt whether, after all, honesty might not be the better policy. But alas!—scarce was the old Baron returned to his countrymen, who almost deified him as their successful champion, than the identical obnoxious measures were reinforced. It may be easily credited that, after the promises made to Bruning, no one could be encouraged to a second trial. Nevertheless, there is not an individual in the province who does not exonerate his Majesty from all participation in this breach of faith.

It is impossible to withhold respect from a monarch who in no way spares himself—who, as the expression goes, '*se met en quatre pour son devoir*,' and often excites the astonishment of the hardiest soldiers by his immense powers of activity and endurance. Like a second Saul he soars above his subjects 'from the shoulders upwards,' or, like his better prototype Agamemnon—

'Majestically tall,
'Towers o'er his armies and outshines them all—'

(and the moral similitude with both monarchs might be further carried out), while his strength appears to be of an equally colossal standard. His Majesty can sleep anywhere, and eat anything; or he can watch and he can fast if needful; till, measuring the powers of others by his own, the health of the officers immediately under him are frequently sacrificed to their over-exertions. At the same time ludicrous instances have occurred of gentlemen of highly apoplectic inclinations, whose lives have been considerably lengthened by the anti-plethoric requirements of the Emperor's service.

With this frame of strength, and utter absence of all sentiment in the mental structure also, there is no fear that the health of Nicholas should be affected by the same causes which undermined that of the more sensitive Alexander. For we are not of those who believe that the life of the latter was cut short by the hand of a Taganrog assassin:—we blame the slow poison

of

of perpetual disappointment, which turned to gall and bitterness a mind naturally overflowing with the milk of human kindness. This did not display itself so much in his private relations, as in the public acts of the last years of his reign, which were marked by a spirit of great severity. Throwing himself into the army, where he well knew all sympathies to be swallowed up in discipline, he there by the most rigid regulations appeared to revenge himself upon the wilfulness of Russian mankind, who had returned him evil for good, and 'would none of it.' Different as are the characters of the two brothers, we should be inclined to impute somewhat of the same soured motives to the present Emperor in his increasing and most senseless military mania—a mania which seems ominous, for it has marked the last days of both his predecessors. Unlike his brother, however, Nicholas's affections are engrossed in his domestic circle—or at least have been. Her Majesty, indeed, was never known to meddle in state affairs; but the circumstance of her being the first king's daughter who ever mounted the throne of Russia, and that king the late King of Prussia, was considered in some small degree to supply the absence of that essential element—public opinion.

As to any influence upon the tone of society in general, her present Majesty's domestic habits have been about as beneficial to the cause of morality in Russia, as the Empress Elizabeth's repugnance to shedding blood was to the cause of humanity. Not that the private example of an Imperial Russian matron is unavailing upon the classes immediately around her; on the contrary—it is all-despotic; but her Majesty, not considering that all that is sin in appearance is sin in reality, and that it is infinitely less harmful to public morality that vice should assume the mask of virtue than that virtue should sport in the garb of vice, has spread over Russian society a mantle of frivolity, wide enough to screen the vices as well as the follies of her female subjects. The Empress Catherine II., and the present, stand in strange conjunction and opposition—the one was all vice, the other is all purity; yet who may say that she who rendered vice less odious has done more harm to the women of Russia than she who renders virtue less lovely? Catherine II. 'drew sin as it were with a cart-rope;' but alas! the present illustrious matron has hooked the 'cords of vanity' on to the car of virtue. The one deserves the execrations of her fellow-creatures, but the other gives matter to make the angels in heaven weep! It is no paradox to say that had the present Empress been less virtuous, her example had been less pernicious.

Enough, perhaps, of a subject which 'it better suits you to conceive than us to speak of.' No one can give a glance at the state of

of the high society in Russia without deeply deploring that, in borrowing all the extravagance and vanity—in short all the empty froth which everywhere encumbers the cup of civilisation—they have managed to appropriate so little of the precious elixir beneath.

But in our investigation of the various strata of Russian soil most congenial to the growth of civilisation, we have hitherto omitted one of the most important—the only sound national element, indeed, that intervenes between the sovereign and the serf—viz. the ancient national church. It is absurd, nay worse, profane, to ascribe solely to the ignorance or indifference of the people the sturdy maintenance of the national religion throughout all ages and all changes. That the Greek church has never taken the lead in temporal affairs is matter of gratulation in a country where liberty has suffered, and still suffers, persecution under every form save that of religion; but that it should at all have impeded the country in the race of advancement is an idea utterly without foundation. On the contrary, as the progress of the nation, to be safe, must be strictly *national*, the church in her passive immobility may be looked upon as a fortunate dead weight, to counterbalance that restless, fermenting irritation which so many imprudent ‘skips and bounds’—attempts to run before they could walk—have excited. Besides this, to say nothing of the moral value of her existence, she has been the faithful guardian of those stores of language and history which increasing intelligence and civilisation will duly appreciate.

It is a pleasing fact that the Russian clergy are among the most improving classes in the empire, and that the present generation (like our own) are entering upon their duties with much more enlightened and solemn views. On occasion of the crown-prince attaining his majority, the emperor, as another specimen of the deficiency of the last of those three qualities we referred to a few pages back, directed that his heir should take his place in the deliberations of the Synod in order to acquaint himself with the forms of their business. But, tacitly reprimanding the absolute monarch for the assumption of rights not his to confer, the Synod peremptorily refused to admit the young prince. There is no doubt but that the Russian Greek church is encumbered with a crust of superstitions and non-essential observances which greatly obscures its light: nevertheless, among its enemies, the most embittered will be found those whose vehemence against its errors is only equalled by their indifference for its truths. And we refer especially to the most loud of its denunciators, viz. the Russian Lutheran church, whose own spiritual condition unfortunately offers the strongest argument in favour of its antagonist. For who will not prefer a soil choked
with

with rubbish, to one too sterile for even the weeds of faith to find nourishment? Is it more painful for the Scriptural believer to view the genuflexions—triple crossings, shifting of garments, &c., in the Greek service—all of which *have* a spiritual meaning—or even the prostration to saints, or, the most absurd of all, the spitting into a pan of charcoal at a baptism to exorcise the devil—than to attend a church where not the least symptom of outward reverence is observed—where not a syllable of Scripture is introduced in the Liturgy—where the Ober-pastor, or head-minister, mounts the pulpit only to extinguish any stray gleams of faith in his audience, by a sermon of very questionable moral benefit, and of worse than Socinian tendency—and where, to close the scene worthily, that same Ober-pastor, that same Sunday evening, receives from his partner across the card-table his honorarium for the administration of the Sacrament, together with the gains of his last rubber!

The history and state of the Greek church are so deeply interesting, that it would have been a great acquisition to his work if Captain Jesse had applied himself, even at the expense of a page or two on the Macrocephali, to a closer investigation of a subject on which his conclusions are hastily drawn and carelessly expressed.

Upon the whole, we rise from the perusal of this work, as from that of most of its predecessors, with the firm impression that the motives and policy of the Russian government may be summed up under two principles. The one, that of ascertaining what every individual in the empire is about—the other that of supplying that gorged leviathan, the Russian army, with a perpetual succession of human victims. Whatever the ukas or institution, however ostensibly humane, religious, or politic, one or other of these aims is distinctly traceable. The rules for registering and reporting births—the legal obligation of taking the Sacrament once a-year—the difficulties in obtaining a pass, were it only for a native family to move into the next government—the civil formalities which accompany the mere changing of a servant—the very entries in the post-houses—with a host of other regulations, all cloaked more or less beneath the specious garb of public security—will be found to bear upon the first;—while the insatiable thirst for soldier-making is so obvious, that to illustrate it we need only mention the maintenance of the foundling hospitals both at St. Petersburg and at Moscow upon a scale unprecedented elsewhere—all consideration of their demoralising tendency yielding to that of the constant recruitage thus supplied to the army.

Captain Jesse, having mixed very little in the native society, has reserved to himself the privilege of unrestrained speech; and his

his is the only recent book of any importance on Russia in which such is the case; but the advantage here is less than may be at first glance surmised. The sacrifices and suppressions to which the traveller, who domesticates himself with the nation, is compelled by his sense of private friendship, are amply compensated by the light he is enabled to throw on other subjects; while the very sense of isolation in a multitude, which an opposite system entails, is apt to fill the note-book with details of those petty discomforts to which, under these circumstances, the stranger is doubly exposed. Nor is this independence by any means the guarantee for right impressions or right reports. On the contrary, there are in every country a number of false anecdotes current like bad coin, which the foreigner thus situated runs the risk of pocketing, without any suspicion of their having been rejected by all others. We overheard a worthy German, who had shortly before made a journey through England, lecturing an untravelled circle on the tenacity of forms in this country, and seriously stating, among other *facts*, that a gentleman actually refused to help a lady out of a piece of water where she ran every risk of being drowned, not because he could not swim, or was afraid of wetting his feet, but because he had not been introduced to her! We fancy we can detect sundry anecdotes of the same class in Captain Jesse's work; and here is one which, not being the fruit of his own observation, we have less hesitation in noticing. Speaking of the terrors of the secret police, he relates the following circumstance,

'which happened to a Swedish ambassador at Petersburg a few years ago. This gentleman, meeting the Benkendorf of his day in the street, asked him in a casual way whether he had heard anything of a Swede lately arrived in the capital, whom he was anxious to see on business. "I do not know his name," said the ambassador, "*but he is of such an age, height, and appearance.*" The *chef de police* knew him not, but promised to make inquiries. About three weeks after this they met again. "Ah, bon jour," said the *mouchard*; "I have got your man; we have had him in prison a fortnight." "My man!" said the astonished diplomat, "what man?" "Why, the one you inquired for about three weeks ago; did you not want him arrested?"'—Jesse, vol. ii. p. 217.

If any Swedish ambassador ever gave the head of the secret police so minute a description of an individual, there could be little doubt what his intentions were; in fact the only part of the anecdote which we must at once reject is its *point*—to wit, the reality of his astonishment.

These volumes conclude with some careful tables of Russian measurements, weights, and money; and what may prove to some a useful

a useful vocabulary of those Russian words of most frequent occurrence; though the unceremonious amalgamation of many words into one reminds us of a similar liberty taken in a Russian-Anglo dialogue-book, where what are supposed to be our national terms of greeting are thus compactly rendered: "Howdodo, makeshakehans, toyorhellit, gubbye."

We cannot part with Captain Jesse without once more thanking him for much interesting information—more especially on the military system of Russia. It is to be hoped that on future occasions he will learn to keep his mess-table propensity to eternal merriment under better restraint; and if so, we think him not unlikely to earn a very respectable rank among the living classics of the United Service. Meanwhile we must turn to another author, whose name we have not yet mentioned—but who, nevertheless, has been much in our thoughts ever since we began our article.

If some writers, from the minute accuracy of their details, have been likened to such painters as Mieris, Jan Steen, &c., M. Kohl's work on St. Petersburg is nothing less than the *Daguerreotype* itself. He has really given us St. Petersburg by winter and by summer—by day and by night—with its Neva, canals, quays, markets, shops, and houses—each swarming with its respective population, not stiffly drawn as if sitting for their picture, but caught in full life and movement, song, laugh, and talk—hit off in every shade and grade of mind, habit, speech, and costume—under every aspect of feasting and fasting, buying and selling, driving and walking, idling and working, teaching and learning, baptising, marrying, and burying—and all with a truth and vivacity which it would be impossible to surpass. No doubt, when M. Kohl departs from his happy delineation of nature, he indulges in a few profound speculations regarding the destination of a cannon-ball, &c., and occasional elaborate exemplifications of everyday truisms, which sufficiently betray his nation; but these are of too rare occurrence to injure the interest of the work even with us, and of course they will give it an additional value in the eyes of his own countrymen. At all events he has richly redeemed the promise of his title-page, 'Petersburg in Pictures and Sketches,' for the work is truly a succession of the most lively pictures, all agreeing in general truth and style, and yet each so distinct with individual character, that we can imagine no reader likely to be so deeply interested and gratified with its pages as a Russian himself—which is more than can be said of most modern books relating to Russia. In such a varied and extensive field the only difficulty becomes that of selection—especially as in a large octavo work of above

seven

seven hundred pages of the closest German print, we find every third page marked with our own hieroglyphics as worthy of a second reading. We must, therefore, content ourselves with translating such passages as bear more especially on the peculiar locality of St. Petersburg, with the addition of a few specimens from its street life. But, be it observed that, as M. Kohl, like a true painter, has drawn chiefly from the unsophisticated masses of the people, without being led aside to dwell upon the composite and artificial features of upper life, and as St. Petersburg is not the home, but the passing refuge, of his favourite Moujiks and Istvostchicks, his lively description of these classes may be regarded as the standard of low life throughout all the *national* portion of the empire.

Upon the Pindaric principle we commence with the Neva :—

‘ For half the year the Neva nymph is wrapped in bands of frost. Not till the middle, rarely at the beginning, of April, are the waters sufficiently warm and vigorous to burst their yoke asunder. This moment is awaited with the greatest impatience, and no sooner have the dirty ice-masses urged themselves forward, and laid bare a sufficient space of the stream’s smooth surface to give passage to a boat, than the event is announced to the inhabitants by the roar of cannon from the fortress.

‘ That instant, be it night or day, the commandant of the fortress, in full uniform, and accompanied by all his staff, steps into a richly-decorated gondola, in order to proceed across to the Palace, bearing with him a magnificent crystal goblet filled with the fresh Neva water, as an offering in the name of the Spring from the river-god to the Czar. The commandant announces to his sovereign that the might of the winter is broken, and that a prosperous navigation may be expected ; and then pointing to his gondola moored at the quay—the first swan upon the waters—he presents the Neva goblet, which his Majesty immediately drains to the health and prosperity of his capital. This is the dearest glass of water drunk on the whole surface of the globe—the Emperor, according to established custom, returning it to the commandant filled with gold. Formerly it was literally heaped to the brim with the precious metal, but as, in process of time, the goblets were observed gradually to increase in capacity, so that his Majesty had always more and more water to drink, and more and more gold to pay, the sum was fixed at 200 ducats—an imperial price, after all, for a glass of water.’—*Kohl*, vol. i. p. 37.

Taking us back a few weeks previous to this ceremony, and describing the various stages of thaw and symptoms of decay, he says—

‘ Large holes may now be seen in the ice, while the whole surface is covered with dirty snow-water. The frozen Neva, which, when animated with passing sledges and busy pedestrians, was lively enough to witness, now becomes an oppressive sight to the city, and everybody seems impatient to be rid of its foul crust. Weeks of fine and mild weather now elapse, and still the Neva lies immovable. Compared with

wind and rain, the sun has but little influence upon it—one smart shower, an occurrence hailed with joy by all Petersburg at this time, will do more than three days of sunshine. So long as the water remains standing upon the ice, even when deep enough to swim a horse, passengers still venture over—its disappearance is a sign of the ice having both loosened itself from the shore, and become too porous to sustain the water, and is a sure forerunner of a speedy breaking up. The Neva usually breaks up between the 18th and 26th of April—the oftenest altogether on the 18th of April—*i. e.* ten times in a hundred years. The latest period known was on the 12th of May—once in a hundred years—the earliest on the 18th of March—also once in a hundred years. On the other hand, the Neva generally closes for the winter towards the end of November, generally on the 20th of that month—*i. e.* nine times in a hundred years. In 1826 it did not close till the 26th of December, and in 1805 it was frozen over as early as the 28th of October.—*Ibid.* p. 38.

M. Kohl, being, as a North German, familiar with the phenomenon of the ice-passage, does not describe it here. Though attended with the utmost grandeur of sound and movement, its duration is but short, the river being usually cleared in about twelve hours. But the departure of the river's own ice by no means clears away the troubles of the city. On the contrary, by far the greatest danger and interruption now arise from the enormous masses of ice from the Lake Ladoga in the interior, which rush down the Neva, and, passing through St. Petersburg on their way to the gulf, block up the river for days and even weeks together. Lake Ladoga embraces a space of about 400 square miles. A great portion of its frozen surface is of course absorbed and melted in the lake, but much still remains to be discharged down the Neva, while, the mouth of the lake being contracted and hemmed in with adhesive ice, large masses are kept back, and only detached down the river long after the lake itself is cleared. Our author sets before us, with his peculiar felicity of picture, how, when all St. Petersburg is green with fresh spring and mild with balmy airs, and the Neva speckled with countless boats of pleasure, masses of ice from Lake Ladoga will be seen slowly wending their way along, bearing on their surface the fragments of a peasant's sledge, or the skeleton of some poor horse that had perished in the winter.

His details as to the bridges are very curious. Hitherto all plans for erecting a stone bridge strong enough to resist the violence of the ice, and yet not so heavy as to sink into the swampy foundation, have failed. The Neva is, therefore, only passed by bridges of boats, which in the winter, in order to facilitate the crossing at the main points of traffic, are placed upon the ice itself. Each bridge has its appointed officer and detachment,

detachment, and during the period of thaw their labours are incessant. Such is the immense traffic over these links of the city, and the necessity of communication with the islands on which the Exchange and other important edifices stand, that the Isaac's Bridge has been known to be taken up and put down three times in one day, and as many as three-and-twenty times in one spring! Each of these occasions is of course attended with great expense, so that M. Kohl reckons that the Isaac's Bridge, in the short period of its existence, has already cost more than the massive stone bridge at Dresden during its 300 years' span.

As a proof how wisely national wants and tastes are adapted to the means most plentifully supplied them, our author dwells upon the enormous consumption of ice for household purposes in Russia :—

'The Russians cool all their drinks with ice—iced beverages of various descriptions are commonly sold in the streets throughout the summer—and, not satisfied with their iced water, iced wine, and iced beer, they even drink *iced tea*, substituting for a lump of sugar a similar portion of ice. Their short but astonishingly hot summer would spoil most of their provisions, were it not for the means the winter bequeaths them for counteracting this evil. Ice-houses [or *ice-cellars*, as the Germans more properly call them] are therefore indispensable appendages to every house, and as common with the simple peasant in the country as with the luxurious citizen of Petersburg. In this capital there are no less than 10,000 ice-cellars, and the amount of labour requisite to fill them during the winter may be therefore imagined.'

Reckoning fifty loads of ice as the minimum amount for each ice-cellar, our author gives a return of 500,000 loads, or a load apiece for each inhabitant of the metropolis. Upon the whole he estimates that the consumption of ice does not cost St. Petersburg less than from two to three millions of rubles (*i. e.* from 40,000*l.* to 60,000*l.*) annually—an expense, he adds, which no other capital knows.

The dangers which at all times beset the imperial city, and the chances that the awful powers of nature which lie in ambush around it will one day prevail, are thus stated :—

'The Gulf of Finland stretches in its greatest length in a straight line from Petersburg westward. The most violent winds blow from this quarter, and the waters of the gulf are thus driven direct upon the city. Were the gulf spacious in this part, there would not be so much to apprehend; but unfortunately the shores contract immediately towards Petersburg, which lies at its innermost point; while close to the city the waters lie hemmed in and pent up in the narrow bay of Cronstadt. In addition to this, the Neva, which flows from east to west, here discharges its waters into the gulf, thus encountering the violent waves from the west in a diametrically opposite direction. The islands of the Neva

delta,

delta, on which the palaces of Petersburg take root, are particularly flat and low. On their outer and uninhabited sides towards the sea they completely lose themselves beneath the waters, and even those parts which lie highest, and are consequently most peopled, are only raised from twelve to fourteen feet above the level of the gulf. A rise of fifteen feet is sufficient, therefore, to lay all Petersburg under water, and one of thirty or forty feet must overwhelm the city.

'To bring about this latter disaster nothing more is requisite than that a strong west wind should exactly concur with high water and ice-passage. The ice-masses from the gulf would then be driven landward and those of the Neva seaward, whilst, in this battle of the Titans, the marvellous city, with all its palaces and fortresses, princes and beggars, would be swallowed in the floods like Pharaoh in the Red Sea. Scarce may we speak thus lightly of the future, for in truth the danger lies so near that many a Petersburg heart quails at the thought. Their only hope lies in the improbability of these three enemies, west wind, high water, and ice passage combining against them at one and the same time. Fortunately for them there are sixty-four winds in the compass.

'Had the old Finnish inhabitants of the Neva islands made their observations and bequeathed them to their successors, the average chances would have warned them how often in a thousand years such a combination *must* occur. In short, we shall not be astonished to hear any day that Petersburg, which like a brilliant meteor rose from the Finnish marshes, had just as suddenly been extinguished in the same. God protect it!'—*Ibid.* p. 49.

The hand of man, he adds, can do nothing here. New moles for keeping out the water, and new canals for carrying it off, are talked of and tried, as it were only to show the fruitlessness of such plans, and meanwhile St. Petersburg lies utterly defenceless. So insidious and unforeseen is the rise of the waters, that public means are adopted to warn the city of the danger:—

"When, after a continuation of westerly winds, the water of the Neva is observed to creep round the outermost points of the islands, a cannon is fired from the admiralty, and water-flags hoisted on all towers, to apprise the inhabitants that their city is besieged by the Nereids. As the water increases, the cannon is fired once an hour. As it advances further, and inundates the lower outskirts of the city, the alarm is sounded every quarter of an hour; when it steals into the city itself, signals are repeated every five minutes; and in the last extremity minute guns summon, with desperate cries, every boat to help."

Our author proceeds to give an account of the dreadful inundation of the 17th November, 1824, the worst the city had ever experienced, and the horrors of which are still in every mouth. The waters rose so gently and innocently (*'unschuldig'*) that, in those portions of the city too remote to hear the signals, the inhabitants had no suspicion of what was going forward, and only wondered to see the clear shining pools of water lying in the street

street: thousands, therefore, continued their usual avocations, and hundreds paid for this day's work with their lives. But as soon as the waters had fairly gained possession, they threw off the mask of peace. Lashed into fury by a strong west wind, and bearing all opposition before them, they shot in lengthened currents through the streets, filling the cellars and lower stories, and dashing upwards from the sewers underground in violent columns. Every minute now increased their force and volume. The vehicles on the public stands were lifted from their wheels; those horses which were deserted by their owners perished miserably in their harness, and many owners who stopped to save their horses perished themselves. Stone houses fell, and wooden buildings were lifted entire from their foundations, and with all their contents went driving about the streets. The trees in the squares hung thick with fugitives; cattle and horses were dragged upstairs, on to a second story, and stood in landings and ante-rooms; and many families, whose members the waters had surprised when apart, were doomed never to be re-united. The flood rose for twenty-four hours; and the horrors of the night, with every public lamp extinguished, and no moon, may be faintly conceived. But the distress of this day was surpassed, if possible, by that of the ensuing, when the retreat of the waters showed the extent of the misery. Thousands of human beings had perished; whole rows of houses which had resisted their first fury, now fell down as their foundations were drained from beneath them;—the loss of cattle, furniture, and other property, is estimated at upwards of a hundred millions of rubles, or almost five millions sterling. As a sequel to this, the public distress was wound up to its last pitch by the wasting pestilence which ensued. Dreadful as was this visitation, it was nevertheless tempered with mercy. Had the inundation happened in the spring, the shock of the ice-masses, which no building could have withstood, would have been superadded to the violence of the waters, while the steaming exhalations from the heat of the ensuing summer would have incalculably multiplied the diseases of the survivors. The height of this inundation is designated upon the principal houses, with the date annexed; and our author quaintly observes, 'God grant that the Petersburg house-painters may never earn another rouble by such a job. For every inch higher that they place their mark the city will have had to pay millions more of roubles, and hundreds more of families will have been thrown into mourning.'

But now, though the Neva is far from being exhausted, we must turn to another source and species of mutation.

'The population of this city, from the highest to the lowest classes, is in a state of incessant ebb and flow. The nobility of the land come and

and go; foreigners arrive, settle for a period, and then return to spend their gains in their own countries, leaving new comers to supply their places. The garrison is constantly shifting, the Chinovniks are perpetually transferred from one government to another; while of the lower classes, comprising hundreds of thousands of servants, workmen, carpenters, stonemasons, manufacturers, &c., most are serfs, who, having only a temporary leave of absence from their masters, swarm in the capital for a time, and are then as surely succeeded by hosts of others. Even the *istvostchiks* (the hack drivers) share in the general spirit of circulation which pervades the empire from one end to another, and every few months the *droshky*-seats will be found occupied by new faces from the Don, the Volga, and the Dnieper—who after a time thither disappear again. In one word, Petersburg, like every other city in Russia, is merely a place where, for the better convenience of trade, the various tribes of the population appoint a rendezvous, and not, like our towns, a home where men live and die, and families vegetate, like the house-leek on their roofs, for centuries together. Every ten years the main mass of the population may be considered as quite new.—*Ibid.* p. 119.

He devotes a whole chapter to the *Istvostchiks*. It is calculated that in London there is one driver of a public vehicle for every sixty of the population; and that at St. Petersburg there are 600 for the same number. Mr. Kohl gives the aggregate at pretty nearly this ratio—namely, 8000; and in no city, truly, is their help more requisite. The Russians are not a walking people, and, even if they were, it would help them but little in this great city, where the length of three buildings alone, separated one from the other by a narrow canal, will take a quick walker above five-and-twenty minutes—all, we need not add, on level ground. An individual, therefore, who should make a morning call in one portion of the city, take dinner in a second, and spend his evening in a third, would, without at all diverging from the regions of fashion, spend most of the day on foot. On this account, as well as from the heavy walking occasioned by the dust-like snow in winter, the real dust in summer, and the wretched pavement at all times of the year, there is no wonder that the words '*Davai istvostchik*,' i. e. 'Give here, *istvostchik*,' are so common a sound:—

'This "*Davai*" need scarcely be repeated. In most cases it is sufficient to think it, with a searching glance from the trottoir, to have half a dozen sledges shoot towards you. In a moment the nose-bags are pulled off, the horses reined up, and each *istvostchik* sits ready on his box, each alike confident of being engaged.

'"*Whither, Sudar?*" "*To the admiralty?*" "*I'll take the Sudar for two roubles,*" cries one. "*I for a rouble and a half,*" shouts another; and before you can answer, a third is at your service for half a rouble. Of course you take the cheapest, generally the worst, and resign yourself to a volley of jokes and sarcasms from the party.

"How

“How now, *Batuschka*! why so stingy? what, just for the sake of a few kopeks, to be driven by a ragged old fellow like that!—you’ll stick fast by the way with his three-legged horse. Don’t trust to him; the old greybeard is a regular drunkard; he’s so tipsy now he can’t sit straight. He’ll drive you to the butchers’ shambles, and swear they are the admiralty!” Meanwhile the object of your choice laughs in his beard, and grumbles out “*Nitchevoss*—Nothing at all, *Sudar*; we shall get on very well.”

Most of these *istvostchiks* are Russians from different governments of the empire. The rest of the number are made up of Finns, Estonians, Livonians, Poles, and Germans. They generally come to Petersburg little fellows from twelve to fourteen years of age; engage themselves to some master *istvostchik*; and when they have earned so much money for their masters’ purses that a little stays behind in their own, they purchase a cheap set-out for themselves, and start forthwith on their own foundations. Their craft, like every other craft in Russia, is a free one, and, if hay becomes too dear in Petersburg, they pack their few goods together, make off to the south, and re-appear in the streets of Moscow. Thus they drive on, trying their luck first in one town and then in another, till they have laid by sufficient to remain stationary. In the provincial towns, where hay costs next to nothing, they sport two horses, but in Petersburg their customers must be content with one. With the first approach of winter they gladly draw forth their favourite equipage, the sledge, which they drive on through all the mud of spring as long as a morsel of frozen foundation remains; and not till this is no longer to be felt or imagined do they bring out their summer vehicle, the rattling, clattering *droshky*. No *istvostchik* drives a covered vehicle; the cloaks of the passengers are supposed to afford that protection which elsewhere a carriage-head supplies.

As there is no police regulation for the fares of the *istvostchicks*, the passenger is obliged to make an agreement every time. Upon the whole, however, they are very reasonable, and will drive you a number of wersts for little money. The weather greatly affects their charges, and according also as the day is marked black or red in the Greek calendar are they more or less extortionate. On a feast-day (red) they will not abate a kopek. At noon-tide also, when business is at its height, and the whole population seems driving about, they will hardly take you for two roubles where they would otherwise take you for half a one. But morning and evening they are the most obliging creatures in the world, and will often, out of sheer good temper, put you across the muddy street, from one *trottoir* to another, for nothing.

The different nationalities of the *istvostchiks* are easily recognisable in their different modes of driving and managing their horses. The German is the most rational—[of course]—he speaks seldom, and only communicates with his horse by means of reins or whip. The Finn sits as quiet and immovable on his box as if he were part of it himself, repeating, in long drawn-out tones, “*Nah, nah,*” and varying the intonation of this monosyllable according to the exigencies of the case. The Livonian’s word of command is “*Nùa, nùa,*” uttered only on desperate occasions, when the horse either will go the wrong way, or won’t go at all.

all. The most restless is the Pole, perpetually working up and down on his seat, whistling, hissing, and howling, cracking his whip and jingling his reins. But the most eloquent of all is the Russ. His whip he seldom uses, and generally only knocks with the handle upon the dashing-board, to forewarn his horse, whom he apostrophises as "Brother—little father—my beloved—my little white dove," &c., and with whom he carries on a continual conversation. "Come, my dove, use your feet. What's the matter? are you blind? cheer up, cheer up. There lies a stone—mind what you are about—don't you see it?—all right—bravo—hop—hop—keep to the right—don't look about you—straight on—Hurra! Juch!"—*Ibid.* p. 89.

These *istvostchiks* scarcely ever enter a house. Their own few wants are supplied by the bread, kvass, and tea-sellers in the streets; hay for their horses is furnished bundle-wise in the markets and shops; and the nearest canal gives water. Speaking of the great gaiety of this class, he says, that wherever a number meet together, generally at the corner of a street, all kinds of play, snow-balling, wrestling, and practical jokes go forward, till the '*Davai*' of the pedestrian converts them in a moment into the most zealous rivals. It has a singular effect, he says, to hear the *istvostchiks* singing the songs which they learned in their native woods and steppes unconcernedly beneath the windows of the St. Petersburg palaces; 'and it is worthy of remark that on great public occasions, and in presence of the emperor and his nobles, the jokes, songs, and witticisms of the lower classes are indulged in with greater freedom than they would be with us. There can be no doubt that the Petersburg police is strict, annoying, and despotic; but in the first place it is not so in the degree, and secondly not in the manner, which we suppose.'

Nothing, he says, is more striking to a foreigner who at all mingles with the lower classes than the delicate, biting, and ready wit they display on all occasions:—

"The merest boy and the lowest peasant is never at a loss for an answer; and in this respect offers a striking contrast to the awkward, embarrassed, and boorish manners of the German peasantry. The Russian detects in a moment the weak side of another, and no one can with fewer words turn it to ridicule. If, on the one hand, there is no country where fewer *bons-mots* are perpetrated than in our good Germany, there is certainly none where they occur more frequently than in Russia. In the streets and market-places, no less than in the highest society,* a number of *bons-mots*, old and new, of Russian origin, are perpetually circulating."—*Ibid.* p. 167.

But to return to the *istvostchik*. In spite of the freedom of his life, he is subjected, like every other being who mounts the box, public or private, in the empire, to severe laws. In conse-

* The late Emperor Paul, and his son the present Grand Duke Michael, are celebrated for their puns.

quence of the universal rage for driving, and the reckless rate at which they indulge it, all the laws of the street and *chaussée* tend to favour the pedestrian. 'Whoever touches a foot-passenger with carriage or horse, even without throwing him down, is liable to "flogging and fine." Whoever drives over him, even without hurting him, is liable to "flogging, confiscation of the whole equipage, and Siberia."' A pedestrian, consequently, if he possess the requisite nerve, will insolently cross the street at a leisurely pace through the most crowded whirl of carriages. 'Take care,' shouts a driver, coming at full speed. 'Take care of yourself—Siberia, Istvostchik!' retorts the pedestrian.

And now a few words upon the istvostchik's other, if not better half, his horse:—

"The Russian horse, of which thousands may be seen in the Petersburg horse-market, is the truest representative of the nation. Like his master, neither very tall nor slender, but pliable and dexterous in his movements—wearing a long mane, as his master does a long beard—like him, tough in constitution, though delicate in form—lazy in the stable, but active and willing in harness—untiring in the course, and playful and frisky with the hardest work—hardy as possible—caring neither for wind nor weather, heat nor cold, hunger nor thirst, and happier upon mouldy straw than his German brother upon golden oats: it must at the same time be admitted that, like his master also, he puts but little real energy into his labour, overcomes no difficulties which he cannot carry by storm, and sticks fast in the mud if the hill cannot be mounted at full gallop. No one can say that a Russian uses his horse cruelly: on the contrary, he rarely loses his temper, and spends more persuasions and caresses than menaces and blows upon him; but he tends him little, and indulges him less—just as little as he himself is tended and indulged by those under whose rein and curb he stands.'—*Ib.* p. 143.

Speaking of the enormous consumption of brandy among the Russians, from the sturdy old fellow of a century's standing down to his great-great-grandchild in the cradle, M. Kohl remarks, that so entirely does it seem adapted to the constitution of the people that in no country does less drunkenness appear—in no country are men healthier, stronger, and with fewer bodily deformities—and in no country do the inhabitants attain to such an enormous age with fewer attendant infirmities. He then gives the following striking table of longevity. 'In the whole Russian empire there die annually 20,000 men above 80 years of age (*i. e.* the third part of the yearly obituary), 900 above 100 years of age, 50 to 55 above 120 years old, 20 above 130, 8 above 135; while, upon the average, two or three may be annually reckoned to attain the age of 145 to 155, and upwards!' In this calculation only men are included, but the ladies appear to be no less tough. This extraordinary longevity he ascribes not so much to the simplicity
of

of their diet and healthiness of their climate, as to the inherent strength and durability of the Russian-Sclavonic race.

The reader has by this time observed that M. Kohl is peculiarly fond of backing his assertions by incontrovertible figures, and accordingly we generally find his quaint little calculations introduced at the close of some lively scene, like the painter's monogram at the corner of a picture. In this spirit he demonstrates that, reckoning the whole area of St. Petersburg, inclusive of the second stories of the houses (few have more than two), at 600,000,000 square feet, there remains for each of its 500,000 inhabitants—man, woman, and child—no less a space than 1200 square feet, or a square of 36 feet.

Speaking also of the great manual dexterity which characterises the commonest Russian, he proposes, by way of experiment, to take so many Russian peasants, and as many German, and give them each the contents of a glass-shop to pack up and transport to a distance, in order, from the mean difference of breakage, to give to a *fraction* (as Captain Jesse would say) the respective dexterity of either nation.

Either from his not recognising in them any national qualities, or from the conviction that rogues are peculiar to no country, M. Kohl has devoted no particular attention to the Chinovniks: nevertheless, one little fable among a few he translates from Kruilloff—deservedly called the *Æsop* of Russia—excellently illustrates their system of magnifying trifles and overlooking essentials:—

‘A Chinovnik, who had been looking through a museum of natural history, was giving a friend an account of what he had seen—“Such wonderful things!” he exclaimed; “birds of the most exquisite colours—foreign butterflies—moths, gnats, and beetles of every possible colour—but so small! so small! you can hardly see them with the naked eye.” “But what did you think of the great elephant and the enormous mammoth?” asked his friend. “Elephant! mammoth! why, bless my heart, I never observed them at all!”’—*Ibid.* p. 168.

If the thing were not a national impossibility, one would say that the sharpest arrow of this sarcasm was levelled at the highest head in the empire, who, though quick enough to detect a straw's-breadth error, too often lets the gaunt form of public corruption stalk past him unperceived. But the diadem of Russia is a galling crown—who shall envy it him?

With this parting thrust at the Chinovniks we must draw to a close—an extent of forbearance which none, without having read M. Kohl's book, can appreciate.

ART. V.—1. *An Account of the Improvements on the Estates of the Marquess of Stafford in the Counties of Stafford and Salop, and on the Estate of Sutherland; with Remarks.* By James Loch, Esq. 8vo. London. 1820.

2. *The New Statistical Account of Scotland.* No. XXX. 8vo. Edinburgh and London. 1841.

3. *Report from the Select Committee of Salmon Fisheries, Scotland; together with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index.* 1836.

WE resume, according to promise, a subject which, dry as it may seem in some of its details, is one of paramount importance, affecting most materially the general prosperity of the kingdom and the comfort of all classes.

The success of any scheme for enlarging the sphere of our fisheries must depend, as we observed, upon the steady demand for the article to be supplied, so as to secure the flow of skill and capital into the channels through which the supply is to be increased. And there is reason to believe that the demand for fish is becoming more general. During the past winter a very great portion of the food of the poorer classes of the metropolis was furnished from the sea. Sprats were never finer nor in greater abundance, and they were often sold in the streets at the rate of a halfpenny for as many as would fill a plate. Devonshire pilchards, cured dry, looking most invitingly plump and silvery, were to be seen in the shops ticketed 'four-pence a dozen.' Nor has the supply of other sorts been wanting. Haddocks, in particular, never were larger, better fed, nor more plentiful. In our early walks through the by-ways of this great modern Babel—for he who would study the annals of the poor with anything like success must go and see—we have not seldom during this last season observed really good fresh fish, especially plaice, skate, and soles—better than falls to the lot of those who are rash enough to order fish at some of the clubs—brought to very humble dwellings and there sold at very low prices; and few sights could have given us more satisfaction.

But in this paper we would beg the attention of our readers to the Scotch fisheries, to the union of agriculture with fishing, and to the removal of the people from the inland to the maritime districts, where circumstances make such removal necessary. This last experiment has been made on the northern estates of the Duke of Sutherland upon a great scale.

That the coast of Sutherland abounded with fish of different species, not only sufficient for the home consumption, but ready to yield a supply to any extent for more distant markets, or even
for

for exportation in a cured state, had long been known. Sir Robert Gordon, in his 'History of the Earldom of Sutherland,' thus writes in 1630 :—

'The countrie is fitter for pasturage and store than for cornes, by reason there is little manured land there. The principal commodities of Strathnaver are cattle and fishing, not only salmond (whereof they have great store), but also they have abundance of all other kynd of fishes in the ocean, that they apprehend great numbers of all sorts at their verie doores; yea, in the winter season, among the rocks, without much trouble, they take and apprehend every day so much fish onlie as will suffice them for the tyme, and doe care for no great provision or store. If the inhabitants were industrious they might gane much by these fishes, but the people of that country are so far naturallie given to idleness, that they cannot applie themselves to labour, *which they esteem a disparagement and derogation* unto their gentilitie. There is no doubt but that country might be much bettered by laborious and painfull inhabitants.'

The candid manager and historian of the recent experiment states, that though these observations are applied by Sir Robert exclusively to the inhabitants of Strathnaver, they are equally true of the whole country, except that the people on the Moray Firth never made an exertion of any sort to avail themselves of those supplies which the ocean conveyed to their very thresholds. (Loch, p. 72.)

This disdain of labour, exquisitely pourtrayed in Rob Roy's dignified contempt for weavers and spinners, presented a formidable obstacle to those who felt that it was become a matter of necessity to bring the people to industrious habits. But let us take a glance at the theatre of the experiment.

The estate attached to the earldom of Sutherland (one of the oldest dignities in this empire) was supposed, at the time when the late Countess married Lord Gower, afterwards Marquis of Stafford, and finally created Duke of Sutherland, to comprise not less than 800,000 acres—a vast possession, but from which its owners had never derived more than a very small revenue. The Countess, a woman of remarkable talents, was enthusiastically attached to her ancestral district; and felt for its inhabitants of all orders, as was natural after a connexion lost in the night of ages, during which her house had enjoyed the support of their clansmen and vassals in many a struggle and danger. She had the spirit and heart of a genuine chieftainess; and the name of the *Ban Mhoir-shear Chat-taibh*—the Great Lady of the Country of the Clan-Chattan—will be proudly and affectionately remembered in the Highlands of Scotland many a year after the graceful Countess and Duchess is forgotten in the courts and palaces of which she was for a long period

period one of the most brilliant ornaments. To her English alliance, however, her lasting fame in her own district will be mainly due. Her lord inherited one very great fortune in this part of the kingdom, and ultimately wielded the resources of another not less productive; and though, as Mr. Loch's book records, no English nobleman ever did more for the improvement of his English estates, he also entered with the warmest zeal into his lady's feelings as to her ancient heritage. He added to it, by purchase, various considerable adjoining estates, which fell from time to time into the market, and, finally in 1829, one neighbouring mass of land, the whole estate or *country* of Lord Reay, which alone comprised not much less than 500,000 acres. It appears that from 1829 the whole northern territory of the duke must have amounted to nearly, if not quite, 1,500,000 acres,—a single estate certainly not in these days equalled in the British empire, and this in the hands of the same peer who enjoyed also the English estates of the Gowers and the Levesons, with the canal property of the Bridgewater. It was in consequence of the Scotch estates being connected with this command of English capital that those northern regions have been, within living memory, advanced in productiveness beyond, we may safely say, any other example that could be pointed out in the history of British territorial administration; but no command of capital could have insured results so beneficial to the Sutherland family without inflicting terrible evils on the mass of the population, unless there had been a most rare combination of prudence and courage, with generosity and tenderness, in the conduct of the affair. No woman, in all likelihood, could ever have had nerves for the deliberate adherence to a fixed purpose, in spite of clamour and prejudice from without, such as alone sufficed for the successful accomplishment of the Sutherland experiment: for it involved the alteration of the whole business and habits of a great Highland population, removing them from their accustomed hills in the interior, and converting them into agriculturists and fishermen, or both combined, upon the coast; and there was no region of the North in which, down to the date of this experiment, the old feelings and customs seemed to be more firmly rooted, than throughout this then savage and poverty-stricken wilderness of mountain, lake, and morass.

Those who had to temper the *perfidum ingenium* of such a race, and to lead it to the arts of industry and peace, had no easy task to perform. Perversion and misrepresentation eagerly availed themselves of the interest with which the most popular author of our time had invested the Highlanders—a people whose alteration of condition and manners could not indeed be viewed without
natural

natural regret, even by those who felt that the change was for the advantage of the individual and the general prosperity of the country. The most unfounded and unwarrantable statements were put forth to create a prejudice against the improvements in this district, and in some small degree they succeeded. These efforts, however, were wisely left to time, for though the people are liable to be led away for a period by artful and designing agitators, who thrive upon their gullibility, and leave them to bear the consequences of any outbreak, the said people have, in the main, a shrewd notion of their own interest; and, fortunately for society, the spread of education and the diffusion of sound knowledge is rendering the demagogue's 'noisy hate' more powerless every day. The improvements went on through evil report and good report, guided by Mr. Loch, and supported by the calm, cool judgment and unflinching justice of the late Duke of Sutherland; and the result has been a large addition, not only to the revenues of the noble family, but to the sum of human comfort and happiness.

'It seemed,' says Mr. Loch, 'as if it had been pointed out by nature, that the system for this remote district, in order that it might bear its suitable importance in contributing its share to the general stock of the country, was to convert the mountainous districts into sheep-walks, and to remove the inhabitants to the coast or to the valleys near the sea.'

'It will be seen that the object to be obtained by this arrangement was two-fold: it was, in the first place, to render this mountainous district contributory, as far as it was possible, to the general wealth and industry of the country, and in the manner most suitable to its situation and peculiar circumstances—this was to be effected by making it produce a large supply of wool for the staple manufactory of England—while, at the same time, it would support as numerous and a far more laborious and useful population than it hitherto had done at home; and, in the second place, to convert the inhabitants of those districts to the habits of regular and continued industry, and to enable them to bring to market a very considerable surplus quantity of provisions for the supply of the large towns in the southern parts of the island, or for the purpose of exportation. A policy well calculated to raise the importance and increase the happiness of the individuals themselves who were the objects of the change, to benefit those to whom these extensive but hitherto unproductive possessions belonged, and to promote the general prosperity of the nation. Such was the system which was adopted. In carrying it into effect, every care was taken to explain the object proposed to be accomplished to those who were to be removed, and to point out to them the ultimate advantages that would necessarily accrue to them from their completion.

'It was distinctly admitted, that it was not to be expected that the people would be immediately reconciled to them. Such was to expect more than it was possible to hope for. But it was represented that, if

this

this was so fully felt, and so clearly admitted, the landlords must have been strongly and conscientiously impressed with the necessity and propriety of the measures adopted, as tending directly to the happiness of those placed under their protection. These representations had the desired effect, and nothing can deserve more to be applauded than the conduct of the people on quitting their original habitations; for, although they left them with much regret, they did so in the most quiet, orderly, and peaceable manner.

‘If, upon one occasion, in the earlier years of these arrangements, a momentary feeling of a contrary nature was exhibited, it arose entirely from the misconduct of persons whose duty it was to have recommended and enforced obedience to the laws, in place of infusing into the minds of the people feelings of a contrary description. As soon, however, as the interference of these persons was withdrawn, the poor people returned to their usual state of quietness and repose. All the statements giving a different account of their conduct are absolutely false, and a libel upon their conduct and character.’—*Loch*, p. 72.

This is great praise. Nowhere is the love of country more ardent than in a Scotchman’s bosom; his heart warms at the sight of the tartan. Is it to be wondered at that the Highlander should have felt this uprooting severely, or that when the ploughshare passed over the site of the cottage of his sires, the iron entered into his soul—that he, with all his manhood,

‘Every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look’d his last,
And shudd’ring still to face the distant deep,
Return’d and wept, and still return’d to weep?’

But, in truth, the misery to which the old system led was hideous—and would soon have become intolerable.

‘These arrangements commenced in 1807, and have been carried on from that period, as the different tacks expired, and afforded an opportunity of doing so; bad years and the failure of crops continuing to produce the same miserable effects they had constantly occasioned to that portion of the population which still continued to reside among the mountains. This calamity fell with great severity upon them in the seasons of 1812-13 and 1816-17.

‘During the latter period they suffered the extreme of want and of human misery, notwithstanding every aid that could be given to them through the bounty of their landlords. Their wretchedness was so great, that after pawning everything to the fishermen on the coast, such as had no cattle were reduced to come down from the hills in hundreds for the purpose of gathering cockles on the shore. Those who lived in the more remote situations of the country were obliged to subsist upon broth made of nettles, thickened with a little oatmeal. Those who had cattle had recourse to the still more wretched expedient of bleeding them and mixing the blood with oatmeal, which they afterwards cut into slices and fried. Those who had a little money came down and slept all night

night upon the beach in order to watch the boats returning from the fishing, that they might be in time to obtain a part of what had been caught. . . . In order to alleviate this misery every exertion was made by Lord Stafford. To those who had cattle he advanced money to the amount of above *three thousand pounds*. To supply those who had no cattle he sent meal into the country to the amount of nearly *nine thousand pounds*. Besides which Lady Stafford distributed money to each parish on the estate.—p. 76.

This was princely; and we are happy to be able to add from the best authority, that no relief of the sort has since been required. Similar means were taken by Lord Reay to alleviate the distresses of *his* people. But now mark:—

‘While such was the distress of those who still remained among the hills, *it was hardly felt by those who had been settled upon the coast*. Their new occupation as fishermen rendered them not only independent of that which produced the misery of their neighbours, but enabled them at the same time in some degree to become contributors towards their support, both by the fish they were able to sell to them and also by the regular payment of their rents; while it need hardly be stated that these wretched sufferers not only required to be relieved, but failed entirely in the payment of what they owed the landlord.’—p. 78.

The result of the arrangements, down to 1820, is thus stated:—

‘1. The whole of the population of Strathnaver, from Altnaharrow to Invernaver, with a small exception, have been settled on the sea-shore, extending from the mouth of the Naver to the boundary of the estate near Bighouse. They are settled in small towns as near to the various creeks as it was possible to arrange. These people are in general of most excellent character, and have begun to cultivate their lots with much industry. Many of them, having been accustomed to the herring-fishery, have with great boldness taken to catch cod and ling, under the guidance of the fishermen of Armadale and Port-skerra. These latter had been removed some years previous to this period, by the former proprietor of this estate, from whom it was purchased by Lord Stafford in 1812. *They have become as expert boatmen as any in the world*. This example tempted many young men who had never been before at sea to engage, with success, in this daring occupation.

‘2. The people of the Strath of Kildonan, and of the other valleys connected with Strath Helmsdale, are settled on the coast near to the thriving village of Helmsdale, with the exception of those people who have emigrated from the heights into Caithness.

‘3. The people of Strathbrora, and such of those of the parish of Loth as were moved, have been fixed upon lots in the vicinity of Brora, where a harbour with every convenience for carrying on an extensive fishery had been constructed. From vicinity, besides, to the coal and salt works, and being in the centre of the great agricultural improvements, these people have the means of constant and immediate employment, whether they become fishermen or not.

‘4. In Assynt the lots for the removed people have been placed along the

the shores between Rhu-store and Loch Inver, amidst a population brought up to fishing within the last fifteen years, and in one of the best situations for the prosecution of that occupation in the west Highlands of Scotland. - This extensive barony has, with the exception of the small districts of Knockin and Elphin, been arranged.'—p. 99.

Mr. Loch's volume was published in 1820. Let us now see what the state of things is after the lapse of another score of years. That there should be partial failures in so widely spread an experiment was perhaps inevitable. Thus, in Clyne, the people have taken less to the sea than was expected, probably from being rather too much up the firth: they annually send hands to Helmsdale and Caithness, and a few boats; but the deep-sea fishing they as yet eschew. Their lots, however, are capitally cultivated, and they have done wonders in bringing the muirland into culture, largely taking advantage of the supply of sea-weed. But in Loth the experiment has succeeded to the utmost. Here *all* are herring-fishers—many, deep-sea fishers—and the Leith and Dundee curers have left, or are leaving, the thriving town of Helmsdale—their place being supplied by the sons of those brought from the hills, who, beginning as coopers and fishermen, have raised themselves to the station of curers, building excellent houses and curing-yards, while their fathers and brothers have carried their cultivation up to the top of the lower range of hills. Portskerra on the north coast, and Armadale, can now show a regular set of fishermen, who have also done much to their land; but the early herring-fishing having failed, they are driven to the autumn herring-fishing at Wick,* which is less advantageous to them. They are, therefore,

less

* The Statistical Account of Caithness says that the population of Wick was trebled between 1807 and 1840, and gives the following as the state of the herring-fishery there in the latter year:—

Native boats	428
Strange boats	337
Total of boats	765
Crews of said boats	3,828
Coopers	265
Women employed as gutters, &c.	2,175
Labourers	46
Carters	127
Other labourers employed about the fishing	150
Seamen in coasting-vessels, supposed	1,300
Fish-curiers entered	91
Total of persons employed	7,882
Total of barrels cured	63,495

less prosperous. Kirktomie and Farr afford fewer good seamen than the other two stations. The population of Strathy is large and very poor: some have boats, but many hire themselves to boats and go to the fishing. The early herring-fishery has failed at Tongue for some years, and some of the boats go to Wick, whilst others have an autumn-fishing of their own, as they have at Kirktomie and Armadale. There are few except the Portskerra and Armadale men who go to the cod and ling fishing, though there is abundance of both off the coast.

In the vast parish of Durness a gentleman once prosecuted the cod-fishing on an extensive scale, giving employment to the people of Rispond and other places on the north coast, and of Oldshores and Keanlochbervie on the west; but by and by the plan was given up, and considerable distress ensued. On the west the town of Shegra, part of his tenure, had been entirely cleared of people, some having gone to America and others having been put into other lots. The people of Oldshores and Keanlochbervie, however, have of late caught cod and ling for some Billingsgate salesmen and two native curers. At Scowrie and in Assynt, in the latter especially, the people are crowded: some fish, and others fish not at all. The herrings, unfortunately, have left them, and the demand for their white fish has not as yet been sufficient. The activity and judgment of the excellent local factor, Mr. Stewart, was directed to meet this, when his useful career was suddenly arrested by death more than two years ago, to the equal loss of landlord and tenant.

Where the lots are large, with considerable cattle-grazings, the people do not take readily to the sea; having the land to fall back upon, there is not much suffering among them—but *they never become independent*. Where the lots are small, if the holders of the land take to the sea, they become excellent fishermen, and enjoy great comparative comfort, as in Armadale, Portskerra, and part of Assynt: if they do not take to the sea, they suffer much, as in Farr, Strathy, and, occasionally, in parts of Assynt; but they obtain a good deal of money notwithstanding. The absence of a market is the great want, and to that the attention of the managers of the property is now directed.

This we believe to be a fair unvarnished statement of an ex-

The same authority says, 'At all seasons of the year whisky is drunk in considerable quantities; but during the fishing season enormous potations are indulged in. It may seem incredible, but it has been ascertained that during the six weeks of a successful fishing not less than 500 gallons a-day were consumed. Let it be remembered, however, that at that period 10,000 strangers, as boatmen, gutters, &c., were crowded into the town of Wick. Of late years the people have been more temperate. Snuffing is almost universal among the men, and both it and smoking are very common among the women. About 3,500*l.* a-year are spent in the parish of Wick on tobacco.'

periment

periment full of difficulty, but made absolutely necessary both to landlord and tenant by the great change of manners consequent upon advanced civilization. The result appears to have been the utmost success in several districts, a more qualified degree of it in others, and a failure in some. The sub-letting system is happily now almost extinguished in Sutherland: the contrast between the condition of tenants still living under that system and that of those who hold under the landlord is most striking.

And here we take our leave of Mr. Loch's 'Account,' hoping to see it brought down to the present day; for sure we are that it will be a valuable guide-book for landlord and tenant generally, and in Scotland especially.

We now turn to the useful and agreeable '*Statistical Account of Scotland*, No. XXX.' and if what has been already advanced want corroboration, it is here largely to be found. This manual contains a fund of valuable local information—the whole digested and drawn up in a manner most creditable to the parochial clergy of this remote province and to the factors of its noble proprietor.* Nor is it a little gratifying to mark in it the progress of natural history within the few last years. The *fauna* and *flora*, as well as the geology of some of the places, are given: and, but that our space is limited, we could not but quote some specimens of really masterly description of external nature. The parish of Edderachillis, with its Norwegian aspect, intersected with arms of the sea, and chequered with lakes, rivers, glens, and ravines, has perhaps as much of the wild and the wonderful as any district in the

'Land of the mountain and the flood.'

In this quarter the great Reay forest or *Diru-moir* has of late been restored by the Duke of Sutherland to its original grandeur. No less than 60,000 acres, half in this parish and half in Durness, give harbour to thousands of the antlered race—among which are still to be recognised the Arkill 'deir with forked

* We have on various occasions alluded to this important work, which has now for several years been advancing under the enlightened patronage of the Highland Society of Scotland, and will, when completed (as it will soon be), form by far the most valuable repertory of statistics at the command of any country in Europe. In general its superiority to the former 'Account' is very decided; indicating a great expansion of curiosity and information in the clerical order of the North. Of course, in so large a collection, there are some poor enough contributions—and if we were to remark on any prevailing deficiency, we should point to the historical and antiquarian departments of the inquiry. But in most cases the task has been sensibly and sagaciously performed; and in not a few—we may mention in particular the accounts of Dundee, Greenock, and Glasgow—the result could hardly be overpraised. Several parishes of Sutherland are done by the same hand, a layman, Mr. Sutherland Taylor, Goldapie; and he is evidently a man of superior talents—we presume a factor to the Duke.

tails,' recorded as inhabitants of the 'Diru-more' by Sir Robert Gordon. 'This relieves the whole neighbouring sheep-walks of the greater part of the deer that roamed over them, the maintenance of which was a considerable burden.' Agriculture and fishing go hand in hand in Edderachillis; and we would earnestly call the attention of landlords to the simple plate with which the account of this parish is illustrated. It merely consists of a representation of the modern house of the small tenants of the Reay country contrasted with the old habitation. That is enough, and speaks volumes for what has been done on the Sutherland estates. The modern house breathes of neatness and comfort; the old habitation fills the imagination with such musty proverbs and sayings as 'The clartier the cosier,' 'It did very well for my father before me, and will do well enough for me;' apophthegms involving precisely that species of content that leads to degradation, disease, and beggary. London now knows the Edderachillis lobsters well. The island of Handa, with its myriads of sea-fowl and basaltic, Staffa-like character, 'rising on the north-west side to a height of 600 feet or thereby,' is tenanted by twelve families, who add to their fishing the *dreadful trade* of fowling among its precipices. More than one cragsman has here paid the penalty of his life for his daring enterprise. We hope her gracious Majesty receives a regular tribute from this isle; for certain it is that they have established a Queen among them: such at least is the title conferred on the eldest widow; 'and her prerogative is recognised not only by the islanders, but by visitors from the mainland.' The only thing that we have to regret here is, that the cod and ling fisheries are not more prosecuted. A cluster of about twenty islands lies between Edderachillis and Assynt, with its inland lake haunted, like many other wild Highland lochs, by a strange bear-like figure of an amphibious animal, which in some of the localities is called by the shepherds a water-bull, but in which—at least in the Assynt case—Dr. Buckland, with his usual felicity in accounting for phenomena, and perspicacity in solving doubts, detected the *Ursus mendax*.

But delightful as the ground is, we must leave it without entering into the details of the several districts; yet we cannot quit it without giving a picture of the departure and return of the herring-fishers. The scene is off Latheron, in Caithness-shire:—

'The boats used in this parish may contain from 30 to 50 crans or barrels (for both are nearly alike) of herrings; and it is difficult to say which of the sights is most pleasingly interesting to a stranger, that of beholding on a fine evening the whole coast, as far as the eye can reach, covered with human beings in their little barks, as they issue forth from every

every creek, and disperse in different directions, full of life, or that of attending at one of the stations in the morning, and witnessing the return of 40, 60, or 100 boats, all crowding into one creek, most of them, perhaps, laden with fish to the gunwale, and then the scene of bustle and animation that succeeds and continues till night! And what ought not to be omitted as being still more delightful to a seriously contemplative mind, it is not unusual, where there are boats having individuals of acknowledged piety, for the crew to engage in worship after shooting their nets. On these occasions a portion of a psalm is sung, followed with prayer, and the effect is represented as truly solemn and heart-stirring, as the melodious strains of the Gaelic music, carried along the surface of the waters (several being similarly engaged), spread throughout the whole fleet.'—*New Statistical Account of Scotland*, No. xxx. p. 102.

Nor can we omit the darker fate of these 'nurselings of the storm':—

'But not unfrequently the scene is sadly reversed, for in the midst of the joys of life we often are in death. A storm suddenly arises during the night. The boats are all riding quietly at their nets and unprepared to meet it. Some endeavour to haul their nets, others cut from them, and make for the place of greatest shelter, whilst others, afraid to put up sail and encounter it, abide by their nets in the hope of the storm's abating. In proportion to the danger at sea are the confusion and anxiety on land. The shores are instantly crowded by inquiring relatives, hurrying from place to place in search of husbands, brothers, or sons. Astonishing instances of preservation often occur; but no season passes without serious losses to individuals, either of boats or nets, and sometimes of lives. The risks are very great, and the employment, even when successful, most trying to the constitution.'—*Ibid.*, p. 102.

We quit this part of the subject with a very satisfactory summing up of the great Sutherland change, and, we believe, just character of the Scotch Highlander:—

'There is no district of country in Scotland where such an entire change has taken place in the habits, character, and pursuits of the inhabitants as in this and the other parts of the county forming the estate of Sutherland. They were quite a rural, a moral, and a happy population, inhabiting beautifully romantic and sequestered glens in the interior, far removed from the bustle of the world. Strangers to its allurements and luxuries, they passed their lives, generation following generation, in the same localities, but without ambition to better their circumstances, or a desire to improve their possessions. All passed happily and without care, so long as the seasons proved propitious, and that the produce of their stock was sufficient to pay the landlord and to afford the means of subsistence on their simple fare: but when the winter storms lengthened into spring, and the mildew and the early frosts destroyed the hopes of the harvest, then indeed came the period of distress; and it is not too much to say that they suffered the very

very extreme of want, which often produced contagious fevers and other mortal diseases. This was submitted to, however, in silence and with pious resignation: no tumults nor risings against the constituted authorities, who, they well knew, could not ward off the general calamity. Thus situated, helpless and without resources, their only course was an appeal to the compassion of their natural protector, the landlord, and this was never done in vain. He required often to import meal equal in value to the rent of two or more years, and generally leaving a large balance never to be recovered. This state of things could not continue, while the rest of the world were moving a-head, and making rapid advances in improvement; consequently the great and deeply important measure was resolved on to remove the population to the coast-side, where they would be placed near the sea—become fishermen or artificers, and thus be able to benefit by the many and inexhaustible resources which Providence has placed within their reach. At this time there were but few bred tradesmen in the country. When a man found it necessary to renew his rude dwelling, he called the neighbours to his assistance, and it was only the work of a few days to complete it. Every man was his own carpenter, for few implements were required, and he had little to do with them. One blacksmith served a district. The shoemaker and the tailor migrated from house to house, receiving their victuals and a small pittance of wages in return for their labour. There was scarcely a cart or a plough in the country, excepting on the larger farms. No man thought of increasing or improving his tillage or pasture lands by trenching or draining. But let any one with an impartial and unprejudiced eye examine the present condition of the inhabitants. Their well-built and neatly-kept cottages and inclosed gardens far exceed what many tacksmen in former days paying from 50*l.* to 100*l.* possessed. Every individual in the family has some resource in a trade or other manual labour—all is a stirring scene of industry and positive comfort. The father and the sons cultivate the lot, if not tradesmen; while the females are engaged with household work, or preparing nets for the next herring season.

‘Persons who are ignorant of the character of the Highlanders, and many who have never seen the country, have ventured to describe them as indolent, idle, and unprofitable members of the community. A more gross fallacy has never been uttered. They are a quiet, sober, brave, and moral race: attached and confiding while kindly and honestly dealt by; but reserved, stern, and unbending as their mountain rocks, wherever they suspect injustice, or lose faith in the acts and professions of their superiors. The extensive and perfect improvements on the estate of Sutherland bear evidence of their activity, industry, and confidence in their landlord, when their energies are properly directed. Those who reside in the country can testify that it is a rare occurrence to meet with an individual the worse of liquor, except occasionally at markets. The naval and military annals of the nation record their bravery, where they have distinguished themselves in many a desperate onset. The faithful labours of our clergy have been blessed by Providence in rendering them pious and moral; and their character may be summed

up

up in these few words,—that they fear God and honour the Queen.'—*Ibid.*, p. 162-164.

Hoping we have not dwelt too long on Sutherland, we proceed to another branch of our subject—one, however, in which Sutherland too has its share.

In 1836 the select committee made their report on the salmon fisheries of Scotland—in as far as related to the altering the close times in different districts; the laws for the observance of the Saturday's *slap* or opening in all cruives, engines, &c. of whatever description used in salmon-fishing; the construction and regulation of cruives; the regulation of mill-leads or courses, and the removal of dams and obstructions in all rivers, streams, or waters. They were also instructed to inquire into the increase or decrease in the numbers and weight of salmon, grilse, and sea-trout taken in the several rivers, &c. of Scotland, since the passing of the act 9 Geo. IV. c. 39.

The committee commence by observing that the only object of the close season being to afford protection to the fish when they are breeding, and during the state of exhaustion consequent thereupon, the legal close time ought to be so regulated as to coincide, as nearly as possible, with the period so defined by nature; and it having been established in evidence before them, that in different rivers the periods at which the salmon ascend the rivers for the purpose of spawning and afterwards descend towards the sea vary considerably, they express their opinion that it would be advantageous to the general interests of the salmon fisheries in Scotland to have the fence months or close time regulated according to the various circumstances of the respective rivers or districts, instead of having one uniform season, as was the case when they made their report. The witnesses were not all in favour of this proposal. None of them indeed disputed the facts on which the recommendation was founded; but several enlarged on the facilities which they apprehended might thereby be afforded to poaching.

The committee shrewdly remark on this point, that although, by the statute 9 Geo. IV. c. 39, a uniform season was, for the first time, applied to the whole of Scotland—with the exception of the Tweed and the rivers running into the Solway Firth, which are regulated by particular acts of parliament—yet in all the other parts of the United Kingdom, and especially in Ireland, there are, and always have been, various seasons suited to the different natures of the several rivers: nevertheless the evils apprehended by the objectors to the system proposed by the committee had not been proved to result from its adoption in those places. The duration of the close seasons ought, in their opinion, in no case to be less

less than 139 days, that period being the extent of the close time adopted at the date of their inquiry. This was a good beginning: there were, fortunately, on that committee some good observers of the habits of fish, and many practical men, and the whole body appear to have been convinced of the folly of the old system. With their recommendation every physiologist must concur. He who follows nature on such occasions can hardly go wrong.

The *Saturday's slap* or *weekly close time* next engaged the attention of the committee. This important regulation had from an early period formed part of the Scottish law as to salmon-fishing, but the novel modes of fishing, not indeed in rivers themselves, but upon the sea-coast and near the mouths of rivers, had led to the evasion of it, under the impression that it was not strictly or technically applicable to such cases. It appeared quite clear from the evidence given as to the habits of salmon that this regulation was applicable with equal force to engines placed in rivers and in all other situations; and therefore the committee strongly recommended that all doubt on the point should be removed by the legislature, and that the observance of the *Saturday's slap* should be strictly enjoined in the use of all engines, machines, and devices lawfully used in salmon-fishing, whether in rivers or lakes, or upon the sea-coast. The committee could not but see that in particular situations on the sea-coast and estuaries, especially the more exposed parts, the stormy state of the weather or roughness of the sea might sometimes render it impossible or dangerous to open and re-set nets or other engines during the hours of the weekly close time; they therefore add that no penalties should be recoverable in such cases. The committee of 1825 had recommended in their fourth resolution a measure coinciding in principle with that just adverted to; but, as the committee of 1836 remark, that recommendation, as well as some others made by the committee of 1825, was not carried into effect by the statute 9 Geo. IV.

The committee next advert to the great complaints made by the river proprietors of the encroachments practised by the owners of fixed engines, in stationing them within or so close to the mouths of rivers as materially to prevent the run of fish up the rivers. The evidence convinced the committee that increased facilities should be given for enforcing the law upon this point.

But the *cruives*? We are coming to them, for there lay the villany. The committee were led to the conclusion that very extensive abuses prevailed in the construction and regulation of these engines—abuses attended with serious injury to the general interests of the fisheries, and to the proprietors of upper fishings more especially. The committee well remark that the only legiti-

mate

mate object in the construction of a cruive is to adapt it to the taking of fish above a certain size, and to the free run of the Saturday's slap:—

‘It ought to be so formed that fish of all sizes can easily enter it at all times; and that fish under a certain size may easily pass through it, and ascend the river. It is of the greatest importance that fish should enter it with facility, because where they cannot do this, the provisions in favour of the smaller fish and the Saturday's slap become inoperative; and the cruive acts merely as a barrier for detaining the fish in the river immediately below it, where they are destroyed by nets or other means. The fish are thus effectually prevented from reaching the upper parts of the river, even although the Saturday's slap may be in form observed.’—*Report*, p. 5.

The committee were justified in stating that this crying abuse prevailed to a very great extent in many of the Scotch rivers where cruives were used. The *Deveron* and *Rapid Spey*, in particular, were famous, in the *famosus* sense of the word, for malfeasances of this description.

After adverting to the cases of the *Duke of Queensberry v. Marquis of Annandale and Dirom v. Little* (the former decided by the Court of Session in November, 1771, the latter in February, 1797) for the illegality of the use of devices expressly for the obstruction of the ascent of the fish; and to the cases of the *Town of Banff v. the Earl of Fife*, and of *Sir James Grant v. Duke of Gordon*, decided in the same court in 1774 and 1777, for the application of that equitable principle to the construction of cruives, the committee, well aware of the glorious uncertainty of the law and its quite certain delay, quietly added,—

‘As, however, the authority of the decisions in the cases above cited, and any similar special cases (in which the principle has been enforced in the construction of the cruives), may be thought to operate as legal precedents only in reference to the rivers to which they severally relate, they strongly recommend that *general regulations*, founded upon that principle, for the formation and management of cruives, should be framed and made applicable to all rivers on which more than one proprietor has a right of salmon-fishing.’—*Report*, p. 5.

And they proceed to give sound practical instructions for these legislative regulations.

The subject of *mill-dams* next secured the attention of the committee. They conclude that much might be done by the owners of such dams and mill-leads in favour of the fishing interests, without any injury whatever to any manufacturing establishments dependent upon water-power; that mill-leads or courses should be kept shut *at all times when the mill is not at work*;

work; and the iron grating or sander, so strongly recommended by the committee of 1825, should be used so as to prevent the entry of fish or fry:—

‘There is no reason to doubt that mill-dams, as at present constructed in numerous salmon-rivers, form most serious obstacles to the ascent of the breeding fish, and also occasion the destruction of vast quantities of the fry. Your committee are fully alive to the great importance of the interests which are thus brought into apparent conflict with the interests of the salmon fishery; and they have therefore much satisfaction in reporting their opinion that these may be reconciled, and the evils suffered by the one party in a great measure obviated at a trifling expense, without subjecting the other to any real injury. Mr. Smith, of Deanston, in the county of Perth, who is connected with extensive manufacturing establishments employing water-power on different rivers, has explained to your committee a contrivance called “a salmon stair,” which he finds to be perfectly successful in facilitating the passage of salmon over dams, which were previously almost insuperable barriers to them. This device may be applied at a small expense to existing dams; and in the original construction of any dam hereafter to be erected, a form and arrangement may be easily prescribed, and ought to be enjoined, to secure the same beneficial end. On this point the statements of Mr. Smith are amply confirmed by the testimony of Mr. Thom, an eminent engineer, much interested in certain extensive manufacturing concerns driven by water-power.’—*Report*, p. vi.

Figures of these ingenious devices for helping the fish up are given at the end of the Report: though Mr. Thom’s is good, we humbly think Mr. Smith’s is better; and we can imagine how interesting it must be to see it with the fish in full action—*‘Such a getting up stairs!’*

To this same Mr. Smith the committee were indebted for a hint which might be most satisfactorily applied to our southern rivers, and to none more so than our no-longer silver Thames.

‘The committee in 1825 reported, as their seventh resolution, “That it is indispensable to guard against the admission into all rivers, streams, estuaries, and lakes, in which salmon exist, of any matter proceeding from manufactories of any description which is known or deemed to be poisonous or deleterious to fish.” Your committee are fully persuaded that this opinion is well-founded; and although it is thought by some that any general and unqualified regulation on the subject might be productive of some degree of practical inconvenience in its bearing upon some manufactories of lesser extent, yet, with regard to gas-works (the number and magnitude of which are so rapidly increasing), and some other manufactories, they are led to believe that no serious difficulty would prevent the resolution of 1825 from being carried into effect. Mr. Smith, of Deanston, has stated, from his own experience, not only the practicability but the advantage to the owners of the work to be derived from the process which he details for separating the deleterious matter

matter from the water of gas-works before it is allowed to reach the river.'—*Report*, p. vi.; *Evidence*, p. 274.

The committee next—Heaven's blessings on them for it!—thought of the patient brother of the angle, and recommended that, after the termination of the ordinary fishing-season, a further term of fourteen days should be allowed, during which it should be lawful, under certain restrictions, to fish for salmon and fish of the salmon kind with the rod. There was, in truth, an angler or two among them; but, without allowing our tendency rod-ward to affect our judgment, we give them full credit for the absence of selfish feelings, and are disposed to think with them that such a privilege will have a material effect in interesting in the improvement of the fishery the heritors upon the upper parts of the rivers, who chiefly possess the opportunity and power of protecting the fish during the breeding-season.

But how were these regulations recommended to be enforced?—

'The committee are of opinion that the heritors should have power to appoint and pay inspectors, in addition to the water-bailiffs and other officers authorised by existing acts, the duty of all persons so appointed being to see the various provisions and regulations carried into effect. They further recommend that summary powers should be vested in the proper authorities for enforcing the various regulations, and imposing the penalties which may be annexed to the violation of them.'—*Report*, p. vii.

All these summary powers are wormwood to a profession which we hold in the highest respect; but which seems occasionally a little too much given to hug its own interests at the expense of the public. The last Government professed anxiety to put substantial justice within every man's reach: we all know that law is so expensive a luxury in this land of freedom, that an indulgence in litigation is reserved for the opulent; but if these reformers were sincere on this point, they found the consequences of having lost the faith of the nation in general. The men of the gown bestirred themselves boldly and successfully—and the sacred cry of *trial by jury* was profaned by raising it as a barrier against the cry of the poor for justice. The number of martyrs is now, we think, complete; and, notwithstanding the obtrusive Jeremiahs of some self-seekers—'Soles melius nitent.'

But to come back to our committee. The returns of the produce of river fishings were, in some instances, withheld from them, whilst those of the coast fishings were readily given. The committee could of course only judge from the returns furnished to them. In those instances where returns were given the produce of the coast-fishing had increased, while that of the rivers
had

had declined, even to the extent of causing the abandonment of the station in the river. The committee concluded their labours by instructing their chairman to bring in a Bill to alter and amend the Act 9 Geo. IV., c. 39,* in conformity with their report: of which we now take leave, not without regret, for it is useful and entertaining, and illustrated with maps and plates of nets—the *pay-sole-net*, the *bag-net*, the *sole-net*, the *fly-net*, the *cleek-net*, *cruives*, and other devices fatal to fish: so that any one who was not aware of the multitudinous roe of the salmon would wonder that salmon-kind is not altogether extinct; the stairs for their accommodation, and the *Saturday's slap*, notwithstanding.

But Dame Nature is inexhaustible; and should she ever require a little aid, we beg to call the attention of those interested in fresh-water fish and fishing to the following interesting paper, by Sir Francis A. Mackenzie, of Conan, Rosshire, containing brief and practical instructions for the breeding of salmon and other fish artificially:—

‘ In the autumn of 1840, having chosen a brook flowing rapidly into the river Ewe, a hollow spot adjoining to it was selected and cleared out, of the following dimensions—length, 23 yards—breadth, from 12 to 18 feet; and all large stones having been taken away, the bottom was covered, one foot thick, with coarse sand and small gravel, the largest stones not exceeding the size of a walnut. A stream from the brook was then led into this hollow, so as to form a pool of about eight inches in depth at the upper and three feet at the lower end, thus giving it one uniform gentle current over the whole pool: whilst the supply of water was so regulated by a sluice as to have the same depth at all times; and a strong stone wall excluded all eels or trout, so destructive both to spawn and fry.

‘ On the 13th of November, four pair of salmon, male and female, were taken by net from the Ewe, and carefully placed in the pool; on the 18th they showed a disposition to spawn, but on the 20th the whole were carried away by some ill-disposed persons; and, on examining the pool, only a small quantity of ova appeared to have been deposited. On the 23rd of November four pair of salmon were again caught and placed in the pool, which were observed to commence spawning on the day following: caught them carefully—squeezed gently about 1200 ova from a female into a basin of water, and then pressed about an equal

* What became of this Bill heaven knows: it seems to have been one of the multitudinous good intentions with which Whiggery is paved. We have searched the statute-book from 1836 to 1841, both inclusive, and can find nothing relating to Scotch salmon-fisheries, except the Acts relating to the Tweed and the Auman in Dumfriesshire (local and personal). Whilst we write, however, we see that Mr. H. Drummond has brought in a Bill to alter the close-time of the salmon-fisheries in Scotland. The Bill we have not seen, but Mr. Drummond's reputation for fairness as well as acuteness is very high, and we trust we shall find that he has kept his eye steadily fixed on this Report.

quantity of milt from a male fish over them; stirred the two about gently but well together with the fingers, and, after allowing them rest for an hour, the whole was deposited and spread in one of the wicker-baskets recommended by Professor Agassiz, having about four inches of gravel below them, and two or three inches of gravel above. A similar quantity of ova, treated in the same way, was also deposited in one of the copper-wire bags as used by Mr. Shaw; and both were then immediately placed under water in the pool: a little of the ova was buried in the open gravel at about three inches in depth. In another basket, and also in another copper-wire bag, two or three inches of gravel were placed over the bottom of each, and both basket and bag laid in the pool, covered with about four inches of water. The ova of a female and milt of a male were then successively squeezed from two fish on the gravel in both basket and bag, and spread over it regularly with the hand, one after the other; and, after leaving them exposed in this state to the water for a few minutes, the whole was covered with two or three inches of gravel, and left in the pool. These four pair of fish afterwards emitted voluntarily a small quantity of spawn which had been left with them; and, on the 1st of December, they were all turned out into the river. On the 3rd of December, caught three pair of salmon which had already partially spawned in the Ewe: used another basket and also another wire-bag, treating the spawn in the same manner as last described; these fish were then also allowed to deposit voluntarily the little spawn of which they had not been deprived, and afterwards turned out into the river. On the 19th of February, examined the ova, and life was plainly observed in the baskets, wire-bags, and unprotected gravel, both where placed artificially and where deposited by the salmon themselves.

' 19th of March, the fry had increased in size, and went on gradually increasing, much in proportion to the temperature of the weather.

' 22nd, the eyes were easily visible, and a few of the ova had burst, the young fry having a small, watery, bladder-like sac attached to the throat.

' 18th of April, the baskets and bags were all opened; the sacs had become detached from their throats, the fry measured about three-quarters of an inch in length, and they swam about easily, all marked distinctly as par. The baskets recommended by Professor Agassiz proved superior to the wire-bags of Mr. Shaw. In the latter only about twenty per cent. came to maturity, whilst in the former not above ten per cent. proved barren, and in the baskets used 5th of December not above five per cent. was unproductive. It is impossible to say exactly the proportion of ova which came to life either of that artificially impregnated and deposited in the open gravel, or of what was spawned by the fish themselves naturally, but, so far as could be judged, they succeeded equally well with that in the baskets. Perhaps the baskets may have a preference over the other methods tried, as affording more certain protection to the spawn during winter; and it is proper to state that the last-described mode of depositing the ova and milt was most successful. There can be no doubt, from the success which has attended these experiments, that the breeding of salmon or other fish in large

large quantities is, comparatively speaking, easy, and that millions may be produced, protected from every danger, and turned out into their natural element at the proper age, which Mr. Shaw has proved by repeated experiments on a small scale to be when they have attained about two years of age. When the par marks disappear they assume the silvery scales of their parents, and distinctly show a strong inclination to escape from confinement and proceed downwards to the sea.

‘Professor Agassiz asserts, and I fully believe with truth, that the ova of all fish, when properly impregnated, can be conveyed in water of a proper temperature even across the Atlantic, as safely as if it were naturally deposited by the parent fish; so that any quantity of salmon or other spawn can (after impregnation on the banks of a river) be carried to other streams, however distant, which may be favourable for hatching. It may be right to observe, that as the fry are to remain two years in the artificial pools where hatched, fresh places must be used every second year for the spawn, as even one-year-old fry will destroy spawn, or their more infantile brethren, if left together: old spent salmon are also destructive both to spawn and fry.

‘It can only be ascertained by experience what kind or quantity of food will be required for the fry. Carrion hung at the top of the pool in which they are would, in the opinion of Professor Agassiz and Mr. Shaw, supply them with maggots; but in this there are difficulties, and when tried by me this season, a few of the fry were found dead round the carrion given to them. The droppings of cattle allowed to rest till half dry, and occupied by worms and the ova of insects, appear to suit them best. About the 1st of September last, when on an agricultural tour of Belgium, I visited an establishment belonging to King Leopold, and adjoining his new palace of Ardennes, on a much more extensive scale than that now described, where the breeding of trout had been tried for the three previous seasons, though with but little success. A very few small trout bred 1839-40 were still alive, but the ova of 1841 were a complete failure, chiefly from not properly covering the spawn with gravel, and other errors. Bread made of brown and white flour mixed was the food found best suited to the few living, who, judging from their shape as seen swimming about in a small pool, were in excellent condition. The trout-breeding establishment of Ardennes, however, proves that their spawn, if treated in the same way as that of salmon above described, will produce the same successful results, and that any one possessing a convenient pond or stream may stock it with the best kinds of trout or other fish in one or two years, and by good feeding have them in high condition. Where trout already exists of small size and inferior quality, I would recommend wholly destroying the breed by saturating the water with quick-lime or any other mode more advisable, and procuring spawn or fry from lakes where the best kinds of trout are found, in Scotland or elsewhere. The same may be said of grayling, pike, or any other kind of fish suited to ponds or brooks and rivers as may be desired by their owners, which renders the discovery now made known of value to all, and in all quarters, as well as to

to salmon-fishing proprietors. In conclusion, I hope that the above brief account may not only be well understood, but that the ease and comparatively trifling expense at which the breeding of fry can be accomplished may induce many this season to try this novel but successful mode of increasing our stocks of salmon and other fish, and consequently adding largely to the wealth of our country.'—*Annals of Natural History*, Nov., 1841.

Sir Francis adds that, should any further information be wanted, he will gladly reply to inquiries; and he expresses a hope that those who may be successful in this spring will communicate to him any account of breeding, feeding, &c. Sir Francis, however, has proved enough to put it in the power of anybody infested with a poor breed of trout to fill their places with such fish as glitter on the rustic dish borne by the lowly but lovely handmaiden in Edwin Landseer's exquisite *Bolton Abbey*, if he will only attend to their food. We know Sir Francis to be a practical man, and we consider this experiment of no slight importance. Elsewhere* we have shown that the principle is not new; but not the less praise is due to the practical experimentalist who has brought it into successful action. We have also dwelt on the advantages of naturalising good species in our fresh waters, and we cannot close this imperfect sketch without alluding to two which are entirely within our reach: one is still an inhabitant of some of our rivers. We will first speak of the foreigner.

No one has ever tasted the *Lucioperca Sandra*—or in other words visited Berlin—without pronouncing it delicious. This *pike-perch* is caught in the Danube, the Elbe, and the Oder. The genus is said to be found in the Baltic, Caspian, and Black seas, and to occur abundantly in the Volga. There appear to be several species, one American, and all are desirable for the table: but the *Lucioperca Sandra* might be easily introduced into the streams of this country. It is true that this species is more tender than the perch, and will not bear carriage as that fish will; and this tenderness, Cuvier thought, had prevented its introduction into France. In these days of steam, however, the fish themselves might with a little care be brought to us alive, to say nothing of the transportation of the impregnated ova. The fish, which is perch-like in its general appearance and markings, but much longer in proportion to its depth, grows to the length of three or four feet, and sometimes weighs twenty pounds. The flesh when well cooked flakes out snow-white, and is rich and sapid. Excellent is the pike-perch plain-boiled; and is good any how. Yet,

* Quarterly Review, vol. lviii., p. 336 et seq.

as far as we know,* neither Lucullus nor Phagon ever tasted it, although the latter swallowed almost everything; and on one occasion, after discussing a wether and a pig by way of *entrées*, ate up an entire boar at a single dinner, an accomplishment which would be invaluable at our modern tables, where that stubborn piece of resistance so often remains untouched. The ancients were, however, up to the artificial breeding of fish, apparently, for it is related that Octavius bred gillheads in the sea 'like corn upon the ground.'

The neglected fish of our own waters is the burbot, or eel-pout, *Lota vulgaris* of authors, *Gadus Lota* of Linnæus. Our ancestors knew its value well. Many of our readers have doubtless revelled in the *matelote* prepared from the *Lotte* of Lake Lucerne. That is our burbot—confined to a very few rivers (of which the Cam, the Trent, the Ouse, and the Derwent are the principal), and now very little known. As it is common in the Swiss lakes, where it is taken in eel-pots, there is no doubt that it would thrive equally well in ours, and amply repay those who might breed it for the market, where its superiority would soon be recognised.

ART. VI.—*Arundines Cami*.—Collegit atque edidit Henricus Drury, A.M. 8vo. pp. 261. Cantabrigiæ. 1841.

THIS elegant volume carries us back to the days of youth: it awakens recollections of cricket-matches in green summer fields, and boatings on blue and quiet waters. We are again roaming among meadows by the river side, or loitering in our idle skiff along the stream with friends, some of whom have reached the irrevocable bourn, some wandered far from us along the devious paths of life; some have risen to eminence and fame, others have sunk or retired into peaceful obscurity. It awakens less tender, perhaps, but more calmly pleasurable emotions, the dim reminiscences of those days (for they belong, we think, rather to the public school than the University), when the world of poetry and of letters opened before; us when, the drudgery of grammatical instruction being over, our minds began to have free intercourse with the poets, orators, and historians of Rome and Greece; when we studied with fresh and unexhausted wonder the inimitable art of Virgil, the fervid passion of Catullus; Lucretius, with his unrivalled skill in painting with words;

* Such is the opinion of the learned, who have been unable to trace its presence at the tables of the ancients, notwithstanding its excellence and its wide European range.

and Horace, whose grace and art we could feel, but whose shrewd views of human life it requires more mature experience in life fully to appreciate: when with not less ardent, but, at first, less confident enthusiasm, we lifted the curtain of the Greek theatre, penetrated awe-struck into the gloom of Æschylus, admired the finely-constructed fables of Sophocles, or enchanted our ears with the music of Aristophanes: when, at length, as our minds approached their stature, we could comprehend the majestic simplicity of Homer. To those in whom such remembrances either arise not or arise without delight and without gratitude, this book will have no interest, and our pages no attraction—let them pass on, we assure them, unenvied, to severer or more stirring matters. For our own parts, we can look back on the time, wasted, as some would say, on the composition of Greek and Latin verse, not merely with these soft and pleasing admonitions of the past, but with deliberate and, we are persuaded, rational satisfaction.

We are not disposed to argue the point at length, but we have used the expression of *gratitude* to such pursuits not carelessly or inadvertently, but in perfect sincerity. If scholarship be in itself a gift and privilege of the highest value, we know nothing which contributes so powerfully to this end—nothing which promotes this part of the æsthetic cultivation of the mind, so much as composition in the learned languages; and since experience shows that, in the season of youthful imaginativeness, where one boy will labour to write well in prose, many will be ambitious of trying their strength in verse, this form of composition will always awaken the most earnest emulation, and call forth the powers of the ripening understanding. It is invaluable, considered merely as a key to the learned languages, as enabling us to comprehend and feel all the nicer shades of meaning and expression, the delicate turns of thought, the curious felicity and harmony of compositions—the writers of which studied numbers even in prose, and in verse are full of the finest metrical artifices, the liquid flow, the solemn pause, the alternating strength and softness. We may not possess the accurate pronunciation or intonation of Greek or Latin verse—we feel nevertheless the exquisite beauty; the rhythm has that correspondence with the thought, the modulation is so nicely adapted to the feeling, that though the great secret of ancient metre be still in some respects a mystery, to the well-organised and disciplined ear it is full of music—and the best discipline of the ear is the practice of composition in verse. Even where the Greek or Latin verse is a mere cento of classical thoughts, images, or expressions, it cannot be unprofitable to sound scholarship to be

frequently reproducing in different form and order, if with intelligence and propriety, the conceptions and the language of the great writers. This is the lowest view. Where the mastery over the language is more complete, and our own thoughts and the creations of our fancy are embodied in words perfectly true to the genius and idiom of the ancient tongue, the exercise is at once the discipline, the test, and the triumph of consummate scholarship. Arguments, however, we conceive, even if conducted with the utmost calmness and impartiality, on such a subject, would have little effect. Those who think with us are already confirmed in their tastes—they are experimentally convinced of the value of such studies: those who are against us may perhaps give us credit for ingenuity in support of a falling cause—but will still smile superior at our antiquated prejudices. Who would try to convince a deaf man into the love of music? or prove syllogistically to a man who cares not for bodily grace and activity, that gymnastic exercise gives strength, and pliancy, and dexterity to the limbs?

An appeal to authority will, perhaps, meet with no better reception in adverse quarters. Yet it is remarkable how many of our greatest men in every rank and profession have, at some period of their lives, sought either an exercise of their scholarship, or sometimes a distraction from weightier cares, in the composition of Latin verse. This may be attributed in a great degree to the importance long attached to these studies in our great public schools and in our Universities; but it would not have been so frequently reverted to in after life, if it possessed not some intrinsic value, something congenial with lofty and cultivated minds;—that which having adorned the youthful eloquence, and certainly not enfeebled the high and statesmanlike character of men like Fox, Grenville, Canning, and Wellesley, has become the graceful and manly amusement of their declining years, will still, we are persuaded, command the lively interest of many, and justify our devoting some pages of our journal to this somewhat exclusive subject.

The editor of this volume bears a name long, intimately, and honourably connected with two of our great public schools; and his own compositions show that he has not degenerated from his race. His collection consists entirely of translations: they are chiefly, we apprehend, contributed by young friends, his contemporaries at school or in the University. There appears, indeed, some capriciousness in the admission of a few poems by older men;—probably the editor has given such as he could command: but if Porson's well-known version of 'Three children sliding on the ice' is repeated—(we cannot, indeed, have it too often)—and verses included (certainly among the very best in the volume) by that excellent scholar, the late Bishop of Lichfield, Dr. Butler

—we naturally look for other names not less distinguished in the art. One or two such we find indeed, but not always affixed to things worthy of the signature. We cannot, for instance, but wish that the good Archdeacon Wrangham, instead of condescending to gingling and unmetrical versions of some of the least meritorious effusions of Mr. Haynes Bayley, would have adhered to the really classical style of his own youth.

Some of the copies of verses here given, we must confess, are but indifferent, and there is far too large a proportion, as we shall presently observe, of a certain class; but many are very elegant, and though on the whole, even as Latin compositions, they may be treated as trifles, and aspire to no loftier praise, there is a skill and grace in trifling with ease and felicity of language and of numbers, which to the experienced ear shows at once the well-instructed and accomplished scholar.

The ingenuity of scholarship, the command of purely classical language, the felicity of expression, and the facility of versification, are perhaps displayed in the highest degree in translations from modern poetry: there is the difficulty of seizing the nearest equivalent phrase, of transfusing the full spirit of the conception or the liveliness of the image, without offending against the genius of the older tongue; the close adherence to, the slight departure from the sense—the substitution, where absolutely necessary, of a kindred form of thought or word: all this puts to the severest test the resources of the writer; gives the measure at once of his fertility, taste, and judgment; and—especially in the shorter pieces—seems to demand that perfect polish, that blending of the ease of original composition with fidelity of translation, that blameless correctness both in expression and in versification, which invites, and even defies the most rigorous criticism: it admits no negligence, and but sparingly poetic licence; it must be tasteful as well as scholarlike.

We confess we have endeavoured, with malicious diligence, to detect that great capital offence against the only laws with which innovation has not yet dared to tamper, those of prosody; that high treason, that sin which comprehends all sin, a false quantity; that which discovered in an Etonian copy of verses—(and we have before our court no less a person than the head-master of Eton, and, as our ear, we think, infallibly informs us, many of his pupils)—would disturb departed provosts in their ceremonies, turn the reflux Thames upwards towards Surley Hall, and make the Long Chamber tremble to its foundations. Whether the tall spire of Harrow would bow in conscience-stricken sympathy with an offender from its precincts, or the Wykehamists be disturbed by any such awful portents, we presume not to say: lower down the Thames such charges, it is said, are borne with greater equanimity.

nimity. We have searched, however, in vain; but we are forced to add that we cannot acquit all our authors of certain minor offences, forgery of phrases without the endorsement of a respectable authority, and the uttering of base coin, words not of the better age; to say nothing of small larcenies and petty thefts; the stripping other people's children of their fine and well-fitting clothes, and dressing them in mean and unseemly rags—inadequate versions of beautiful originals; the abduction of rich and elegant epithets, and marrying them to worthless and unsuitable substantives; with sundry instances of contempt of court, in introducing unseasonable and indifferent jokes.

We must begin, however, by pointing out some of those copies of verses which appear to us the most elegant and pleasing; and we cannot but assign the place of honour to the accomplished prelate whom we have already named. There are two short pieces of Dr. Butler's, with the exception of one word, excellent, combining the ease of original composition with close faithfulness of translation. Perhaps some of our readers may never have happened to meet with the original of the first, which strikes us as well deserving preservation. It is by Δ., i.e. Dr. David Moir of Musselburgh:—

‘ MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

‘ Where these rude rocks on Bernard's
summit nod,
Once heavenward sprung the throne of
Pennine Jove,
An ancient shrine of hospitable Love,
Now burns the altar to the Christians' God.
Here peaceful Piety, age on age, has trod
The waste; still keeps her vigils, takes
her rest;
Still as of yore salutes the coming guest,
And cheers the weary as they onward rove,
Healing each wayworn limb; or oft will
start,
Catching the storm-lost wanderer's
sinking cry;
Speed the rich cordial to his ebbing heart;
Chafe his stiff limbs, and bid him not
to die.
So tasked to smooth stern winter's drifting
wing,
And garb the eternal snows in more eternal
spring.’

The word *medela*, we apprehend, is not used by any writer of the better ages. The second is from Coleridge's pretty epigram, ascribed, we know not why, to Donne:—

‘ Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.’

‘ SCRIPTUM IN MONTE BERNARDI.

‘ Hæc ubi saxa vides Bernardi in monte,
viator,
Pennini quondam templa fuere Jovis,
Hospitium vetus, et multis memorabile
sæclis,
Nunc colitur veri sanctior ara Dei.
Scilicet his olim voluit sibi ponere sedem
Religio, et notis gaudet adesse jugis;
Utque prius blandâ venientes voce salutât,
Deque viâ fessis alma ministrat opem,
Et fractas reparat vires, reficitque *medela*,
Et sovet Alpino membra perusta gelu.
Aut quos obruerit subitâ nix lapsa ruinâ,
Eripit ex altâ mole, vetatque mori.
Temperat et Boreæ rabiem, mollitque
pruinâs,
Et facit æterno vere tepere nives.’

‘ Ante malum quam te culpâ maculaverat,
ante
Quam poterat primum carpere cura
decus,
In cælos gemmam leni mors transtulit ictu,
Inque suo jussit sese aperire solo.’

We

We shall find presently some of the cleverest of the comic verses bearing the same signature.

Of the younger candidates for honour, we cannot but distinguish Lord Lyttleton. Of his compositions we should perhaps prefer that from the 'Deserted Village' to the one which we select: we quote this, however, for the sake of variety, as an example of hexameter verse. The translator has caught very happily the wild and fanciful tone of Mr. Tennyson's poem, and quietly dropped its affectations. He has not, perhaps, quite subdued it to classical purity; it still reads considerably below the Virgilian age. We must be considered, indeed, as quoting Lord Lyttleton, not Mr. Tennyson, who, however, might study with advantage how much his language must be filtered, and its exuberance strained off, before it can be transfused into classical verse:—

ÆNONE.

'O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Aloft the mountain-pine was dewy dark,
And dewy dark aloft the mountain pine;
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat, white horned,
white hooved,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

'O mother Ida, hearken ere I die:
I sate alone: the golden-sandalled morn
Rose-hued the scornful hills: I sate alone
With down-dropt eyes; white-breasted,
like a star
Fronting the dawn he came: a leopard
skin
From his white shoulder drooped: his
sunny hair
Clustered about his temples like a god's;
And his cheek brightened, as the foam-
bow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and I
called out,
"Welcome, Apollo; welcome home,
Apollo:
Apollo, my Apollo, loved Apollo."

'Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
He, mildly smiling, in his milk-white
palm
Close held a golden apple, lightning bright
With changeful flashes, dropt with dew of
heaven,

ÆNONE.

'Me miseram exaudi scatebroso e culmine
mater!
Ida, meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe
vocem.
Desuper Eoo montanus rore madebat
Tractus, et in dubio stillabant lumine
pinus,
Cum Paris heu! nimium pulchri sub
tegmine vultus
Turpia corda fovens, altis et cornibus
hircum
Insignem et pedibus deducens, cætera
nigrum,
Solus arundineâ venit Simoentis ab undâ.
'Ida, meam, genitrix, mors advenit,
accipe vocem.
Aurea per montes roseo fulgore superbos
Ridebat veniens Aurora; ego sola sedebam,
Triste tuens; illum mox albo pectore, ut
astrum
Dissipat obscuras adversâ fronte tenebras,
Vidi incandentem. Lateris gestamina
puleri
Exuvie pardi pendebant, diaque flavis
Fluctibus undantes velabant tempora
crines;
Fulgebantque genæ, qualis cum ventus
aquosam
Fert agitans spumam, nitet arcus in
ætheris auras.
Tunc ego, "Mi tandem salve mihi,
dulcis Apollo,
Exoptate diu, salve mihi, dulcis Apollo!"
'Ida, meam, genitrix, mors advenit,
accipe vocem.
Ille mihi flavum, quem lactea dextra
tenebat,
Splendore insolito, divini fulguris instar,
Purique ambrosios expirans roris odores,
Porrexì.

Ambrosially smelling. From his lip
Curved crimson, the full-flowing river of
speech
Came down upon my heart.

'My own CEnone,
Beautiful-browed CEnone, mine own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind
engraven,

"For the most fair," in aftertimes may
breed

Deep evil-willedness of heaven, and sere
Heart-burning toward hallowed Iliion;
And all the colour of my after life
Will be the shadow of to-day. To-day
Here and Pallas, and the floating grace
Of laughter-loving Aphrodite, meet
In many-folded Ida, to receive
This meed of beauty, she to whom my
hand

Awards the palm. Within the green hill-
side,

Under yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
Is an in-going grotto, strewn with spar,
And ivy-matted at the mouth, wherein
Thou un beholden mayest behold, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of gods.'

As a contrast to this overflorid piece, we select one from a
different school of English poetry, rendered, in our opinion,
with peculiar grace and neatness:—

'EUPHELIA AND CHLOE.

'The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name;
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame.

'My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Chloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

'My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

'Fair Chloe blushed, Euphelia frowned;
I sung and gazed; I played and trem-
bled;

And Venus to the Loves around
Remarked how ill we all dissembled.'

Porrexit malum, suavique arsisit amore.
Protinus e roseo manantia verba labello
Cor pepulere meum:—Speciosam candida
frontem,

'CEnone, mea vita, hujusne in cortice
mali
Inscriptum, "Capiat quæ sit pulcherri-
ma" cernis?

Hoc gravis a pomo surget celestibus ira;
Invidaque incumbens saceratæ numina
Trojæ;

Et mihi venturos animi vitæque colores
Hæc dabit una dies. Hodie cum Pallade
et Herâ,

Adveniet, liquidæ mirâ dulcedine formæ,
Et lepido risu Cytherea, ubi devia surgit
Ida, venustatis magna ad certamina
nostrâ

Decernenda manu; viridem tu monte sub
ipso

Speluncam inideas, ubi desuper alta
susurrant

Pineta, et varios spargit natura lapillos,
Prætenditque hedernæ: ibi mox celata
videbis

Me Paridem magnas divarum solvere
lites.'

'LAVINIA ET CHLOE.

'Trans mare mercator falso sub nomine
currit,

Ut vehat intactas dissimulatur opes;
Non male perjuram decorat Lavinia
musam,
At mihi lux vera est, veraque flamma,
Chloe.

'Molle meum in thalamo cultæ Lavinia
mense,
Addiderat carmen dulceisonamque
lyram;

Quum me blanda Chloe, quod erat,
cantare rogavit,
Et non indoctâ verrere fila manu.

'Solicito chordas, vocemque e pectore
mitto;

Sed gemitus inter carmina triste sonant;
Dumque audit falsam de se Lavinia
laudem,
Totus adorato figor in ore Chloes.

'Erubuit formosa Chloe; Lavinia frontem
Contraxit; cecini contremuique simul;
Et Venus ipsa suo ridens clamavit
Amori,—

En tria facundis prodita corda genis!'

To this elegant version of Prior we find attached the signature
of

of another young nobleman, Lord John Manners; and we observe by the same hand a not less happy translation of Cowper's 'Shrubbery,' page 182.

We should not do justice to Mr. Drury, nor show our gratitude for the amusement which his collection has afforded us, if we did not select some specimen of his own verse. He has by no means usurped to himself a disproportionate share of the volume, nor overloaded it with his own compositions.

Of his serious pieces we prefer those that are brief: we shall, therefore, give two or three of these rather than one of his longer and more sustained efforts. William Spencer's very *pretty* verses are turned with much grace:—

TO A LADY.

'Too late I stayed, forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers.

'What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all the sands are diamond sparks
That dazzle as they pass?

'Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings?

THE TOYS OF LIFE.

'Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
A livelier plaything gives his youth
delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Gold, garters, scarfs, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys
of age;
Pleased with this bauble still, as that
before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's dull play is
o'er.'—POPE.

THUS EVER.

'Oh ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die.'

MOORE.

AD LYDIAM.

'Da veniam fasso; puduit, te absente,
teneri,—
Oblitus horarum fui;
Quam tacito incedit Tempus pede, nil
nisi molles
Cum calce flores proterit!

'Quis, sensim ut refluant, ita grana fidelis
ocellus
In vitreo notat globo,
Si gemmis splendet simul omnis arena
minutis,
Nitore quæ fallunt suo?

'Quis quod amat metitur opus, celerem-
que volatum
Inter serena Temporis,
Cum paradisiacæ plumæ suffuderit alis
Tempus colores aureos?

NOSTRUM ILLUD VIVERE.

'Ecce modo infantem—sic Dii voluere
benigni—
Gaudeat ut crotalo, stramine captus hiet!
Acrior oblectat juvenilia pectora ludus,
Aucto, sed pariter futilis ille, sono;
'Aurumque et procerum phaleras maturior
ætas,
Votivas sequitur balba senecta nuces;
Idem amor his nugis idemque recurrit in
illis:
Dum dormit ludo fessus, et—exit homo.'

SIC SEMPER.

'Sic mihi de teneris spes infelicitur annis,
Et vota et cupidæ præteriere preces!
Arbusta in sylvis, in aprico flosculus
horto—
Sub manibus pereunt omnia pulcra meis.
Si forte effusi (qu. ?) mirantem fulgur
ocelli
Jam me surpuerat cara capella mihi,
Cum sciret vocem, peteret mea basia,
mecum
Luderet—ad certam mittitur illa ne-
cem.'

The

The following is rather longer, but well done; except, perhaps, that it is somewhat drawn out:—

‘THE FIRST GRIEF.

‘Oh call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?’

The butterfly is glancing bright
Along the sunbeams’ track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
O call my brother back.

The flowers run wild—the flowers we
sowed
Around our garden tree:
Our vine is drooping with its load—
O call him back to me.

“He would not hear my voice, fair child;
He may not come to thee;
The face, that once, like spring-time
smiled,
On earth no more thou’lt see.

A flower’s brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given:
Go, thou must play alone, my boy—
Thy brother is in heaven.”

And has he left the birds and flowers,
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o’er?
O while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more.’

HEMANS.

In the third stanza, we would suggest ‘quos sevimus una,’ as preserving a thought which should not be lost.

We must not omit a specimen of the present Provost of Eton, whom, to say the truth, we like much better in his serious than his playful mood.

‘FIDELE’S GRAVE.

‘With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here,
Fidele,
I’ll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not
lack
The flower that’s like thy face, pale prim-
rose; nor

‘O revoca mihi fratrem, et eris carissima,
mater!’

Solus enim nequeo ludere, fessus ero.
Cum pictis apibus, venit cum floribus
æstas—

Dic quibus in cæcis abditur ille locis?
Trans jubar aurati volitans mutabile solis,
Alà papilio versicolore micat;
Et micet incolumis: per me volitabit
inultus—

O redeat nostram frater, ut ante, domum.
Intonsi exultant flores — quem sevimus
hortum:

Arbore sub patulâ quæ rubuere rosæ:
Vitis dependet crassis onerata racemis—
Si revocas fratrem, tu mihi mater es!

“Heu! non audiret matrem, formose, vo-
cantem,
Quem poterunt nullæ sollicitare preces:
Ille oculus ridens, faciesque simillima
veri,
Et nos et nostrum destituere diem.

“Sole sub aprico quid si breve carpserit
ævum?

Splendida decidui tempora floris habet.
I puer! et ludos tecum meditare novellos,
Nec geme quod cælis gaudeat ille suis.”

Ergo abit, et volucres et gemmea prata
reliquit?

Et mea necquicquam vox repetita
sonat?

Immemor et nostri, per tædia longa
dierum,
Per totam æstatem non venit usque
mihi?

Nec rursus in viridi reduces errabimus
umbrâ?

Ad nemus, ad fontes incommitatus eam?
Dure puer, qui tot dulces neglexeris
horas,

Nec dederis fratri basia plura tuo!’

‘FIDELES TUMULUS.

‘Tuum, Fidele, floribus pulcherrimis,
Dum durat æstas, incolamque me vident
Hæc rura, funus contegam; pallentium
Tui instar oris, primularum copia
Haud deerit, aut colore venas æmulans
Hyacinthus, aut odora frons cynosbati:
Quæ, nec calumniatur, haud erat tuo

Odora

The azure harebell, like thy veins : no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, which, not to
slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath : the rud-
dock would
With charitable bill (O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers
lie
Without a monument) bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furred moss beside, when flow-
ers are none
To winter-ground thy corse.'

Odora quamvis, spiritu fragrantior.
Tibi hæc vetustæ more mansuetudinis
(O mos pudori prodigis hæredibus
Inhumata patrum qui relinquunt corpora!)
Rubecularum vilis hospitalitas
Afferret : imo plura : namque mortuis
His omnibus, cubile musco sterneret,
Brumæque te curaret, ut viresceres.'

Since the days when the author of the Pursuits of Literature brandished his satiric rod over the 'seventh form boys,' who had ventured to translate Gray's Elegy into Greek, the same passion seems always to have prevailed, and still prevails, of accomplishing this, in either language we are persuaded, hopeless task. Besides an attempt to render this poem into Latin elegiacs, in Mr. Drury's volume, we have before us another recently printed by the Rev. William Hildyard. How many more have passed before us, and flitted into the shades of oblivion, we do not pretend to recollect. We cannot congratulate either of our present translators on their success ; but we are disposed to examine the general causes of failure in all who have made the attempt, rather than to assume the ungracious office of pointing out the defects (except so far as to illustrate our views) of these two recent productions.

It seems to us that it is not merely the exquisite beauty of the original, but the peculiar cast of its beauty, which defies translation, especially into a dead language. Where the excellence of a poem consists entirely in the grandeur, boldness, or grace of the thoughts, those thoughts may find an adequate expression in another tongue ; and beautiful images may be represented by beautiful images, if not precisely the same, yet with a close analogy : even peculiar forms of language, though more rarely, may be rendered, if not by equivalent, yet by what we may call kindred or congenial terms—familiar by familiar, refined by refined, and even recondite phrases by phrases equally remote from ordinary use. But where the beauty consists in the perfect balance and harmony between the thought and the language, and where the versification is in keeping with the same general expression ; where there is at once consummate art and perfect ease ; every hue of language in its proper gradation, every word in its proper place ; where all the thoughts, words, and numbers are, as it were, tones in the general harmony—then it is that the slightest transposition mars the effect ; the slightest substitution forces an invidious comparison : the least omission makes a void, and a superfluous word is felt as a clog and a burthen.

burthen. Even if the copy could be perfectly like, with no feature lost, no lineament misplaced, we demand the life, the expression of the original. But perfect fidelity is indeed almost impossible, from the different idiom of the languages, the closer or more diffuse forms of speech, the different length of the correspondent verses; we always have too much or too little; the version is in one place inadequate, in another spun out beyond the proper extent. What is the unspeakable charm of this 'Elegy,' which has fixed it in the memory of every lover, we may almost say every reader, of poetry, since its first publication, and even forced reluctant admiration from the surly critic, who partly from prejudice against the man, partly from mental temperament which could not appreciate its peculiar excellence, trod rough-shod over the rest of Gray's poetry? There is nothing very profound or original in the thoughts; they are those which might occur under such circumstances to minds of but ordinary strength or cultivation: the language, though sometimes wrought out with unsurpassed felicity, is more simple and equable than is usual with Gray: the scenery is quiet and domestic, neither strikingly picturesque nor romantic; the imagery is pleasing, but neither very bold, nor at all luxuriant; even the moral tone has nothing of that religious depth and earnestness, which some might think inseparable from the subject. It is, we are persuaded, this wonderful harmony and correspondence of thought, imagery, language, and verse; the exquisite finish, which betrays nothing of elaborate or toilsome artifice, but which seems to have been cast at once in the mind of the poet; everything in his creation seems to have taken spontaneously its proper place; nothing is otiose or unnecessary, yet nothing obtrusive or insubordinate; the language though perspicuous is suggestive, though suggestive neither vague nor diverting the imagination into a different train of thought; it is a study, in short, of composition, which might be of the greatest use to the young poets of the present day, who with abundant fertility of imagery, liveliness of conception, and often great command of picturesque and musical words, contrive to produce no lasting effect—either leading us through a succession of thoughts and images, pleasing enough in themselves, but without coherence, mutual dependence, or harmony—or bewildering us in rich and sparkling language, in which we idle away a short time agreeably enough, but of which nothing whatever adheres to the memory.

For the same reason Gray's 'Elegy,' like the prose of Plato—and if we did not remember the versions of Lady Dacre, we should have added the poetry of Petrarch—is untranslatable. This will appear from the comparison of a few stanzas of these versions, selected with no disrespect to the attainments of the

authors—

authors—(the writer in the ‘Arundines,’ the Rev. I. H. Macaulay, is occasionally very neat and scholarlike)—but under the conviction that this comparison will illustrate our meaning. Take the first stanza :

‘ The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea ;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.’

Here is the version in the ‘Arundines Cami :’

‘ Depositi sonat exequias campana diei,
Incedit lentum per vaga rura pecus ;
Carpit iter, repetitque domum defessus arator,
Sublustrique moror vespere solus agris.’

What sense the translator would give to the word ‘depositi’ we are at a loss to guess, but in no way can it represent ‘parting day.’ In the second line we lose the ‘lowing’ herd ; and with submission, the transference of the wandering, or winding of the herd to the country (*vaga rura*), is very like nonsense. How flat for ‘plods his weary way,’ the double phrase ‘carpit iter, repetitque domum ;’ and though the fourth line is correct enough, yet how inadequate to the quiet melancholy of the original. Mr. Hildyard is not more fortunate ; not one line gives half the slight but happy touches of the poet ; the last adds an image, and that a false one :

‘ Audin’ ut occiduae sonitum campana diei
Reddit, et a pratis incipit ire pecus ;
Jam proprios petit ipse lares defessus arator,
Et passim, extinctis ignibus, omne silet.’

The knell of day, the winding and lowing herd, the slow step of the ploughman, the poet himself, all are gone ; and the fire is put out exactly when Molly is putting on her kettle :—

‘ For them no more the *blazing hearth* shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
Nor children run to lisp their sire’s return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.’

We might have expected these familiar and universal images to have fallen more easily into any language ; Mr. Hildyard, however, is so poor, that we shall not quote his version ; in the other, though we miss much, the last expression is very happy, and compensates in some degree for what necessarily escapes :

‘ Illis haud iterum [*we should prefer “amplius haud illis”*] refovebitur
igne caminus,
Sponsave quod propriae est sedula partis aget ;
Non balbo proles gratabitur ore parenti,
Curret in amplexus, *præripietve genas*.’

We turn to the well-known stanza, of which the author of the 'Pursuits of Literature' produced in such triumph Dr. Cook's version; and though, as Greek, it may by no means in every word bear the severity of modern criticism, it is certainly fine and spirited.

Ἄ χάρις ἐυγενέων, χάρις ἡ βασιλίδος ἄρχας,
Δῶρα τύχας, χρυσᾶς Ἀφροδίτας κάλα τὰ δῶρα,
Πάνθ' ἅμα ταῦτα τέθνακε, καὶ ἦνθεν μόρσιμον ἄμαρ.
'Ἡρώων κλέ' ὄλωλε, καὶ ὥχετο κοινον εἰς Ἀδαν.

Mr. Macaulay's copy is here singularly neat and ingenious; what we miss is the life of the original.

'Stemmata longa patrum, magnæque potentia famæ,
Quicquid forma potest addere, quicquid opes,
Expectant pariter non evitabile tempus—
Scilicet ad tumulum ducit Honoris iter.'

Mr. Hildyard makes strange work of Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell. We question whether the Latin or the verse is the worst. The sense is entirely mistaken. It is a curious illustration to what straits a man is reduced who attempts what is beyond his powers.

'Forsitan, inter avos, Hampdeni hic ossa quiescent
Qui sæva intrepidâ fregerit acta [*qq.* Acts of Parliament?] manu—
Qui sacer ante alios, Miltonus, *επωνυμος*, adsit,
Cromwellusve, vacans proditione ferâ!'

The translator in the 'Arundines' converts with more classical feeling, but with the sacrifice of propriety, Hampden into Brutus, Milton into Ovid, Cromwell into Cæsar. The last line runs—

'Nec patriæ temerans fœdera Cæsar aquæ.'

What is the meaning of this? Crossing the Rubicon? But it is in stanzas like these exquisite ones that the failure is most complete and evident—

'For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?
On some fond heart the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.'

What word can be spared here, or changed for another?—what thought either more strongly or more feebly given; how can we expand or compress? Even if every thought and word were embalmed without change or decay in another language, the fine
music

music of the verse must escape; a change in the place of any word would do violence to the effect of the whole. Let any one construe literally the following fair verses, and find how much the Latin reproduces, or even suggests, of the original—how much is absolutely lost, or diluted, or perverted.

‘Nam quis pervigilis, sic immemor usque priorum,
Delicias animæ deposuisse velit?
Ecquis deseruit lætæ confinia lucis,
Nec tulit ad superas ora reflexa plagas?
Sese anima in gremium fugitiva receptat amicum,
Ultima lachrymulam flagitat hora piam;
Vel de ferali clamat natura sepulchro,
Vel calet effuso fax rediviva rogo.’

The comic part of this volume we do not think equal to the serious; and it bears far too large a proportion to the whole. We are absolutely overrun with Gammer Gurton rhymes, we do not think in general very happily executed. The merit and the fun of such translations may be of two different kinds. It may consist in rendering comic and modern thoughts into purely classical language, so that they should read like genuine bits of old Latin or Greek verse. It is this quiet humour, this quaint contrast between the childish absurdity of the English verses and the very turns of language and expression of the Greek tragic drama, which constitutes the excellence of Porson’s ‘Three Children sliding on the Ice.’ To the ear it sounds like a fragment of an old Greek drama—every word and idiomatic term is purely Attic—and yet every thought and image of the nursery rhyme is represented with perfect accuracy.

‘Three children sliding on the ice,
All on a summer’s day,
As it fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.
Now had these children been at school,
Or slid upon dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.
You parents that have children dear,
And eke you that have none,
If you will have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.’

Χρυσταλλοπήκτους σείπτουχοι κέροι ροῦς
“Ὡφ’ ἔβρους ψάλλοντες εὐτάροις ποσὶ,
Δυναῖς ἵππασιν, οἷα δὲ πίπτιν φίλῃ,
“Ἀπαντίς· εἴτ’ ἱφίωγον εἰ λιλαιμμένοι.
“Ἀλλ’ ἴσσις ἦσαν ἰγκυκλισμένοι μοχλοῖς,
“Ἡ ποσὶν ἐλισσάμεντες ἐν ἤρῳ πύδῃ,
Χρυσῶν ἂν ἤβλησα περιδιδάσαι σταβρῶν,
Εἰ μὴ μίλος τι τῶν νῶν ἰσώζετο.
“Ἀλλ’ ὦ τοκοῖς, ἔσοις μὲν ὄντα τυγχάνει,
“Ὅσοις δὲ μὴ, βλαστήματ’ ἐνέκοντο σκορπεῖς,
“Ἢν εὐτυχὶς εὐχρηστὴ τὰς θυράς, ἴδοις
Τῷς παῖσιν, εὖ σφῶς ἐν δόμοις φυλάσσεντι.

The other manner is broader and certainly less legitimate in its humour. It renders the most completely modern thoughts, usages or sentiments—the most remote from classical ideas—as best it may, into Latin or Greek. The ludicrousness arises from the odd contrast between the thoughts and the language—the ingenuity with which the nearest analogous term is substituted—

stituted—the mastery over the language, which alone can fully exhibit its pliancy and call forth all its resources. In this consists the drollery of some of the better Westminster epilogues: we envy not the severe scholar who cannot laugh at the whimsical incongruities which these spoken caricatures often exhibit; and the cleverness with which phrases, if not always of the purest Latinity, yet chosen with sufficient regard to the genius of the language, are found for things which it would have puzzled a Roman to name or comprehend. And these subjects of low humour test the knowledge which is most rare in the finished scholar, that of the more familiar and vernacular language of the ancients. The more utterly incongruous, therefore, the original with classical thought, the more apparently untranslatable—the better, if the translator can succeed at all. The vulgar ballad, the childish ditty, may be an amusing trial of skill; but then it must remain vulgar and childish in the translation—mock heroic, if the translator will—but never, like some of the versions before us, refined into inappropriate elegance, or so gravely transposed into correct Latin as to leave neither point nor jest. The translation of the ‘Elegy on a Mad Dog’ is cleverly done by Mr. Hodgson of Trinity College, and this in its quiet irony perhaps admits of being turned into pleasing elegiacs: still we miss the quaintness of the original; we are not compelled to smile at every fourth verse, as by honest Goldsmith. This form of composition is a favourite with the editor. He has given us Billy Taylor and Miss Bailey. Now we protest against a new version of the latter. Glasse’s inimitable doggrel is in possession of the field, and we assert his right against all intruders. Tune and all is preserved.

‘Seduxit miles virginem, receptus in hibernis,
Præcipitem quæ laqueo se transtulit Avernis;
Impransus ille restitit, sed acrius potabat,
Et conscius facinoris per vina clamitabat,
Miseram Balam, infortunatam Balam,
Proditam, traditam, miserrimamque Balam.’

Billy Taylor was, as far as we know, open ground; and Mr. Drury has succeeded much better: nor do we so much object in this instance to the half-sentimental turn of the Latin, which here perhaps aids rather than softens the absurdity. We do not, however, much like the comparison with Penthesilea—it was enough to turn Sukey into an Amazon.

‘Billy Taylor was a brisk young fellow,
Full of mirth and full of glee,
And his heart he did discover
To a maiden fair and free.

‘Fortis in apricæ Gulielmus flore ju-
ventæ
Oris erat lepidi lætitiæque satur;
Celatamque diu flammam detexit amicæ,
Quæ pulcra atque animi liberioris erat.
Sex

Four-and-twenty press-gang fellows,
Dressed they was in blue array,
Laid cruel hands on Billy Tailor,
Him they caught and sent to sea.

But his true-love followed a'ter
By the name of Robert Carr;
Her lily-white hands were daubed all over
With the nasty pitch and tar.

And in the very first engagement
Manfully she fought among the rest,
Till a bullet blew her jacket open,
And discovered her snow-white breast.

Which, when the captain saw, "What
squall, pray,
Hath blown you hither, Ma'am?" says
he;
"Sir, I seeks my Billy Tailor,
Whom you pressed and sent to sea."

"If you seeks your Billy Tailor,
Know he's inconstant and severe,
(Poor Sukey's heart beat high and heavy,
And she dropped one very big tear.)

"Rise up early in the morning,
At rise of sun and break of day,
And you'll see your Billy Tailor
Dancing with a lady gay."

Then she called for sword and pistol,
Which did come at her command,
And she shot poor Billy Tailor
With his lady in his hand.

Which when the captain came for to know
it,
He very much applauded what she had
done,
And he made her first lieutenant
Of the gallant Thunder bomb.'

We know not whether from the stronger contrast, which makes
the incongruity more amusing, the still greater apparent remote-
ness of English nursery nonsense from Attic Greek, and the severer
test

Sex quater insilient Caci (!) crudeliter
illum,
Cæruleâ oceani veste notante gregem,
Vique coegerunt celsam conscendere na-
vim,
Proh scelus! et rigidis imposuere foris.
Sed sua de cunctis longe fidissima nautis,
Susanna est habitu pone secuta mari;
Candida in imberbi maculantur lilia
vultu,
Et manus in nigram vertitur alba
picem.

Illa, virum ritu, furit in certamine primo,
Obsita sulphureis, nec tremefacta,
globis,
Horridos ignes inter; dum, veste solatâ,
Purior intactâ est prodita mamma
nive:

Quâ visâ Ductor, "Quisnam huc te ventus
adegit,"
Postulat: "Ereptum quærimus," illa,
"procum,
Quem tu prendisti fecistique ire per al-
tum!"—
"Huncine amas? eheu quam tibi
læsus amor!

Nam scito, infelix, inconstantem atque se-
verum,
Pro quo tot tuleris semivir, esse virum."
(Vix se continuit Susannæ pectus aube-
lum,
Lacrymaque ex oculis repperit una
viam.)

"Surge age, et auroræ primo sub lumine
flavæ,
Desere pendentem, sole oriente, torum;
Quem sequeris, cantu et fidibus saltare vi-
debis,
Ad dominæ motus, candida et illa,
sux."

Continuo sibi tela furens letalia poscit;
Itur—et in digitis ignis et ensis erant;
Stravit et atroci plumbique et sulphuris
ictu
Prensantem, interitus quæ sibi causa,
manu.

Virtutis Dux magnanimæ non immemor
illi
Plausus, quos cuperet Penthesilea,
dedit.
Nec mora: fulmineæ præfecit Amazona
puppi,
Ut Legatorum de grege prima foret.'

test to which scholarship appears to expose itself; or simply, perhaps, from the more happy execution, unquestionably the best, after Porson's, of the comic versions, are two into iambics and Aristophanic trochaics—the former by Bishop Butler—the latter by the head master of Eton.

‘THE MAN OF THESSALY.

‘There was a man of Thessaly,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a gooseberry bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.

And when he found his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again.’

Ἐξ οὗ τοιούτων θίσταλός τις ἦν ἀνὴρ,
ὃς ἔργον ἰσχυρίσσει τλημονίστατον.
ἀκαιοδοχνοκοκκίβατον ἐσέλατο,
δίσσαις δ’ ἀνιέρουζεν ἰφθάλμων κόρας.

ὡς οὖν τὰ πραχθῆναι ἔβλεπον, τυφλὸς γιγνώσκει,
οὐ μὴν ὑπίστηξ’ οὐδὲν, ἀλλ’ ἰουκαρδῶς
βάτον τοῦ ἄλλου ἤλατ’ εἰς ἀκαινίην,
καὶ τοῦδ’ ἰγνίτ’ ἐξαυθὶς ἐκ τυφλοῦ βλέπων.

The living scholar's trifle strikes us as extremely clever: the quiet gravity of the supposed scrap from Athenæus reads like a genuine excerpt from that chronicler of amusing nothings, as well as of valuable anecdote and excellent poetry, that diner-out of celebrity, and faithful reporter of ancient small-talk. We have the advantage of quoting Dr. Hawtrey from a corrected copy in his privately printed ‘Trifoglio’:—

‘Athenæi Fragmentum in palimpsesto bibliothecæ Ambrosianæ ab Angelo Maio inventum, antehac vero non editum.

— πρὶ δὲ τῶν κοσσύφων, ὡς ἐκ κριβάνου τοῖς διαπνοῦσι παρατιθέντις ἔδουσι, πρὶ δὲ ὀρνίθων τινων, ὡς τῶν παιδικῶν τὰς ῥίνας καταστάμενα ἁρπάξει, τῶν κομικῶν τις οὕτως γράφει

— ἀλλὰ νῦν ὑπάδειτ’ ἄνδρες, “ ἄσμα τοῦ
τιτραβολου.”

βασιλικῶς τις ἐν ἐν οἷα θύλακος ζωῶν πλείως·
κόσσυφοι δὲ κριβανῶναι τιτραβίαις ἐξ ἐν πτέρματι
τοῦ δὲ πιμματος κοπίντοις, νυστόμησαν
τῶντα·
οὐ τοῦδ’ ἦν ἴδισμα δίστοις καὶ τυραννικαῖς
πρίπων;

ἐν μυγχῷ δόμων· ὁ βασιλεὺς ἀργυροῖ ἰλογίζετο,
ἀναβάδην δ’ ἔτρωγε χάρις πυρὸν ἄρτον καὶ
μίλι
ἢ βασιλίσ· ἢ παῖς δ’ ἂν αὐτὸν βύσσειν ἐξέρτα
λίνο
νηπία· κάτω γὰρ ἦλθιν ἀπὸ τείγους ὀρνίθιον
σὴν τι ῥίνα τῆς ταλαινῆς ἦχεν· ἐν ῥύγχῳ
φίρον.

‘Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie:
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing,
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the King?

The King was in the parlour
Counting out his money,
The Queen was in the kitchen
Eating bread and honey;
The Maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
Down came a blackbird*
And carried off her nose.’

We cannot quit the ‘Trifoglio,’ as we have thus already trespassed on the privacy of a volume printed only for limited distribution among the author's friends, without expressing our admiration at the singular versatility of talent, and command of various languages, displayed in its pages. It contains transla-

* ‘Pessimè, codd. refrag. Lege, meo periculo, “little bird,” Bentley.’

tions of short poems—with a few original pieces in Greek, Italian, and German (we have a Latin composition in the 'Arundines' by Dr. Hawtrey, which our space allows us not to quote). The versions are from French and English into Greek—from Latin, English, and German into Italian—and from English into German—all executed, if we may venture to judge on all these points, not merely with surprising accuracy of phrase, but with a graceful felicity in catching the turn and genius of each tongue.* We have given a specimen of the accomplished author's command of Greek: though perhaps out of place, we will venture to gratify our German and Italian readers with an instance of his skill in each of these languages. We hesitate between the 'Burial of Sir John Moore' and those perhaps less familiar lines of Byron:—

'When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years;
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss,
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in thy shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me;
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met,
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
My spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years;
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears.'

We select the Italian translation of Horace's famous ode, as most appropriate to the present article: the closeness and fidelity of the translation, as well as the spirit, appear to us remarkable, even though the languages are so nearly allied:—

Ich weit von dir in Schmerzen
Schweigend, weinend, mußte gehn,
Und mit halbgebrochenen Herzen
Manche Jahre ferne stehn,
Blas und kalt ward deine Wange,
Kälter noch dein Liebeskuß,
Dann, o dann es wird mir bange
Für den heutigen Thränenfluß.

Und des Morgenthau's Schauer
Kalt auf meine Sterne fiel —
Und es ahndte mir die Trauer,
Die ich jetzt in Busen fühl'.
Hin ist Ehre; hin ist Treue;
Hin ist deiner Liebe Pfand;
Rebet man von dir — mit Reue
Nehm' ich Theil an deiner Schand.

Wie oft, mit Schreckentönen,
Kommt dein Name in's Gehör!
Zittern alle meinen Sehnen —
Warum liebt' ich dich so sehr?
Niemand glaubt' ich könnt dich kennen,
Und doch betet ich dich an;
Lang wird's mir im Herzen brennen,
Tiefer als ich sagen kann.

Heimlich schreibend beyde schwiegen;
Schweigend leid' ich meinen Schmerz,
Denn du konntest mich betrügen,
Mich vergaß dein falsches Herz.
Dürstest wir nach manchen Jahren
Noch einmal uns wieder sehn;
Dann, o dann wie wird es fahren?
Schweigend, weinend müßt' ich stehn.

* 'Il Trifoglio; ovvero Scherzi Metrici d'un' Inglese. Londra, 1839.' 8vo. pp. 92.

‘HORATIUS.

‘Donec gratus eram tibi
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat;
Persarum vigui rege beatior.

LYDIA.

Donec non aliam magis
Arasisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloen,
Multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

HORATIUS.

Me nunc Thressa Chloe regit
Dulces docta modos, et citharæ sciens,
Pro quâ non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ Fata superstiti.

LYDIA.

Me torret face mutuâ
Thurini Calais filius Orniti,
Pro quo his patiar mori,
Si parcent puero Fata superstiti.

HORATIUS.

Quid si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo,
Si flava excutitur Chloe,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

LYDIA.

Quamvis sidere pulchrior
Ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo
Iracundior Adria,
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.’

‘Mentr’ era io sol piacevole,
Nè al collo tuo diletto
Stringea le braccia candide
Più vago giovinetto;
Sprezzai del re di Persia
Il fasto e le ricchezze,
Più cari fur di Lidia
L’amore e le dolcezze.

Quando per me sol fervido
Arse l’ tuo petto ognora,
Ne Chloe più di Lidia
Ti fu gradita ancora;
Allor chi fu di Lidia
Illustre più, più chiara?
Della Romana Silvia
Trovai la sorte amara.

Al suo talento or reggemì,
Cloe, di Tracia il vanto,
Col’ tremolare armonico
Del’ arpa, e col suo canto.
Di lei felice e intrepido
Saprei morire allato,
Ad alma tanto amabile
Se perdonasse il fato.

Con fiamma vicendevole
Or regna nel mio petto
Calais, d’ Ornito figlio,
Turino giovinetto:
Due volte e più con gioja
Saprei morirgli allato,
A quel fanciullo amabile
Se perdonasse il fato.

Ma—se l’ antica Venere
Il regno suo ripiglia,
E a giogo ancor più rigido
I destrier sciolti imbriglia:
Se a Cloe la porta chiudesi,
Ne l’ arpa ne l’ cantare
San disputare a Lidia
Sprezzata già l’ entrare?

Benchè del sol più lucido
Foss’ egli e più fedele,
Tu lieve più di buccia,
Dell’ Adria più crudele;
Teco vorrei ben vivere,
Di te morire allato;
Chè insieme la vita serbici!
Chè insieme ci trovi il fato!’

Under the guidance of a master gifted with such varied accomplishments, and of such cultivated tastes, our great public school is neither likely to degenerate from its ancient fame, as the nurse of fine classical attainments, and the genuine love of ancient literature, nor to refuse to admit the study of modern languages, as far as they can be advantageously introduced, into the general system of education.

To

To return, however, to the *Arundines*. The third part consists of religious pieces, some of which are very pleasingly executed—in all we cannot but approve of the devotional and Christian spirit. But the imitation of the old monkish hymns, with their barbarous phrases and barbarous rhymes, appears to us carrying the prevailing passion for mediæval antiquity far beyond its proper bounds.

No one can have more profound admiration than ourselves for some of the ancient church hymns, the ‘*Dies iræ*,’ or even the ‘*Stabat Mater*,’ which embody the highest and most awful truths of our religion, or perhaps more questionable poetic sentiment, in brief lines of inimitable spirit and pregnancy. Two or three of these might stand alone, even without the association of the magnificent ecclesiastical music to which they belong, and which is inseparable from them; and others, being really ancient—part of a church service which may be traced upward to an age when Latin was still vernacular, and retained in a church in which the whole ritual is Latin—are, no doubt, with all their accompaniments, imposing, effective, and sublime; but in themselves they are surely no models for composition: at best, there is an air of *modern Gothic* about the imitations of them. If we are to have Latin verses, let them be written, as far as their latinity and their versification, after the example of the great Latin poets: if we introduce, and introduce we may and we ought, Christian thoughts and sentiments, let them be in the form and in the metres of Virgil and Horace, not even of St. Ambrose and Prudentius, far less of the monks of the twelfth or thirteenth century. Not that these compositions are without merit. Herrick’s beautiful Litany to the Holy Spirit is cleverly done; but we think the thing itself a waste of skill and ingenuity. We want a chaunt to make them acceptable to the ear; which, without it, flies from them, and takes refuge in the exquisite music of well-modulated Sapphics or hendecasyllables.

After all, the present volume must be received as a very inadequate representative of Cambridge classical verse: the editor himself would hardly offer these slight pieces, elegant as some of them may be, but mixed with much inferior matter, as approaching to a selection from the odes and triposes of Cambridge, the prize poems of the sister university, or the best exercises of our great public schools. We are not likely to see, in the present day, a new ‘*Musæ Anglicanæ*.’ But merely considered as an exercise of the talents of the young, who have afterwards risen into fame, or a blameless and graceful amusement of many of our greatest men in the decline of an useful and distinguished life, it is remarkable how much of this reflected interest is thrown on the composition of Latin and Greek verse by the characters of

those with whom it has been a favourite study. It would not be difficult to form a volume called 'Poemata illustriorum Virorum,' which would comprehend names of the highest distinction in every profession, and in the highest walks of public life,—the well-remembered prize exercises at school or college, as well as the 'Nugæ Metricæ,' as they are called by more than one distinguished scholar who has indulged in this style of writing. It is curious how many of our great poets have been distinguished for their Latin verse: Milton, Cowley, May, Addison, Johnson, Cowper, and Gray, occur immediately to the recollection; and modern names would not be wanting. Composition in Latin verse has, indeed, been accused of tending to a stiff, foreign, and artificial style in poetry. We much doubt this; we suspect that it has never made or marred a poet. This, however, is a field on which we cannot enter at present; but even in modern days, if we might survey the whole of our eminent men, we should not want contributors to our 'Musæ' from every department of literature and public life. Notwithstanding that here and there respectable places in our literature may have been reached by some, we speak it to their honour, almost self-educated men, and many more have come from quarters where little attention is paid to classical lore, and none to composition in the learned languages, there are not a few in the highest ranks (to instance Mr. Hallam alone), whose names recur constantly in the 'Musæ Etonenses,' and who may represent the older race of our scholar-authors. But even leaving out our men of letters,—every rank and profession will furnish its contingent, and that not by conscription, but by voluntary enrolment. To represent the profession of medicine we may summon no less eminent a personage than the President of the College himself.

Sir Henry Hallford's 'Nugæ,'* as he informs us, 'were mostly written in the carriage, and served to beguile the tedium of many a long day spent in his professional pursuits.' But his lines have none of those jolts and inequalities, said to have dislocated Sir Richard Blackmore's verses, while he rattled over the rough stones of the metropolis. The President's chariot seems to have glided smoothly over a well-constructed wood-pavement. Here are a few specimens:—

'Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you:
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,

'Si violare fidem mihi cor proclivius esset,
Crede mihi, me non posse nocere tibi:
Quamquam etenim tua verba fidem me
nulla rogassent,
Pecissent fidum forma, decusque tuum.
Ergo pone metus, et fraudem parce
vereri (?);
Neu timeas fictos in tua damna dolos:

* 'Nugæ Metricæ, by Sir H. H., Bt., M.D. 1839.' pp. 40 (not published).

For friends in all the old you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

And when they find that you have bless'd
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.'

SHERIDAN.

Cunctos nempe senes inter numerabis amicos,

Nec juvenis, qui te non amet, ullus erit.

Et cum te socio tandem devinxis uni,
Protinus ardentes, cætera turba, proci
Demittent æstum, stimulosque Cupidinis
omnes,

Fraternæque dabunt pignus amicitie.'

Pope's charming lines are thus pleasingly rendered :—

'Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of expiring age;
With lenient art extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed
of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking
eye,
And save awhile one parent from the sky.'

'Sit pia cura mihi longùm invigilare senectæ,

Et matri somnos conciliare leves;

Quâ possim eluctantem animam leni arte morari,

Et dulci alloquio fallere mortis iter;

Explorare velit quid mens incerta, cavere
In cælum ut redeat serior una parens.'

Two rejected stanzas of the 'Elegy' find a more successful imitator than most of those which Gray retained have done :—

'And thou! who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate;
Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.'

'Tuque memor! sortem ingenuo qui carmine narras

Functorum vitâ, temere et sine honore jacentum

Cum contemplari juvet, et crescentibus umbris

Nocte sepulcorum solus peragrarè recessus;

Audin' ? ut hic sancto afflatu, tranquillior æther

Temperet effrenos animi quoscunque tumultus;

Dum tenuè assurgens viridi de cespite murmur

Dat grata æternæ tandem præsentia paci s,

A wicked wit might insinuate that to a less experienced and skilful physician than the President, the passage of Shakspeare, so neatly rendered below, might have been suggested by some qualm of conscience at having dismissed a patient, rather prematurely, on that awful journey from which poor Claudio shrunk with such natural apprehensions :—

'Ay, but to die and go we know not whither,
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,
This sensible, warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst

'Attamen, heu! quam triste mori! nec quo sit eundum

Scire prius—positum clausâ putrescere in arcâ;

Memborum sisti motus, alacremque vigorem

In luteam solvi molem—quam triste! capacem

Lætitiæque jocique animam torrentibus uri

Ignibus, aut montis claudi glacialis in alveo;

Suspensumve

Of those that lawless and uncertain
thoughts
Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
The meanest and most loathed worldly
life,
Which age, ach, penury, and imprison-
ment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.'—

Suspensumve dari ventis, noctesque dies-
que
Huc illuc, invisâ vi, turbantibus orbem.
Aut graviora pati, quàm quos cruciatibus
actos
Tartareas implere feris ululatus umbras,
Anxia mens hominum, mirum et misera-
bile! finxit—
Horrendum! quodcumque mali ferat ægra
senectus,
Pauperiesve dolorve gravis, tractæve ca-
tenæ,
Omnia quæ possunt infestam reddere
vitam,
Esse voluptates lætæ Elysiumque vi-
dentur
Spectanti mortem prope, venturamque ti-
menti.'

Sir Henry was bred in a school, or at a time when the niceties of quantity were not enforced with proper regard. He indulges too often in the short final *o*, and 'antè scelus' (p. 27) is quite inadmissible.

We turn to the judges of the land. We presume not to know whether some of these learned persons ever beguile the weariness of an interminable cause, or the dulness of some lengthy and remorseless argument, by relaxations of this kind. Certain Greek epigrams are afloat which acknowledge one of the bench as their undoubted parent; but to speak the truth, remembering the youthful feats of more than one of these ermined sages, the prize poems at the school and either university which have given pre-sage of their future distinction, we are unwilling to accept these verses as fair examples of their powers, although those powers may have been blunted by disuse, by familiarity with barbarous law Latin, and the prosaic work of the courts. As, then, we are not aware that any of these learned personages have brought themselves recently under our jurisdiction, even by the doubtful act of printing for private circulation, we shall revert to an older hand, that of one still held in the highest traditionary reverence in the profession, and who, we believe, was only prevented by his own unwillingness to receive favours from a government to which he was adverse in politics (he was a firm, consistent, and honourable Whig) from attaining the very highest rank. We happen to possess a copy of verses by Mr. Sergeant Lens (not printed in the 'Musæ Etonenses'), which, though youthful in style and subject, appears to us of such peculiar elegance, as to deserve preser-
vation:—

' AD AMICAM.

' Grates insidiis tuis dolisque,
Vinculis jam refero lubens solutis.
Jam flammis solitæ carent medullæ,

Languescunt

Languescunt veteris faces Amoris ;
Jam tandem miserans meos dolores,
Arcus deposuit graves Cupido.
Si nomen referant tuum susurri,
Vultus mī solito caret rubore ;
Si vultum aspicio tuum, sinumque,
Pectus mī solito caret tumultu.
Si stellæ placidum monent soporem,
Tuam non revehit sopor figuram ;
Si pellit placidum dies soporem,
Tuum non revehit dies decorem.
Nunc solus sine te vagor, nec unquam
Solut te comitem viæ requiro ;
•Nunc tecum assideo diu, nec unquam
Quod tecum assideo placet pigetve.
Si mecum repeto tuos decores,
Non crescit tacitis amor medullis ;
Si mecum refero meos dolores,
Non pectus solitâ tumescit irâ.
Seu me lumine despicias superbo,
Seu ridens facili vocas ocello,
Inanis favor est, inanis ira.
Si curis vacuus vagor, quietus,
Vel si sollicitus, timens, dolensque,
Non est quod doleo tuum, tuumve
Quod curis vacuus vagor, quietus.
Jam sedes sine te placent amœnæ,
Nec quod tu simul es placent molestæ.
Jâm visa es, fateor, satis venusta,
Sed non amplius una Gratiarum,
Sed non purpurei parens Amoris.
Nympham deserui vagam, infidelem,
Tu certâ juvenem fide probumque ;
Utrum plus deceat dolere? Amantem
Tu vix invenies fideliozem,
Multas inveniam brevi infideles.'

We are not quite sure that, if we were to ransack our treasures, we might not find something, if not quite so easy and graceful, yet in no severer tone, bearing the name of one or other of our right reverend prelates. But we are checked by the still higher reverence due to the lawn above the ermine ; in these days especially, when (in theory at least, we cannot say much for the practice) the celibacy of the clergy being so strongly urged, any reminiscence of such juvenile weakness, even in poetry, might shock the austerity of the modern Novatians ; and even call forth an anathema from the cloisters of Magdalene, no longer to be contaminated by female footsteps. We will allow, then, the reverend bench

bench to repose on the memory of Bishop Lowth, and the names which occur so frequently in all our collections of prize compositions, as well as the late Bishop of Lichfield. One specimen, however, we possess of youthful religious verse as well as youthful scholarship, by one who afterwards rose to the bench;—this versification of the ‘*Te Deum*’ appears to us so happy, that we venture to subjoin it. The friends of the late kind and learned Bishop Dampier will scarcely take offence at the liberty which we take with his production:—

‘*Laudamus, et Dominum, Deus,
Te confitemur unicum.
Te tota gens mortalium
Patrem fatemur maximum.
Te confitentur angeli
Immensa cœlorum agmina.
“O sancte, sancte, sancte Deus,
Deus Sabaoth!” aureis
Lyris seraphim concinunt.
Ubique quicquid est, replet
Augusta majestas tuæ,
Deus supreme, gloriæ.
Te laudat illustrissimum
Apostoli collegium;
Te laudat et pulcherrima,
Vates sacri, communitas;
Te laudat et clarissimum
Agmen, perempti martyres.
Te confitetur dissita
Totum per orbem Ecclesia;
Pater Creator, Te Deum,
Fili Redemptor, Te Deum,
Te Spiritus Paraclete, Deum.
Tu, Christe, rex es maximus,
Tu, Christe, Patris Filius,
Æternus, immutabilis.
Tu, cùm bonus suscepas*

*Peccata nostra tollere,
Non matris aversatus es
Mortalis uterum virginis.
Victor, revulso aculeo
Mortis, Tui cultoribus
Cœli reclusisti fores.
Dextrâ Dei nunc assides
Summâ Patris par gloriâ.
Redibis inde, credimus,
Ut æquus orbem iudices.
Ergo precamur, adjuva
Tuo redemptos sanguine;
Atque in beatissimis sedibus
Inter pios da vivere,
In sæculorum sæcula.
Domine, guberna nos tuos,
Tuere nos, nostrasque res
In majus usque promove.
Ad Te precamur indies,
Tuasque laudes dicimus.
Puros sceleris, et integros
Nos hoc, Domine, serves dic.
Miserere, clementissime,
Miserere supplicantium,
Miserere tibi fidentium.
In Te repono spem meam,
Nunquam, Deus, me desere.’*

Whether any of our younger statesmen in the present day keep up the remembrance of their early studies by the practice of classical composition, we presume not to say; many of them on both sides of the house are good scholars, and occasionally soften the rude strife of political contention by those allusions to classical writers which delighted Pulteney and Walpole and Bolingbroke, North, Fox, and Pitt. On one side Lord Morpeth, on the other Lord Stanley, are well known to possess—even if they have ceased to cultivate—this graceful endowment. Nor are these the only recent names among our flourishing or our rising statesmen, who might be expected to contribute to our ‘*Latin Poems by distinguished Men.*’ But our limits warn us that we must confine ourselves to but a few. We have precluded ourselves indeed by our notice of the Marquess Wellesley’s elegant

elegant 'Primitiæ et Reliquiæ,'* from adducing one of the more commanding illustrations of our 'Defense of (Latin) Poesy.' We cannot, however, deny ourselves the pleasure, we should say perhaps the melancholy pleasure, of inserting the following few lines, which appear in the copy before us, a sort of 'l'Envoy' to Lord Brougham of some additions to the small volume:—

'Accipe reliquias jam denique reliquiarum,
Graiaque mista Italis, fragmentaque fragmentorum,
Quæ nocte insomni, atque inter planctusque doloresque
Effusa (heu cassi verba imperfecta poetæ!)
Attamen et sævi solatia dulcia morbi,
Ad te confugiunt, atque in te vota reponunt.'

Whether the fame of the writer gives its interest to his Latin verses, or the Latin verses add to the fame of the writer, Lord Wellesley would supply a noble name, and occupy an ample space of our collection.

There is another volume before us by the friend and contemporary of Lord Wellesley, which we should boldly open before our readers, as commanding this double recommendation in an extraordinary degree, if we were not met at the threshold by the warning inscription addressed to those friends of the author whom he honoured by the gift of his 'Nugæ Metricæ':†—

'At tu quicquid id est ineptiarum,
Ne prodire sinas in ora vulgi.'

We will not attempt to elude the force of this prohibition by denying, as we fairly might, the justice of the disparaging terms which the modesty of the author has applied to his compositions. We have carefully abstained from assigning any very high literary rank even to the most finished verses of this kind. Whatever may be the proper intrinsic merit of the verses to which we allude, much of their charm consists in their having afforded amusement to the declining years of Lord Grenville: they are a grave and a grateful testimony to the value of such studies from the highest authority. To those who had the advantage of witnessing the tranquil dignity of Lord Grenville's retirement, this testimony cannot but be singularly valuable. Deliberately retreating, at an earlier period than is usual, from public affairs—withdrawn from the passions of political life, with no assumption of philosophic disregard, but with an earnest though contemplative interest in all that concerned the civil and religious welfare of his country—

'With all that should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends;'

* Quart. Rev. vol. lxx. p. 527.

† 'Nugæ Metricæ.—Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.—MDCCCXXIV.'

in the gardens of Dropmore, his own exquisite creation, exercising almost a parental care over the university of which he was chancellor, and overlooking from his grounds the school at which he was educated; entering into all the literature of the day, and discussing a new novel of Walter Scott's with the warmest delight and the soundest judgment,—Lord Grenville reverted to those classical studies, which he never neglected, with fresh delight, and occasionally threw off in his leisure hours these very elegant 'Nugæ.' We feel still stronger temptation to trespass on this forbidden ground, as admitting us, as it were, into more intimate familiarity with this distinguished man, and showing his strong and solid character, as it appears in his public life, touched by the softer lights of kind and amiable feelings. There is a playful correspondence, in Homeric verses, about some French lamps, with the late Lord Holland, in his pure classical tastes, no less than in other respects, the legitimate heir of Charles Fox, and worthy to take a third place in this highly-cultivated triumvirate. But there is one poem, which we are so confident that we have seen in print beyond the charmed circle, that we have less scruple in transferring it to our pages. It is an epitaph on a fine Newfoundland dog, named Tippoo, which swam on shore at Tenby, in South Wales, from a wreck, with his master's pocket-book in its mouth. It lived for some time on the beach, but at length found a master in Lord Grenville, and accompanied him to Dropmore, where, if we remember right, these lines are inscribed on a stone in the grounds.—N. B. The town of Tenby was occupied by a Flemish colony as early, it is said, as Henry I.

'Tippo ego hic jaceo : lapidem ne sperne,
viator,
Qui tali impositus stat super ossa cani.
Largâ mi natura manu dedit omnia, nos-
trum
Quæcumque exomant nobilitantque
genus.
Robur erat validum, formæ concinna
venustas,
Ingenui mores, intemerata fides.
Nec pudet invisi nomen gessisse tyranni,
Si tam dissimili viximus ingenio.
Naufragus in nudâ Tenbeïæ ejectus arenâ,
Ploravi domino me superesse meo,
Quem mihi luctanti frustra, frustra-
juvanti,
Abreptum, oceanî in gurgite mersit
hyems.
Solutus ego sospes, sed quas miser ipse ta-
bellas
Morte mihi in mediâ credidit, ore
ferens.

Translated by a female relative.

'Here, stranger, pause, nor view with
scornful eyes
The stone which marks where faithful
Tippoo lies.
Freely kind nature gave each liberal
grace,
Which most ennobles and exalts our race.
Excelling strength and beauty joined in
me,
Ingenuous worth, and firm fidelity.
Nor shame I to have borne a tyrant's name,
If so unlike to his my spotless fame.
Cast by a fatal storm on Tenby's coast,
Reckless of life, I wailed my master lost,
Whom long contending with the o'er-
whelming wave,
In vain, with fruitless love, I strove to
save.
I, only I, alas! surviving bore
His dying trust, his tablets, to the shore.
Kind welcome from the Belgian race I
found,

Who

Dulci me hospitio Belgæ accipere coloni,
 Ipsa etiam his olim gens aliena plagis;
 Et mihi gratum erat in longâ spatiarier
 orâ,
 Et quanquam infido membra lavare
 mari;
 Gratum erat æstivis puerorum adjungere
 turmis
 Participem lusûs me, comitemque viæ.
 Verum uti de multis captanti frustula
 meisiss,
 Bruma aderat, senique hora timenda
 mei,
 Inesperata adeo illuxit fortuna, novique
 Perfugium et requiem cura dedit do-
 mini:
 Exinde hos saltus, hæc inter florea rura,
 Et vixi felix, et tumultum hunc
 habeo.'

Who once in times remote, on British
 ground,
 Strangers like me, came from a foreign
 strand.
 I loved at large along the extended sand
 To roam, and oft beneath the swelling
 wave,
 Though known so fatal once, my limbs
 to lave;
 Or join the children in their summer play,
 First in their sports, companion of their
 way.
 Thus, while from many a hand a meal I
 sought,
 Winter and age had certain misery
 brought;
 But fortune smiled, a safe and blest abode
 A new-found master's generous love be-
 stow'd;
 And midst these shades, where smiling
 flowrets bloom,
 Gave me a happy life, and honoured tomb.'

We cannot refrain from one further trespass. There is some-
 thing to us in the contemplation of the quiet dissolution of a good
 and religious man, as described in the following verses, suggested
 by the exquisite lines of Webster and of Milton, so charac-
 teristic—so nearly approaching, if we may so say, 'to the pro-
 phetic strain'—as to give even a most solemn and affecting tone
 to the composition:—

'Salve, quæ placidi gratâ sub imagine
 somni,
 Subrepens, vitæ claudis amica diem,
 Mors purè tranquilla, in quam matura
 senectus
 Præscriptâ rerum sorte soluta cadit.
 Non tibi fatidici exardent diro igne co-
 metæ,
 Non tremuit adventu conscia terra tuo.
 Nec præsaga canit ferali carmine bubo,
 Nec rabidæ auditur vox ululare lupæ.
 Verum ubi, terrestri mens functa labore,
 quietem
 Expetit, inque suas gestit abire domos,
 Corporeis lente vinclis exsolvitur, et se
 Vix sentit vitâ deficiente mori;
 Ut levis arbores autumnî sidere fructus
 Molliter in patrium decutit aurâ solum.
 Tum sociâ composta manu, notosque Pe-
 nates
 Inter, habet facilis lumina fessa sopor.
 Quin et amicorum curæ lacrymæque
 sequuntur,
 Et modica instaurat funera justos honos.
 Alta petant alii, et peritura laudis amore
 Sanguineum insistant ambitionis iter;
 Hac mihi sit, tacitæ decursæ tramite vitæ,
 Hac demum in cælos scandere posse viâ.'

WEBSTER.

'O thou soft natural death, that art joint
 twin
 To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded
 comet
 Stares on thy mild departure; the dull
 owl
 Beats not against thy casement; the hoarse
 wolf
 Scents not thy carrion: pity winds thy
 corse,
 While horror waits on princes.'
Vittoria Coromb., Act V.

MILTON.

'Till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
 Gather'd, not harshly plucked, for death
 mature.'

P. L., xi. 535.

We must, however, before we conclude, still more strongly enforce upon our readers, that these slight, however elegant and finished pieces, must not be considered, any more than the selection from the 'Arundines,' as representing the highest excellence attained even in very modern times by our Latin poetry. We should not otherwise be doing justice either to the 'illustrious men,' who might contribute things written in a far loftier vein to our proposed collection, or to the intrinsic value of the poetry itself. We are admonished to repeat this caution by a small volume, printed two years ago, containing some most remarkable specimens of Lucretian verse, which would not have been disowned, the editor boldly asserts, by Lucretius himself.* The editor holds them forth very judiciously as an encouragement and example to young Eton scholars, as they all belong to that school. The volume includes Gray's fragment 'de Principiis Cogitandi;' two Eton or Cambridge exercises by the late master of Eton, Dr. Keate, and Mr. William Frere, the late master of Downing College; with the three triposes of Mr. Robert Smith—the friend of Canning, and brother of Sydney—on the Cartesian, Platonic, and Newtonian systems. Though we should doubtless have rather wished that Gray should have finished his Agrippina, or his English Didactic Poem—yet we would willingly have prolonged his life for the completion likewise of this noble Latin fragment. There is something in this kind of poetry singularly congenial with Latin verse: the three greatest productions of Roman poetry partake more or less of this character—the poem of Lucretius, the Georgics of Virgil, the Epistles of Horace. The somewhat elaborate and artificial diction of Roman verse, even in the best poets, contrasts with the easy simplicity of Greek: it wants freedom (we are warned by the name of Catullus not to speak too strongly) for the expression of fervent passion: it had not, it might seem that it was incapable of, tragedy. But Latin verse is the noblest vehicle for subjects which admit of study, and skill, and elaborate finish—where the expression should be condensed or expanded, either to enforce moral truth by some pregnant and apophthegmatic line, or to invest a dry and barren subject with foreign hues of picturesque beauty: here it moves in its own element; its masculine majesty and its suggestive richness have full scope. Nor can the young scholar be put to a severer test than in this kind of composition. It tries at once the acuteness of his intellect, which must clearly comprehend the philosophic thoughts, whether physical or moral, which he would array in words; his intimate

* 'Fasciculus carminum stylo Lucretiano scriptorum; Auctoribus doctis quibusdam Viris, in sinu Regiæ Scholæ Etonensis, Musarum Disciplinâ olim institutis. Etonæ. 1839.'

acquaintance not merely with the whole texture of Lucretian language, or language which Lucretius would have used if necessary, but with all its finer, evanescent shades of meaning; and his fertility of illustration, which must be at once clear and precise, lest his meaning should evaporate into the vague and unintelligible; imaginative, lest he should be dry and barren; and still, while his fancy lets itself loose in this kind of illustrative comparison, it must be regulated and kept within the bounds of propriety and of natural association by the purest taste. The Latin poet (and a poet he must be, to succeed in this kind of composition) will have constantly to summon to his service unusual words, which must be genuine Latin, and of which he must know the very nicest and most intimate signification; and all this requires a complete mastery over a foreign and dead language, rarely attained, but, if attained, too intrinsically valuable to be allowed to wear out for want of exercise. We know not whether Mr. Robert Smith has continued to cultivate this remarkable talent: if he has, we could look to no quarter for such valuable contributions to a collection of Anglo-Latin poetry. Nor can we refrain from enriching our pages with one passage (we take it from the '*Cartesii Principia*'), as a specimen of poems which, however their fame may have been great among their contemporaries, and may have descended in the direct line of Etonian celebrity to their revival in the small volume from which we quote, may be unknown to many scholars, both able and willing to appreciate their extraordinary excellence:—

'Principio passim spatia indigesta tenebat
 Lubrica materies, crudique trementia mundi
 Semina; nec vacuum illud erat, sed plena volabant
 Corpora. Tum assiduis inter se motibus acta,
 Liquida ramenta, et teneri cœpere vapores
 Diffluere, et vastum sese labyrinthus in æquor
 Explicuit, fecitque viam, quâ præcipitantes
 Confluerent atomi, et solidus coalesceret orbis.

Major abhinc rerum facies, et sanctior usus
 Exoritur; voluitque animatam fœdere fixo
 Ite Deus naturam, et justis volvere sese
 Imperiis: ipse in medio, certissimus auctor,
 Intus agit, pascitque effuso numine mundum,

Idcirco levis ille fluor circum ambit opacos,
 Ætheris oceano cingens, atque occupat orbes;
 Vividus, alta tremens, æterno turbine raptus:
 Qualem etiam æstivo sub sudo sæpe videre est,
 Cum flammæ ardentes radii, tenuesque superne
 Lympharum rores, atque auræ intactilis humor

Miscuerunt

Miscuerunt sese, et cœlo luctantur aperto,
 Æstu pura quati loca cernimus, et tremere omnem
 Aëra per campum, rapidâque liquescere luce.

Sol autem maris immensi spatia aurea circum
 Vorticibus trahit, et rutilo rotat axe planetas.
 Illæ indefessæ peragunt per inania cursus
 Quæque suos; una erranti symphonia cœlo
 Scilicet, et rerum consentit mobilis ordo.

Arduus ante omnes agitur Cyllenius Hermes;
 Credibile est illum tenebris et nocte carentem
 Æterno radiare die, tam fervida torret
 Temperies, rapidique urget vicinia Solis.
 Gratas quippe vices aliis, requiemque calorum
 Alternam natura dedit, jussitque vagari
 (Floridus unde foret vigor et sincera facultas)
 Nubila per cœlum et gelidos erumpere fontes,
 Diffuditque cavis liquidum in convallibus æquor.

Proxima deinde tenet magni spatia ampla sereni
 Dia Venus, tibi, Terra, soror, tibi, prima diei
 Nuncia, cum teneram jaculatur roscida lucem
 Mane novo, noctisque hyemalia claustra resolvit.
 Æstivis eadem illa comes surgentia ducit
 Sidera temporibus.

Nec tu, Terra, tui mediâ in testudine mundi
 Figeris, astrorumque sedes regina, sed unâ
 Rapta volas, usque assiduâ vortigine tranans
 Ætherios apices, liquidique volumina cœli:
 Sicut odoratam cum Pinaron aut Calycadni
 Prætervecta sinus, aut ostia divitis Indi
 Labitur indulgens zephyro ratis; omne cubanti
 Sternitur æquor aquâ: læves illa usque per undas
 It tacita, et specie labentia littora linquit.

Ulteriora autem lævâ torrentia luce,
 Martis, et ignito crudescunt concava vultu.
 Deinde Jovem circum fulgenti quatuor ardenti
 Astra satellitio: gelidos Saturnus oberrat
 Extremus fines, et tardo lumine lustrat.
 Quos ultra innumeri Soles, et candida currunt
 Sidera, sive ea sunt magni flammantia mundi
 Mœnia, seu vastum diffusa per infinitum
 Ultra animorum aciem, et nostræ confinia mentis.

Ergo umbras sequimur tenues, et inania rerum
 Semina: nec mœstæ flerunt Phaethonta sorores,
 Stillantes vitreum foliis lacrymantibus imbrem,
 Curribus excussum patriis: nec conscia Latmi
 Luna videt nemora: aut stellatæ Atlantides ardent

Virgineis

Virgineis habitatæ animis:—apparet in alto
Pura quies cœlo, liquidisque innantia mundi
Sidera vorticibus, et latè lucidus æther.

Felix qui placidum sophiæ libaverit amnem!
Cui secura suos aperit sapientia fontes!
Pluribus illa quidem: sed enim circumstat acerba
Dirarum facies, prohibetque attingere ripam;
Anxietas, vacuoque ferox Insania risu,
Et quæcumque fatigato comes addita cordi
Hæret inexplerum, atque animo febricitat ægro.

Quid tibi tantopere est, mortalis, multa querentem
Ducere, sollicitamque gravi formidine vitam?
Quid cæcum studio vivendi deterere ævum?
Necquicquam; quoniam brevia atque incerta labascunt
Tempora, et infectâ jamjam ad caput adstitit horâ
Mors operumque quies, et respiratio curæ.
Nos autem lucis non intellecta cupido
Alligat, atque animum dulcedine pascit inani."

ART. VII.—THE LIBRARY OF ANGLO-CATHOLIC THEOLOGY.
Oxford, 1841.—Vols. I. II. III. *Ninety-six Sermons*. By
the Right Honourable and Reverend Father in God Lancelot
Andrewes, sometime Lord Bishop of Winchester.

IT is not with any intention of entering into the personal controversy which is now prevailing in the Church, that we have taken up the present publication, however closely connected with it. Controversy, indeed, must arise, whenever truth is to be defended in the world; especially under any sound system, which, like the Church of England, holds its course steadily beneath the guidance of a higher power, swerving neither to the right nor to the left, presenting two fronts to two different antagonists, and embracing in its wise and tolerant moderation two different classes of minds, the two great recognised divisions of human nature. The very function and condition of the Church is to battle for the truth. And when the battle is earnest, however mixed with human errors, then we may be sure that men's minds are at least interested in the subject of religion; and that the Church is not paralysed, nor sleeping. A cloud of dust may be raised, but the dust is a proof of life and motion underneath.

The real evil to be feared and avoided in religious, even more than in any other controversy, is personality. It is the gathering a contest

contest round living individuals; the making their works a standard of opinion, or their names a watchword. It is the intrusion of private and party jealousies and interests into discussions, which above all others should be approached in charity, though they must be decided in truth. By this intrusion, not only half instructed and unchastened minds, but the worldly and unholy, are drawn into the conflict; subjects of 'which angels fear to speak' are profaned irreverently in common mouths and places; religion becomes part of the scandal of the day; until all men are ashamed to seem ignorant of it, and therefore speak of it with the boldness of ignorance. They take up the nickname, or the jest, or the calumnious tale forged probably by those who have an interest in distracting the Church, and thus drive the timid into violent opposition, the strong into obstinacy, leaders into exasperation, followers into a blind servility, and all into party: while those who have the strength or the coolness to keep themselves aloof, look on; a few, as Christians, with sorrow; but the many, as worldly spectators gaze on a contest of gladiators.

Yet we must not try to escape from the evil of such controversies by affecting indifference to them, or treating them as questions of 'words and names.' They are words, and names, but only as symbols of deep truths within them; and Christians must be interested in all that interests the Church. The alternative is, to clear them in our own minds, as much as possible, from all considerations of the day and of persons; and to examine them, where it can be done, in some past time, where, as we study, we may possess our souls in quietness and humility; conversing rather with the dead than with the living; and sobered at the sight of even occasional harshness by the remembrance, that the hands which gave vent to it are now mouldering in the dust.

With these feelings it may be satisfactory and interesting, without speaking of modern theories and writers, to look back to the old standard Theology of the English Church, and to ascertain the sentiments of our acknowledged great Divines on some of the debated questions of the present day. If we are afraid of party in the Church—that at least cannot be called a *party* which collects itself round those whom the Church has so long regarded as her own especial teachers. If we desire in any matters to resort to sounder principles than prevailed in the last century; no reform can be safe which does not proceed in a track already marked out—and we shall find one here. If peace and unity are to be sought; it must be by rallying round authorities whom all sides may be willing to acknowledge, or at least none can repudiate. And if assistance is wanted in determining questions, apart from a formal decision of the Church; it is wise to ask it of those whom the Church

Ch
per
up

En
tion
Th
pec
be
ticu
give
tion

I
two
geth
of
of
the
right

Ch
form
trere
any
able
tem
dire
com
opp
poi
sho
day
acu
too
less
eme
and
is n
con
upo
and

1
Pref
1725

Church herself has so long held up to our respect, and not to permit ourselves, or others equally incompetent, to sit in judgment upon the controversy.

Among the many signal proofs of a Divine favour shown to the English Church, and of its own internal strength, is the creation within it, since the Reformation, of this body of standard Theology, formed principally in the seventeenth century. It is peculiarly her own. And the value and authority of it are to be estimated, scarcely more by its doctrinal soundness in particular points, than by certain *à priori* marks of truth, which give weight and character to a witness previous to any examination of his testimony.

It pleased God that in England two distinct developments of two seemingly distinct principles should be brought close together, and exhibited to the eyes of the Church—the excesses of Popery which brought on the Reformation; and the excesses of Puritanism which produced the Rebellion; and that from the oscillation thus caused both the Church and the State should right themselves at the Restoration.

Not only this spectacle, but the lengthened struggles of our Church against the Jesuits on the one side, and the Nonconformists on the other, placed full before her view both the extremes which endanger truth and goodness, whether in religion or any other duty. They placed her also in the position most favourable for the formation of a sober, watchful, and discriminating temper; where, instead of leading on a charge and attack in one direction, at the risk of intemperance and incaution, she was compelled to defend a post; maintaining her ground against opposite adversaries, and so brought to scrutinize every weak point, and to weigh every movement, lest success in one part should hazard loss in another. Her great theologians of that day were also matched directly with the most learned and acute defenders of popery.¹ They came to the contest, not, as too many of the present day must come, from a life of thoughtlessness, armed only with weapons snatched up in haste for the emergency, with fragments of Fathers picked up in pamphlets and reviews, but from years of deep and patient study. There is no appearance of shifting their ground, as if they began the controversy in twilight views of truth, and changed as it dawned upon them farther. On the contrary, the uniform definiteness and consistency of their teaching throughout is most remarkable.

¹ See a particular account of the Controversy and its chief managers in Lindsay's Preface to Mason's *Vindication of the Church of England*, p. xxxvii. *et seq.* Fol. 1728.

Again, there is no symptom of combination, as if they derived their opinions from some one modern teacher, instead of by independent study from the great fountain-head of Scripture and antiquity. They were, almost without exception, placed in high official stations in the Church; where every word was open to attack, and required to be weighed; and every act was to be determined under a most solemn responsibility; and in which their prayers and holiness may well entitle us to believe that they were blessed with no common guidance from their Lord and Master. All were, to a singular degree, practical men,¹ not pledged to any theory; and, by the circumstances of the times and of their lives, brought into contact with the realities of life; and saved from the infection of that 'disease,' which Lord Bacon has so well described as naturally seated in Universities; by which one kind of persons are led to delight 'in an inward authority, which they seek over men's minds, in drawing them to depend upon their opinions, and to seek knowledge at their lips;' and another sort, 'for the most part men of young years and superficial understanding,' are 'carried away with partial respects of persons, or with the enticing appearance of godly names and pretences.'²

And if they defended the system of the Church of England with their understandings, they realized it in their lives. There is a longing in this day for the rise of some light of surpassing holiness within the Church of England, such as we are wont to dream of in the monasteries of former times: and this would be willingly accepted as a proof that, amidst all the dangers which seem to threaten our Church as a system, and the defects which may disgrace some of its individual members, yet we still have life within us, and need not seek for any outward change to assure us of the favour of God.—'What!' exclaims Bishop Hall—referring to the lives and actions of those 'eminent scholars, learned preachers, grave, holy, and accomplished divines,' such, and so many, as no one clergy in the whole Christian world did yield—
'What! could you see no colleges, no hospitals built? no churches re-

¹ Thorndike seems to have partaken least of this practical character, and to have been most wedded to a theory. And although his learning is always spoken of with respect by his fellow Divines, it is not without doubt as to his soundness. 'I have not seen his book,' says Bishop Taylor,—[*Life by Heber*, p. lxxxviii.] 'You make me desirous of it, because you call it elaborate; but I like not the title nor the subject; and the man is indeed a very good and a learned man, but I have not seen much prosperity in his writings: but if he have so well chosen the questions, there is no peradventure but he hath tumbled into his heap many choice materials.' *Stillingfleet* (vol. vi. p. 61) seems to accord in the same view; and *Barrow* wrote his *Treatise on the Supremacy* expressly to meet Thorndike's theory.

² *On Church Controversies*, vol. vii. p. 41. 8vo.

edified? no learned volumes written? no heresies confuted? no seduced persons reclaimed? no hospitality kept? no great offenders punished? no disorders corrected? no good offices done for the public? no care of the peace of the Church? no diligence in preaching? no holiness in living? 'It is a great word that I shall speak,' he says elsewhere, 'and yet I must and will say it, without either arrogance or flattery; *stupor mundi clerus Britannicus*: the wonder of the world is the Clergy of Britain. So many learned divines, so many eloquent preachers, shall in vain be sought elsewhere this day, in whatever region under the cope of Heaven.'¹

And we may well bless God, who gave us such models to imitate. Think of Laud's patience under martyrdom, a martyrdom not of one stroke but of many years, passed under 'barbarous libellings, and other bitter and grievous scorns'²—of Hammond's fastings and prayers, fastings for six-and-thirty hours, and prayers more than seven times a-day³—of Hooker, the profound and philosophical Hooker's childlike meekness—of Whitgift's 'solace' and 'repose' amidst the grandeur which he maintained for his office, 'in often dining at his hospital at Croydon among his poor brethren'⁴—of Sanderson's abstinence and temperance, so that during the whole of his life he spent not five shillings upon himself in wine⁵—of Bramhall's noble exertions for the Church of Ireland⁶—of Morton's daily alms, his single meal, his straw bed at eighty years of age, his maintenance of scholars and hospitality to all, his intense studies, like those of so many others of the same writers, begun daily, to the end of his life, at four o'clock in the morning⁷—of Jackson's charity and generosity,⁸—of Patrick's devotional spirit—of Cosin's 'princely magnificence' to his 'first-born, the Church'⁹—of Usher's 'dove-like simplicity, his slowness to take offence, and readiness to forgive and forget'¹⁰—of Beveridge's pastoral zeal¹¹—of Nicholson's 'episcopal gravity,' 'legenda scribens, et faciens scribenda'¹²—of Taylor's 'total forgetfulness of self'¹³—of Bishop Wilson, whose mere fame for piety procured from the King of France, in time of war, an order that no French privateer should pillage the Isle of Man¹—of Ken's

¹ Vol. x. p. 284, 354, vol. xi. p. 17. Compare Clarendon's account of the Visitation of Oxford, 1647, b. x.; and Bishop Nicholson's Apology, p. 172.

² History of Troubles, p. 225.

³ Fell's Life of Hammond, Works, vol. i. pp. 25, 27.

⁴ Wordsworth's Eccl. Biog., vol. iv. p. 392.

⁵ Walton's Lives, by Zouch, pp. 289, 295.

⁶ See Life prefixed to his Works.

⁷ Life prefixed to his Works, p. 6.

⁸ Life by Basire.

⁹ Memoir prefixed to Works, vol. i. p. xxxvi.

¹⁰ Epitaph by Bishop Bull, Heber's Life of J. Taylor, p. cccxiv.

¹¹ Heber's Life, p. cxxvii.

¹² Life by Stowell, p. 243.

⁷ Biograph. Britann.

¹⁰ Bramhall's Works, p. 937.

Sunday feasts with his twelve poor parishioners¹—of Andrewes's 'life of prayer,' and his book of private devotions, found 'worn in pieces by his fingers, and wet with his tears.'² And remember that these lights of holiness and goodness were not kept burning, as in a monastic system, under an artificial shelter, and fed with extraordinary excitements, but exposed to the blasts of persecution, and to the chilling atmosphere of the world; that they are not as accidents and strange phenomena in the system of the English Church which make us wonder how they could be found in such a place under such principles of government; but true and faithful portraiture of her character and doctrines—and then ask, whether personal holiness be wanting to that Church as a test of her truth—whether we need any other outward system to make us as holy as they were, than the system in which they were bred.

One Father of our Church has been reserved, that he may be spoken of separately—spoken of, as these his brethren always spoke of him, turning aside whenever mention of him occurred, as if their pious humility would not allow them to pass without some token of gratitude and reverence,—the recognised defender of the Church of England, Bishop Jewell. If one fault be enough to blot out a whole 'angelic life,' a life spent in the service of the Church, between his chapel and his study; if some hasty words are to condemn as unworthy of confidence the man who set an example to all, that in treating of holy things he did not 'set abroad in print twenty lines' till he had studied twenty years,³—then we may presume to speak lightly of Bishop Jewell.³ But not so the true and grateful and humble-minded sons of the Church of England. They will reverence him with Hooker, as 'the worthiest divine that Christendom hath bred for the space of some hundreds of years';⁴ with Bilson as 'that learned father';⁵ with Laud, as 'that painful, learned, and reverend prelate';⁶ with Usher, as 'ὁ Μακαρίτης Juellus, ille nunquam satis laudatus Episcopus';⁷ with Bancroft, as 'a man to be accounted of as his name doth import, and so esteemed, not only in England, but with all the learned men beyond the seas, that ever knew him or saw his writings';⁸ with Morton, as 'that admirable doctor in God's Church,' 'that godly bishop,' 'whose name we acknowledge to be most worthily honourable in

¹ Life of Ken, p. 8. Prose Works, by Round.

² Preface to Andrewes's Private Devotions, translated by the Rev. P. Hall, p. xv.

³ Wordsworth's Eccles. Biog., pp. 62, 69, 70.

⁴ Eccles. Pol. ii. s. 6.

⁵ Survey of Christ's Sufferings, p. 82.

⁶ Speech at the Censure of Bastwick.

⁷ De Eccles. Success., Pref.

⁸ Survey of Discipline, p. 336.

the Church of Christ;¹ with Mountagu, as 'that Jewel of England';² with Cosin, as 'that worthy and reverend prelate' ('præstantissimus præsul');³ with James, as 'one of the most precious and peerless Jewels of these later times, for learning, knowledge, judgment, honesty, and industry';⁴ with Bramhall, as 'that learned prelate';⁵ with Carleton, as 'Master Jewel, the reverend Bishop of Salisbury, for piety and learning the mirror of his time';⁶ with Hall, as 'that precious Jewel of England,' 'whom moderate spirits may well hear,' 'who alone with all judicious men will outweigh ten thousand separatists';⁷ with Field, as 'that worthy bishop';⁸ with the martyr Charles, as one 'whose memory he much revered, though he never thought him infallible';⁹ with Heylin, as 'that most reverend and learned prelate, a man who very well understood the Church's meaning;' that 'reverend prelate, of whom I would not have you think but that I hold as reverend an opinion, as you or any other, be he who he will';¹⁰ with Godwin, as 'felicissimæ memoriæ';¹¹ with Bishop Bull as 'clarissimus';¹² with Sancroft, as 'our reverend and learned Jewel';¹³ with Stillingfleet, as 'that incomparable bishop'—'that great light and ornament of this Church, whose memory is preserved to this day with due veneration in all the Protestant Churches';¹⁴ and, lastly, with Whitgift, as 'that so notable a bishop, so learned a man, so stout a champion of true religion, so painful a prelate.'—'Pardon me,' he concludes, as we will conclude also, 'though I speak somewhat earnestly; it is in the behalf of a Jewel that is contemned and defaced. — He is at rest, and not here to answer for himself.— Thus have I answered in his behalf, who both in this, and other like controversies, might have been a great stay to this Church of England, if we had been worthy of him. But whilst he lived, and especially after his notable and most profitable travails, he received the same reward of ungrateful tongues, that other men be exercised with, and all must look for that will do their duty.'¹⁵

Such are some of the considerations which entitle the judgment of our old Divines to the highest respect from every true member of the Church; and the more they are studied, the more there will be found in them those marks of discretion and

¹ Defence of Ceremon. pp. 241, 242.

² Appeal to Cæsar, p. 159.

³ Hist. of Transub. p. 9.

⁴ Treatise of the Corrupt. of Scripture, p. 78.

⁵ Works, p. 472.

⁶ Thankful Remembrance, p. 219.

⁷ Works, vol. x. pp. 73, 74.

⁸ Of the Church, p. 749.

⁹ King Charles's Works, p. 176.

¹⁰ Heylin on the Creed, p. 475; Antidot. Lincoln. p. 214.

¹¹ De Præsul. Angliæ, p. 22.

¹² Bull's Works, vol. iv. p. 130.

¹³ D'Oyly's Life, vol. ii. p. 337.

¹⁴ Works, vol. ii. pp. 439, 457.

¹⁵ Defence of the Answer to the Admonition, pp. 423, 435.

temperance,

temperance, that absence of partial views, renunciation of self as an authority, adherence to primitive antiquity, dislike of needless change, and yet willingness to change for good; refusal to compromise truth for peace, and yet earnest struggles after peace; patient and laborious pursuit of accurate information, strict and accurate reasoning, and largeness of comprehension, which, as was said before, when a witness is summoned to give evidence, compel respect to his testimony, even without reference to his statements.

One point more is deserving of attention. It is their profound and extensive knowledge of Popery in all its bearings. They did not shape their judgment of it by some imaginary hope of effecting an impossible reconciliation; nor from some favourable specimen of the Gallican Church, the least popish of all popish communions; nor from the face which Popery can assume when addressing itself to an educated mind; nor from the Catholic portions retained in it, and by some confounded with the Papal. They saw it before them, practically engaged in its real and characteristic work; that work which it has been about from the beginning, and which constitutes the very charter and essence of its existence,—the acquisition of power—power of all kinds, at all hazards, by all means, over all minds; using for this purpose all instruments, whether of good or of evil; professing reverence for all holy things, that it may win the holy, and practising indulgence to all sin, that it may retain the sinner.¹ Moreover they had before their eyes, and were brought into immediate contact with, that final and matured development of Popery, its great engine and full representative, the system of Jesuitism; of which we in this day know little, and believe less; but which, though expelled from every country where it had settled, as if its very existence was incompatible with either society or religion, had been created, and is now again restored, unchanged and uncensured, by the Romish Church, to wield in her service a machinery of such gigantic power, and such atrocious principles, that the best and greatest men, not only of our own, but of the Roman communion, have been compelled to confess that, if the foreshadowed form of the Antichrist, which is still to come, can anywhere be traced, it must be here.

All this must be borne in mind, when we approach the writings of our divines of the seventeenth century; and especially it will

¹ See the masterly Survey of the Popish System by Sir Edwin Sandys, Hooker's pupil, in his *Europæ Speculum*, an account which is as accurate at this day as ever, and well deserves to be reprinted. See also J. Taylor's Letter I., to One seduced to the Church of Rome, Works, vol. xi. p. 187; and Bishop Bull's Sermon on the Necessity of Works of Righteousness, vol. i. p. 9, *et seq.*

prepare us for many facts which must strike a student, when he inquires into their mode of managing that controversy with Popery and Puritanism, which the English Church, now, as throughout the whole of her existence, will in some shape or other be obliged to sustain.

I. There is a disposition in the present day to shrink from all strong and harsh expressions, when speaking of Popery. It may be that the general tone of our mind is relaxed in regard to strict lines of religious truth; or the infection of a spurious liberality has crept in, even where it is most repudiated; or we think little of the sins of Popery, as compared with those of Dissent; or so much of our own sins, that we dare not condemn the sins of others. Or we overvalue the preservation of many outward apostolical ordinances in the Church of Rome, till we undervalue its departure from an apostolical spirit; as if succession without Doctrine was not rather a curse than a blessing. Or, what is most probable, we know little of its real nature; or we are shocked by the unthinking abuse and calumny, which have been too often heaped on it by men who would equally revile our own Church; or are perplexed in drawing the line between the good and evil of the Romish system, and so fear to censure at all; or are unwilling that one sister Church (much less an individual) should sit in judgment upon another. Whichever of these reasons prevails (and many of them are symptoms of an humble and amiable spirit), it is certain that the tendency of our modern theologians on all sides is, to use a language in respect to Rome far milder than that of our old divines.

All these do, indeed, write, as Bishop Morton, one of the most eminent among them, wrote, adopting the words of St. Augustine:—

‘Although they be divided from our body, yet we, confessing one head, Christ, let us deplore them as our brethren; for we will not cease to call them brethren, whether they will or no, so long as they say “Our Father” in invocation of one God, and do celebrate the same sacraments which we do, and answer, although not with us, the same “Amen.”’¹

Nor, although nearly the whole of their labours were, from the necessity of the times, controversial, was it any harsh spirit of controversy that animated them to their tasks.

‘Far more comfort it were for us,’ says Hooker, and Bishop Nicholson with him, ‘(so small is the joy we take in these strifes,) to labour under the same yoke, as men that look for the same eternal reward of their labours, to be enjoined with you in bands of indissoluble love and amity, to live as if, our persons being many, our souls were but one; rather than in such dismembered sort to spend our few and wretched

¹ Preface to A Catholic Appeal for Protestants.

days in a tedious prosecuting of wearisome contentions: the end whereof, if they have not some speedy end, will be heavy, even on both sides.¹

Nor should we forget a remark of Bishop Taylor, where he employs the very words which the Fathers used in condemning the doctrine of tradition as now held by Popery:—

‘Now let any man judge whether it be not our duty, and a necessary work of charity, and the proper office of our ministry, to persuade our charges from the “immodesty of an evil heart,” from having a “devilish spirit,” from doing that “which is vehemently forbidden by the Apostle,” from “infidelity and pride;” and, lastly, from that “eternal woe which is denounced” against them that add other words and doctrines than what is contained in the Scriptures, and say, “Dominus dixit,” the Lord hath said it, and he hath not said it. If we had put these severe censures upon the Popish doctrine of tradition, we should have been thought uncharitable; but, because the holy fathers do so, we ought to be charitable, and snatch our charges from the ambient flame.’²

There is therefore in all a sternness of warning against what Hooker calls ‘the gross and grievous abominations’ of Popery, even while yet he gladly acknowledges that Papists may be ‘of the family of Jesus Christ’³—which may prove of salutary example to those who have the same battle to fight, and the same watch to exercise over the fold intrusted to their care, against the seductions of a most subtle enemy.⁴

Thus Field, ‘in his time esteemed a principal maintainer of Protestancy, and so admirable well-knowing in the controversies between the Protestants and Papists, that few or none went beyond him—and one that much laboured to heal the breaches of Christendom, and whose desires, prayers, and endeavours were for peace, not to widen differences, but to compose them,’⁵ sums up his great work on the Church:—

‘We are well assured that all these [apostolical traditions, general councils, and primitive fathers] do witness against her, that she is an erring, heretical, and apostatical church; that she hath forsaken her first faith; departed from her primitive sincerity; plunged those that adhere unto her into many gross and damnable errors, and defiled herself with intolerable superstition and idolatry, so that, as well in respect of her errors in faith, superstition and idolatry in divine worship, as of her slanderous, treacherous, bloody, and most horrible and hellish practices, to overthrow and destroy all that do but open their mouths against her abominations, we may justly account her to be the

¹ Preface to Eccles. Pol. s. 9. Apology, p. 240.

² Preface to Dissuasive from Popery, vol. x. p. cxviii.

³ Eccles. Pol. book iii. s. 1.

⁴ See the remarkable Epilogue to Bishop Hall’s *Old Religion*, vol. ix. p. 385, where he sums up his admonitions thus: ‘Shortly, let us hate their opinions, strive against their practice, pity their misguiding, neglect their censures, labour their recovery, pray for their salvation.’

⁵ Wood’s *Athen. Oxon.*, by Bliss, vol. ii. p. 184.

synagogue of Satan, the faction of Antichrist, and that Babylon out of which we must flee, unless we will be partakers of her plagues.'

Thus Jackson, speaking of Jesuitism, which he, like the rest, most justly identifies with Popery, as the creature and instrument of its policy:—

'Our purpose is not to charge them with forgery of any particular, though grossest Heresies; or Blasphemies, though most hideous; but for erecting an entire frame, capacious of all Villanies imaginable, far surpassing the hugest mathematical form human fancy could have conceived of such matters, but only from inspection of this real and material pattern, which by degrees insensible hath grown up with the *Mystery of Iniquity* as the bark doth with the tree.'¹

Again:—

'If all such particulars [speaking of papal dispensations] were duly collected, and examined with the circumstances, we might refer it to any heathen civilian, to any whom God hath not given over to a *reprobate sense* to believe lies, whether the supposed infallibility of the Romish Church, or the prerogative given to the Pope by his followers, be not, according to the evangelical law and their own tenents, worse than Heresy, and worse than any branch of infidelity whereof any Jew or Heathen is capable; yea, the very *ακμή* or period of Antichristianism'.....because 'it makes sin to be no sin.'

So even Thorndike, a little before his death, giving his judgment of the church of Rome:—

'I do not allow salvation to any that shall change, having these reasons before him. . . . How can any Christian trust his soul with that Church which hath the conscience to bar him of such helps' [service in a known tongue, and the Eucharist in both kinds] 'provided by God?'²

So Hickes:—

'If false and dangerous, or absurd and impossible, nay, pernicious and impious doctrines, contrary to Scripture expounded by Catholic tradition, derogatory to the honour of Jesus Christ and the Christian religion, and destructive of the rights and liberties of the Catholic Church, be damnable heresies, then your religion, by which I mean *the Popery of it*, is a multiform damnable heresy: as we doubt not but a truly free and general council, could such a one be had, would soon determine; and to such a council we are ready to appeal.'³

So Barrow blesses God,

'who rescued us from having impious errors, scandalous practices, and superstitious rites, with merciless violence obtruded upon us by that Romish zeal and bigotry—(that mint of woeful factions, and combustions of treasonable conspiracies, of barbarous massacres, of horrid assassina-

¹ Vol. i. p. 365; vol. iii. p. 899.

² Hickes, *Several Letters*, vol. i. Appendix, Pap. i.

³ *Several Letters*, vol. i. p. 174.

tions, of intestine rebellions, of foreign invasions, of savage tortures and butcheries, of holy leagues and pious frauds through Christendom, and particularly among us)—which, as it without reason damnable, so it would by any means destroy all that will not crouch thereto.’¹

Even Laud, who pleads so strongly against the use of ‘ill language against an adversary’²—that is, of coarse words, which imply only abuse without discriminating truth—yet, when truth is to be spoken, speaks out:—

‘For a church may hold the fundamental point literally, and as long as it stays there be without control; and yet err grossly, dangerously, nay damnably, in the exposition of it. And this is the Church of Rome’s case.’ ‘All Protestants unanimously agree in this, “that there is great peril of damnation for any man to live and die in the Roman persuasion.”’³

So Bishop Mountagu, ‘esteemed one of the most indulgent among them’: ‘I do not, I cannot, I will not deny that idolatry is grossly committed in the Church of Rome.’ And, though he would not allow ‘that the Bishop of Rome personally was that Antichrist,’ the individual man of sin,—‘an Antichrist,’ he adds, ‘I hold him or them, carrying themselves as they do in the Church.’ And, in another place,—

‘Surely if the general of the Jesuits’ order should once come to be pope, and sit in Peter’s chair, as they call it, I would vehemently suspect him to be the party designed “the Antichrist:” for out of what nest that accursed bird should rather come abroad than out of that seraphical society, I cannot guess.’⁴

So Bishop Bull:—

‘I look upon it as a wonderful both just and wise providence of God, that he hath suffered the Church of Rome to fall into such gross errors, (which otherwise it is scarce imaginable how men in their wits, that had not renounced not only the Scriptures, but their reason, yea, and their senses too, could be overtaken with,) and to determine them for articles of faith.’⁵

So Brett:—

‘The Bishop of Rome, the grand subverter and confounder of the true primitive and apostolical discipline, as well as doctrine of the Christian church, in all places where he could at any time usurp an authority and find the means to execute it.’⁷

So Stillingfleet:

‘We charge them [the Romanists] with those reasons for separation which the Scripture allows, such as idolatry, perverting the gospel and

¹ Sermon on Gunpowder Treason, vol. i. p. 113.

² History of the Troubles, p. 398.

³ Conference with Fisher, pp. 197, 208.

⁴ Bramhall, Just Vindict., tom. i. Dis. iii. p. 358.

⁵ Appeal to Cæsar, pp. 249, 145, 159. Answer to the Gagger, p. 75.

⁶ Works, vol. ii. p. 187.

⁷ On Church Government, p. 443.

institutions of Christ, and tyranny over the consciences of men in making those things necessary to salvation which Christ never made so. But none of these can with any appearance of reason be charged on the Church of England—since we profess to give religious worship only to God; we worship no images; we invoke no saints; we adore no host; we creep to no crucifix; we kiss no relics. We equal no traditions with the gospel; we lock it not up from the people in an unknown language; we preach no other terms of salvation than Christ and his apostles did; we set up no monarchy in the Church to undermine Christ's, and to dispense with his laws and institutions. We mangle no sacraments, nor pretend to know what makes more for the honour of his blood than he did himself. We pretend to no skill in expiating mens sins when they are dead; nor in turning the bottomless pit into the pains of purgatory by a charm of words and a quick motion of the hand. We do not cheat mens souls with false bills of exchange, called indulgences; nor give out that we have the treasure of the Church in our keeping, which we can apply as we see occasion. We use no pious frauds to delude the people, nor pretend to be infallible, as they do when they have a mind to deceive. These are things which the divines of our Church have with great clearness and strength of reason made good against the Church of Rome; and since they cannot be objected against our Church, with what face can men suppose the cases of those who separate from each of them to be parallel?¹

So Bramhall says:—

‘That church which hath changed the apostolical creed, the apostolical succession, the apostolical regiment, and the apostolical communion, is no apostolical, orthodox, or catholic church. But the Church of Rome hath changed the apostolical creed, the apostolical succession, the apostolical regiment, and the apostolical constitution. Therefore the Church of Rome is no apostolical, orthodox, or catholic church.’

And again:—

‘The Church of Rome resolves its faith, not into divine revelation and authority, but into the infallibility of the present church, not knowing, or not according, what that present church is. Therefore the Church of Rome hath not true faith.’²

There is no pleasure in multiplying such passages, nor is it necessary. That Popery, considered as a system, without reference to individual members of it, is not only ‘in error,’ and ‘superstitious,’ but ‘heretical,’ ‘in schism,’ ‘rebellious,’ ‘idolatrous,’³ ‘an Antichrist,’ if not *the* Antichrist; that it is ‘a wonder how any learned man can with a good and quiet conscience continue in it;’⁴ and that, notwithstanding the validity of its ordinances, it risks

¹ Works, vol. ii. p. 649.

² Works, tome i. Disc. i. pp. 43, 44. See also tome i. Dis. iii. p. 165.

³ See the Testimonies of our divines against the *idolatry* of Rome, collected by Stillingfleet. Preface, vol. v.

⁴ Bull, Corrupt. of Church of Rome, vol. ii. p. 311.

the salvation of those who trust to it—is the uniform language of the men who have always been held up by our Church as her greatest ornaments and pillars, and as the firmest defenders of her catholic and apostolical character, especially against Popery—‘those eminent and learned bishops of our Church that have stood up in the gap, and fought the battles of the Lord against that Goliath of Rome;’ ‘that have borne the burden and heat of the day, and have beaten these Philistines at their own weapons;’¹ and who, in the judgment of Laud, laid grounds in their works, ‘from which, whensoever the Church of England shall depart, she shall never be able, before any learned and disengaged Christians, to make good her difference with, and her separation from, the Church of Rome.’² And when called to answer for this language before God they will have a noble defence to make—that they spoke, not as enthusiasts of the day now speak, condemning what ought to be praised, and substituting abuse for reason, but thoughtfully and deliberately;³ with discrimination of truth from falsehood; with the records of Catholic antiquity as their guide; and with a deep insight into the whole mystery of iniquity. They condemned Rome, not for exalting, but destroying episcopacy; not for magnifying, but degrading sacraments; not for reverencing, but despising antiquity; not for honouring saints, but for dishonouring God through them; not for observing forms, but for converting religion into forms; not for retaining, but for abandoning tradition, and setting up a religion of novelty; not for preserving scriptural truth in apostolical creeds as well as in Scripture, but for tampering with those creeds and adding to them; not for severity of discipline, but for laxity and licentiousness. They will plead with Hooker, with Sanderson, with Stillingfleet, with Hall, that they did not confound the persons of papists with the system which oppresses them—that they rejoiced and blessed God for all the good and holy men within it whom He had saved from its pollutions, as men escape the plague in a pest-house.⁴ They spoke as members of a Church who had spoken strongly also. As her children, they were called on to justify her acts before Christendom—under her, as the only representative of the Catholic Church capable of raising her voice with effect, to protest in behalf of Catholic truth, though all around were silent, and ‘to speak none but their mother’s tongue.’⁵ With her they warned both those who refused to come within her

¹ Bishop Nicholson, *Apology*, pp. 156, 172.

² *History of Troubles*, pp. 160, 418.

³ See, for instance, Hickes, *Cont. Lett.* vol. ii. pp. 92, 172.

⁴ See a noble passage in Sanderson’s VI. Sermon. ad Pop. s. 17, quoted by Stillingfleet, *Works*, vol. vi. p. 51. Hooker, book iii. s. i.; and *Life of Hooker*, by I. Walton. See also Usher’s Sermon on the Universality of the Church of Christ.

⁵ Bishop Hall, *Christ. Mod. Works*, vol. vi. p. 446.

fold, and those whom a most subtle enemy was seducing from her, of the peril of defection; warned them with no uncertain sounds—by bold words—not putting bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter, or drawing subtle lines which common eyes could not discern—not ‘doing small benefit to the Church of God by disputing with them according unto the finest parts of their dark conveyances, and suffering that sense of their doctrine to go uncontrolled, wherein by the common sort it is ordinarily received and practised;’¹ nor yet presumptuously, from their own private passion, but as men set in authority and answerable for the souls which might be lost, either by blinding papists to their danger, or offending weak brothers by provoking their suspicion. And they might add, what in this day of weak indulgence would be heard with most excuse, that to speak with words of the utmost severity of the system, but in the spirit of charity to individuals, is found, by experience, the surest mode of awaking attention without provoking bitterness. To speak softly is to exasperate the more, because, if there is little evil in Popery, why needlessly oppose it?

II. There is another remarkable feature in this body of divines. It is their deep, hearty, unshaken affection and devotion to their ‘dear Mother Church of England.’ They did not contemplate it as perfect. No institution that passes through human hands can be perfect. They felt, in the spirit of the martyr Charles, that, ‘the draught being excellent as to the main, both in doctrine and government, some lines, as in very good figures, may haply need some sweetening or polishing.’² With Laud, they would not deny that, if the liturgy of the Church were ‘well’ as it is, and might ‘easily be made worse,’ it might in ‘the order of the prayers’ also ‘be made better.’³ They prayed with Bishop Andrewes ‘that its deficiencies be supplied.’⁴ But deficiencies—‘defectus’⁵—with Bishop Andrewes did not mean faults and vices in the constitution of the Church, but the want of means for carrying on its work and practising its principles—the wants which we all feel at this day—of more bishops, more clergy, more learning, more individual piety, more alms, more developed organisation for missionary exertions, more institutions for the nurture and education of souls at home—more blessings from heaven to rain down its dew upon us, and bring out in full perfection all the seeds of holiness and power which are lying in the womb of our Church ready to spring forth.

¹ Hooker, book iii. s. 7.

² Icon Basil., p. 138.

³ Troubles, pp. 115, 208.

⁴ Prayers, Munday, Intercession.

⁵ This word ‘defectus’ has been sometimes referred to as if it implied in the mind of Bishop Andrewes distrust and dissatisfaction at the *system* of the Church of England. How far this was from his meaning may be seen in the concluding passage, too long to be quoted, in his *Concio in Diocessu Palatini*, 1613.

Still less did they condemn the Church for the faults of her individual members, or for the evils of the times with which she had to struggle. If such a principle of judgment be once admitted—if the existence of sin, and anarchy, and dissension, be an argument against the goodness of that government under which they may break out—let men look to the very grounds of their faith, and think how they can stand to defend (with all reverence let us venture to speak) the government of God himself.¹

If anything could have tempted them to waver in their faith and allegiance, it must have been the state into which England fell when the yoke of Popery was shaken off—fell, by the weakness which that yoke had caused—and which has been perpetuated on it, more or less, directly or indirectly, by the same agency, ever since. They had seen a time, in which one of the greatest favourers of the Reformation could say of it, ‘no kind of blasphemy, heresy, disorder, and confusion, but is found among us.’² They did not witness, as we witness, a new spring-tide of piety dawning among them, churches rising on all sides, the clergy multiplying their duties, the laity returning to their allegiance, dissent becoming weaker; the irregular movements of religious feeling reorganizing themselves spontaneously under the Heads of the Church; every day more demands upon men’s alms for purposes of religion and charity, and those demands every day more willingly complied with. The movement with them seemed all to retrograde—communions to become less frequent—confirmations disregarded³—discipline more abused and despised⁴—the prayers of the Church more neglected—the divisions of schism more multiplied—devotion more cold, and faith more faint;—everything but the life within the Church—within a small and despised portion of it—dead or dying—and yet *they* never despaired.⁵

‘He is pleased,’ exclaims Bramhall, ‘to style it a *dead church*, and me the advocate of a *dead church*: even as the trees are dead in winter when they want their leaves; or as the sun is set when it is behind a cloud; or as the gold is destroyed when it is melting in the furnace. When I see a seed cast into the ground, I do not ask where is the greenness of the leaves? where is the beauty of the flowers? where is

¹ See this whole question admirably argued in Hickes’ *Apologetical Vindication of the Church of England*. ² Dugdale’s *Troubles*, p. 574.

³ Jackson, vol. iii. p. 272; Bishop Hall, vol. x. p. 464; Brett’s *Church Government*, p. 237.

⁴ Bishop Hall, vol. x. p. 436; Andrews, *Opuscula*, p. 41; Mountagu, *Answer to the Gagger*, p. 81.

⁵ For most striking passages illustrative of the state of the times in which these authors wrote, see Hickes, *Controversial Letters*, vol. ii. pref. 68; Nicholson’s *Apology*, p. 151; Wordsworth’s *Christian Institutes*, vol. iv. p. 580; Bishop Hall, vol. vi. p. 231; Hooker’s *Eccles. Polity*, book v. s. 31; Sanderson’s *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 129, folio. And, if it were wanted, it might be easy, from the history of the Primitive Church, as Jewel has done in his *Apology*, to draw a lamentable parallel.

the sweetness of the fruit? But I expect all these in their due season: stay awhile and behold the catastrophe. The rain is fallen, the wind hath blown, and the floods have beaten upon their church; but it is not fallen, for it is founded upon a rock. The light is under a bushel, but it is not extinguished.¹

Side by side with the most melancholy pictures of the conduct of individuals, there are to be found, throughout them all, the most glowing defence of her *System*, and the most earnest protestations that it was not the Church, but her sons, who were to blame. It was

‘when the Church was pestered with a generation of godless men, and with all other irregularities; when her lands were in danger of alienation, her power at least neglected, and her peace torn in pieces by several schisms, and such heresies as do usually attend that sin; when the common people seemed ambitious of doing those very things which were attended with most dangers, that thereby they might be punished, and then applauded and pitied; when they called the spirit of opposition a tender conscience, and complained of persecution because they wanted power to persecute others; when the giddy multitude raged, and became restless to find out misery for themselves and others; and the rabble would herd themselves together, and endeavour to govern and act in spite of authority;—in this extremity, fear, and danger of the Church and State,’²—

it was that Hooker came forward to defend that ‘present form of Church government which the laws of this land have established,’ and which he declared to be ‘such as no law of God nor reason of man hath hitherto been alleged of force sufficient to prove they do ill, who to the uttermost of their power withstand the alteration thereof.’³

‘This I dare boldly affirm,’ says Archbishop Whitgift, ‘that all points of religion necessary to salvation, and touching either the mystery of our redemption in Christ, or the right use of the sacraments, and true manner of worshipping God, are as purely and as perfectly taught, and by public authority established, in this Church of England at this day, as ever they were in any church since the apostles’ times.’⁴

‘I have lived,’ says Laud, ‘and shall (God willing) die in the faith of Christ, as it was professed in the ancient primitive Church, as it was professed in the present Church of England.’

‘So (it seems) I was confident for the faith professed in the Church of England, else I would not have taken the salvation of another upon my soul. And sure I had reason of this my confidence. For to believe the Scripture and the creeds, to believe those in the sense of the ancient primitive Church, to receive the four great general councils, so much magnified by antiquity, to believe all points of doctrine generally received

¹ Works, p. 175.

² Walton's Life of Hooker, p. 46.

³ Preface to Eccl. Polity, vol. i. s. 1.

⁴ Preface to the Defence of the Answer, fol. 1574.

as fundamental in the Church of Christ, is a faith in which to live and die cannot but give salvation.’¹

‘My conscience assures me,’ says Hammond, ‘that the grounds on which the established Church of England is founded are of so rare and excellent mixture, that, as none but intelligent truly Christian minds can sufficiently value the composition, so there is no other in Europe so likely to preserve peace and unity, if what prudent laws had so long ago designed they were now able to uphold. For want of which, and which only, it is that at present the whole fabric lies polluted in confusion and in blood.’²

‘I verily believe,’ says Hickes, ‘that the Church of England, as it now stands without any further reformation, is apostolical in doctrine, worship, and government; and would have been esteemed by the faithful, in all ages from the time of the apostles, a pure and sound member of the Catholic Church. I heartily thank Almighty God, by whose good providence I have been bred up in her communion, and called to the great honour of being one of her priests; and I beseech Him of His infinite goodness, to give all her clergy and people grace to live up strictly to her principles of piety, loyalty, justice, charity, purity, temperance, and sobriety. I am sure it must be ours, and not her fault, if we be not the best Christians, the best subjects, and the best friends and best neighbours in the world.’³

For this Ken did not hesitate to pray:—

‘Glory be to thee, O Lord, my God, who hast made me a member of the particular Church of England, whose faith, and government, and worship are holy, and Catholic, and Apostolic, and free from the extremes of irreverence or superstition; and which I firmly believe to be a sound part of the Church Universal.’⁴

Of this Leslie declared—

‘Though the events of life have given me occasions to take a nearer view of the doctrines and worship of other Christian Churches, yet from thence I have been confirmed in my belief that the Church of England—abuses notwithstanding—is the most agreeable to the institutions of Christ and his apostles.’⁵

In this Bull resolved to die,—

‘As the best constituted Church this day in the world; for that its doctrine, government, and way of worship were in the main the same with those of the primitive Church.’ And he blessed God that he ‘was born, baptized, and bred up in her communion,’ as ‘the best and purest Church at this day in the Christian world.’⁶

‘Do I anywhere,’ says Bishop Mountagu, ‘profess correspondency with them’ [the Lutherans] ‘or others beside the Church of England,

¹ Conf. with Fisher, pp. 219, 211.

² Preface to *Treatise on the Infallibility*, vol. ii. p. 560.

³ *Apologetical Vindication*, p. 145.

⁴ *Exposit. of Church Catech.*, Prose Works, p. 251.

⁵ *Introd. Epist. Works*, vol. i.

⁶ *Life of Bull*, p. 398. Works, vol. ii. p. 239. Burton Edit.

the absolutest representation of antiquity this day extant? What that Church believeth, I believe; what it teacheth, I teach; what it rejecteth, I reject; what it doth not tender, I am not tied unto. I was bred a member of the Church of England, brought up a member of the Church of England—therein, by the means and ministry of that Church, I received that earnest of my salvation, when by baptism I was inserted into Christ. In the union and communion of that Church I have lived, not divided with papist, nor separated with puritan. Through the assistance of the grace of God's spirit, which is never wanting unto any that seek him, I hope to live and die in the faith and confession of that Church; than which I know none, nor can any be named, in all points more conformable unto purest antiquity in the best times. . . . If there be in any writing, preaching, saying, or thought of mine, anything delivered or published against the discipline or doctrine of This Church, I am sorry for it, I revoke it, recant it, disclaim it—*vultu lædatur pietas*—if I have done so in anything unto my Mother, in all humility I crave pardon, and will undergo penance.¹

'And here I do profess,' says Bishop Sanderson, in his last will, 'that as I have lived, so I desire and (by the grace of God) resolve to die, in the communion of the Catholic Church of Christ, and a true son of the Church of England; which, as it stands by law established, to be both in doctrine and worship agreeable to the word of God, and in the most, and most material points of both conformable to the faith and practice of the godly Churches of Christ in the primitive and purer times, I do firmly believe: led so to do, not so much from the force of custom and education (to which the greatest part of mankind owe their particular different persuasions in point of religion), as upon the clear evidence of truth and reason, after a serious and impartial examination of the grounds, as well of popery as puritanism, according to that measure of understanding and those opportunities which God hath afforded me. . . . Wherefore I humbly beseech Almighty God, the Father of Mercies, to preserve the Church, by his power and providence, in peace, truth, and godliness, evermore to the world's end: which doubtless he will do, if the wickedness and security of a sinful people (and particularly those sins that are so rife and seem daily to increase among us, of unthankfulness, riot, and sacrilege) do not tempt his patience to the contrary.'²

'The third sort of good seed,' says Bramhall, 'which King Charles did bear forth with him was a good religion. A religion, not reformed tumultuously, according to the brain-sick fancies of an half-witted multitude, dancing after the pipe of some seducing charmer, but soberly, according to the rule of God's word, as it hath been evermore, and everywhere interpreted by the Catholic Church, and according to the purest pattern of the primitive times. A religion, against which the greatest adversaries thereof have no exception, but that it preferreth grace before nature, the written word before uncertain traditions, and the all-sufficient blood of Jesus Christ before the stained works of

¹ Appeal to Cæsar, pp. 47, 48.

² Walton's Life of Sanderson, by Zouch, vol. ii. p. 290.

mortal men. A religion, which is neither garish with superfluous ceremonies, nor yet sluttish, and void of all order, decency, and majesty in the service of God. A religion, which is as careful to retain old articles of faith, as it is averse from new articles. . . . Religion which is not likely to perish for want of fit organs, like those imperfect creatures produced by the sun upon the banks of Nilus, but shaped for continuance. . . . The terror of Rome. They fear our moderation more than the violent opposition of others. . . . The watch-tower of the Evangelical churches. . . . I have seen many churches of all sorts of communions, but never any that could diminish that venerable estimation which I had for my mother the Church of England: from her breasts I received my first nourishment, in her arms I desire to end my days. Blessed be he that blesseth her.¹

‘Men, brethren, and fathers,’ says Bishop Beveridge, ‘give me leave to speak freely to you of the Church you live in; a Church, not only in its doctrine and discipline, but in all things else, exactly conformable to the primitive, the apostolical, the catholic Church. For was that no sooner planted by Christ but it was watered by the blood of martyrs?—So was ours. Did the primitive Christians suffer martyrdom from Rome?—So did our first reformers. Hath the Catholic Church been all along pestered with heretics and schismatics?—So hath ours. Have they endeavoured in all ages to undermine, and so to overthrow her?—In this also ours is but too much like unto her. And it is no wonder: for the same reason that occasioned all the disturbances and oppositions that the Catholic Church ever met with, still holds good as to ours too; even because its doctrine is so pure, its discipline so severe, its worship so solemn, and all its rules and constitutions so holy, perfect, and divine, that mankind, being generally debauched in their principles and practices, have a natural averseness from it, if not an antipathy against it.’

He concludes—

‘Be but you as pious towards God, as loyal to our queen, as sober in yourselves, as faithful to your friends, as loving to your enemies, as charitable to the poor, as just to all, as our Church enjoins you; in a word, be but you as conformable to her as she is to the Catholic Church in all things, and my life, my eternal life for yours, you cannot but be happy for evermore.’²

And if we at this day, with hopes revealed to us by God’s providential working far brighter than ever dawned upon the eyes of these great men—with far longer experience of that wonderful strength which has supported the Church of England through so many fearful struggles, and is now rising up within her more vigorous than ever—if we, like Bishop Hall, as her ‘true sons,’ unto her ‘sacred name would in all piety devote ourselves,’ as to our ‘reverend, dear, and holy Mother’³—if with Heylin we comfort our soul with our ‘adhesion to a Church so rightly consti-

¹ Bramhall, Sermon on the Coronation, 1661. Works, p. 957.

² Sermon on ‘Form of Sound Words.’

³ Dedic. of Common Apology, vol. x. tuted,

tuted, so warrantably reformed, so punctually modelled by the pattern of the purest and most happy times of Christianity; a Church which, for her power and polity, her sacred offices and administrations, hath the grounds of Scripture, the testimony of antiquity, and consent of fathers'¹—if, with Bishop Andrews, we point to 'that, our religion in England, ancient, holy, purified, and truly one which Zion would acknowledge' ('*prisca, casta, defæcata, et vero quam Sion agnoscat*')²—if, with Bishop Cosin, we believe it to be 'no other than what we have received from Christ and his universal Church'³—if, in the spirit of the martyr Charles, (words which Sancroft thought 'deserve to be written in letters of gold, and to be engraved in brass or marble,')⁴ we charge our children 'not to suffer their hearts to receive the least check or disaffection from the true religion established in her, as being the best in the world;' 'I tell you I have tried it';⁵—if, with Bishop White, we feel that, in building our faith upon the Church of England, 'we are building on a rock'⁶—if, with Hooker, we regard her as the 'sustainer of the Churches'⁷—with Nelson, as 'the glory of the Reformation'⁸—with Bishop Nicholson, as 'every way consonant to the doctrine and discipline of the primitive times,' and in her constitutions 'nearest the apostolic church of any church in the Christian world';⁹—with Bishop Bilson, as 'wholly and truly Catholic, such as the Scriptures do precisely command, and the ancient fathers expressly witness was the faith and use of Christ's Church for many hundreds'¹⁰—if, with Archbishop Bancroft, we call her 'the most apostolic and flourishing Church, simply that is in all Christendom;' and, like him, 'pray unto Almighty God, with all our very souls, for the long and happy continuance of the blessed example, which it and this realm of England hath showed, in this last age of the world, unto all the kingdoms and countries on the earth that profess the gospel with any sincerity'¹¹—if, with Brett, we allow that her government is 'modelled, as near as may be, to that which was founded by Christ and his apostles, and that there are no alterations made from the primitive constitution but what the different state of the Church made in some manner necessary'¹²—even if, with Archbishop Sancroft in his touching expostulation to the

¹ The Reformation of the Church of England Justified, General Preface, s. 1.

² Concio in discessu Palatini. 1613.

³ Scholast. Hist., Pref.

⁴ Life of Sancroft, vol. i. p. 168.

⁵ Icon Basil., s. xxvii.

⁶ Reply to Fisher, p. 588.

⁷ Book iv. s. 14.

⁸ Life of Bull, p. 24, s. vi.

⁹ Exposit. of Church Catech., Epist. Dedic.

Apology for the Discipline, p. 42.

¹⁰ True Differ. Epist. Dedic.

¹¹ Preface to Dangerous Positions, b. i. p. 2. Survey, p. 460.

¹² On Church Government, p. 441.

Duke of York, we liken her to 'that lily among thorns,' 'the purest certainly on earth';¹ or,—in language not uncommon in lips which never used irreverence,—to her blessed Lord himself, exposed to persecution on all sides, and 'crucified between thieves'—are such words of gratitude to God, and of loyalty to the mother that bore us, to be construed into arrogance and boasting? Are they not compatible with the greatest charity to the defects of others; with the deepest penitence for our own sins, which have been committed against the warnings and example of such a parent? Are they not lessons of humility and shame, rather than vauntings of presumption?

And so, with these great men, if we do suspect defects even in this admirable system, will it not be wise to follow the law laid down by the greatest legislator of antiquity, and 'shutting up all such questions from the young, deliberate of them only in secret with the old?'² Shall we be ashamed of cherishing that 'ancient simplicity and softness of spirit, which sometime prevailed in the world, that they whose words were even as oracles amongst men seemed evermore loth to give sentence against anything publicly received in the Church of God, except it were wonderfully apparently evil; for that they did not so much incline to that severity which delighteth to reprove the least things it seeth amiss, as to that charity which is unwilling to behold anything that duty bindeth it to reprove?' Alas! to continue with Hooker, 'the state of this present age, wherein zeal hath drowned charity, and skill meekness, will not now suffer any man to marvel, whatsoever he shall hear reprov'd, by whomsoever.'³

Another remarkable fact in the history of our old divines is the steadiness of their adherence to the Church throughout all her trials and afflictions. As they never confounded the excellence of her principles as a system with the sins of her children, who refused to act on them, so neither did they regard the punishment of those sins as any indication of the displeasure of God upon herself. They saw her indeed in a state in which they might well have doubted if God's favour were with her; just as the prophets in Babylon might have distrusted his favour on Jerusalem, and have abandoned the love of Jerusalem itself, because the Jews had deserved to be exiled from it. Instead of this, they humbled themselves in sackcloth; they laid the burden on themselves, but did not deny that still their church was Zion.

'O never let any Christian,' says Bishop Nicholson, 'of what rank soever, add that talent of lead to that sin which hath so highly provoked our good God to pour out the vials of his wrath against this our Church, and these three Nations, (that I mention not the others of Christendom,) as

¹ D'Oyly's *Life of Sancroft*, vol. i. p. 166.

² *Plato de Legib.*, lib. i.

³ *Eccles. Pol.*, book iv. s. 1.

not to lay it to heart. . . . God sinking the gates, his destroying the walls, his slighting the strongholds of Zion, his polluting the kingdom, his swallowing the palaces, his cutting off the horn of Israel; God hating our feasts, his abominating our sabbaths, his loathing our solemnities; God's forgetting his footstool, his abhorring his sanctuary, his suffering men to break down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers, are all evidences to me, that in the indignation of his anger he hath despised *the king and the priest.*'¹

So Hammond with the same voice, after enlarging on the two great excellences of the Reformation—its adherence to antiquity and its union of faith and works:—

'Tis but just that they which have walked unworthy of such guides and rules as these, lived so contrary to our profession, should at length be deprived of both, not only to have our two staves broken, Beauty and Bands, the symbols of order and unity, both which have now for some years taken their leaves of us; but even to have the whole fabric demolished, the house to follow the pillars' fate, and so to be left—and abide *without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an Ephod, and without Teraphim*, deprived of all our ornaments—left naked and bare, when we had misused our beauty unto wantonness. Thus when the Devil was turned out of his habitation, and nothing followed but the sweeping and garnishing the house, and keeping it empty of any better guest; the issue is, the Devil soon returns again, from whence he came out, and brings seven spirits worse than himself, and the end of that state is worse than the beginning. And so still the taking of the ark, and the breaking the high priest's neck, and the slaying his sons, and many more, in that discomfiture, are all far from new or strange, being but the natural effects of the profanations, which *not the ark itself* (that was built, every pin of it, according to God's direction) but the sacrificers, *not the religion* but the worshippers, were so scandalously guilty of.'²

Instead of being shaken from their allegiance by the captivity and sufferings of the Church, they clung to her the more affectionately and dutifully. They anticipated with sanguine hope the day of their restoration, when, according to Bramhall's dream, the cathedral which he had seen fall suddenly on his head should rise up as suddenly without noise.³ They ceased not, as Bishop Taylor prayed, 'to love and to desire the Liturgy, which was not publicly permitted to their practice and profession,'⁴ nor felt inclined to borrow more exciting and enthusiastic forms from a breviary or missal, as if the sobriety of our own service-book were insufficient to raise the heart, and had been proved so by the defections from the Church. Bull, Sanderson, and Hammond

¹ Apology, p. 151.

² Hammond, Parænesis, c. ii. s. 25, 26. Works, vol. i. p. 378.

³ Life prefixed to his Works. See the same fact enlarged on in Dr. Wordsworth's Christian Institutes, vol. iv. p. 578.

⁴ Works, vol. vii. p. 312.

learned

learned from it by rote, when not allowed to use the Book.¹ They exerted themselves as strenuously as ever against Popery, when exiled from their country by Puritanism; and several of their most valuable works against it were written under every temptation to attempt a reconciliation, and join with it against a common foe. So the recollection of their Church was their solace and hope in all their distress:—

‘I shall only crave leave,’ says Bishop Taylor, ‘that I may remember Jerusalem, and call to mind the pleasures of the temple, the order of her services, the beauty of her buildings, the sweetness of her songs, the decency of her ministrations, the assiduity and economy of her priests and Levites, the daily sacrifice, and that eternal fire of devotion that went not out by day nor by night; these were the pleasures of our peace, and there is a remanent felicity in the very memory of those spiritual delights which we then enjoyed, as antepasts of heaven, and consignations to an immortality of joys.’²

They even triumphed in their afflictions for the sake of truth:—

‘Yet neither with us,’ says Hammond, ‘nor with our dearest mother the Church still (by God’s providence) of England, sorrowful as she is, yet still beauteous, and from her very humiliation more deeply to be revered, (and by us more preciouslly esteemed, since, hung upon the cross, she hath been conformed to the image of our Lord,) is there room for complaints or discontentments. Yea, rather do we think that we may rejoice and be glad, that now for ten full years our constancy and dutiful obedience, sealed with the loss of all our fortunes, with long imprisonment, with banishment, with blood itself, being made a spectacle to God, and angels, and men, with none to support and aid but Him who appointed for us the trial, we have boldly, and like to wrestlers in the games, made good and proved. He, our most merciful Father, whom even now with constant prayers we sorrowfully resort to, will grant, as we do hope, to the other parts of the universal church, after so many vicissitudes of storm, a calm and blessed peace. He will grant unto Christendom halcyon and tranquil days. With us our sufferings, our wounds, and scars—as “spiritual pearls,” says Ignatius—yea, rather as “diadems of God’s truly elect,” says Polycarp—not to be repurchased from us by any bribe of a flattering world, by any price of deep and unbroken rest—as being that wherewith we are conformed to the death of Christ, are to be counted by us among the donatives of our king, among his favours, and our privileges. Let posterity judge of us from this, that we complain of no one; that we give thanks for all men—Father, forgive them. “Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.”’³

And their voice was then as earnest and as faithful as ever in recalling wanderers to their duty:—

‘I beseech you,’ says Bishop Nicholson, ‘hear me speak; it may be

¹ Life by Nelson, s. ix. Walton’s Lives.

² Works, vol. vii. p. 284.

³ Diss. iv. contra Blondell. Epist. s. 8. Works, vol. iii. p. 716.

"in voce hominis tuba Dei," God's trumpet at my mouth; and if you will but listen and suffer yourself to be roused by the shrillness of the sound, you may perhaps yet make a stand. Consider where you are, and retreat. The enemy smiles at your separation; the angels would rejoice to behold you return back to your mother the Church of Old England. She is indeed now "as the teyl-tree, or as the oak, when they cast their leaves, yet the substance is in her." Her beauty is decayed through bitter affliction, and her face furrowed with sorrows, there is nothing now left about her to make her lovely; yet she is your Mother still; she washed you with water, she gave you milk when a babe, she fed you with strong meat when a man; she honoured you with orders when grown; for a Mother's sake I crave one good look, some pity, some regard! Why fly you from her? I cannot conceive you think her so dishonest as some separatists report; if you should, I should grow angry; and tell you, that in her constitutions she came nearest the apostolic church of any church in the Christian world, and this I openly profess to make good against any separatist whatsoever. Many ungracious sons I confess she had, and they brought an aspersion upon her, and the vials of God's wrath have been justly, justly I proclaim, poured upon her for their iniquities. The constitution was good and sound, the execution passing through some corrupt hands too often subject to reproof. Let not her then who had declared her mind by rules and cautions against all abuses, and taught what only she would have done, be charged with her sons' irregularities.¹

And few indeed there were who thus required to be recalled to the fold of their mother:—

'I cannot deny,' says Bramhall, 'but that some of us have started aside like broken bows, out of despair in this their bitter trial, wherein they have had their goods plundered, their estates sequestered, their persons imprisoned, their churches aliened; wherein they have been divorced from their nearest relation, and disabled to discharge the duties of their callings to God; wherein some of them have been slaughtered, others forced to maintain themselves by mechanic labours, others thrust out of their native countries, to wander like vagabonds and exiled beggars up and down the merciless world. But, God be praised, they are not many. If we compare this with any the like persecution in Europe, you shall never find that so few apostated.'²

God forbid that any different voice should be heard in the Church of England at this day! *They* did not despair or permit themselves to utter one faithless or disparaging word of its system, when it had been cut down to the ground, and salt had been sown where it grew. We have seen it spring up again more vigorous than ever. It has now stood more storms and shocks than have beaten upon any other member of the Catholic Church—a

¹ Bishop Nicholson's Apology, p. 42.

² Archbishop Bramhall, Sermon on the Restoration, Works, p. 957.

Reformation, a Rebellion, a Revolution—the political conflicts and corruptions which followed them—that fearful convulsion in France, which shook popery to its centre, and led it captive in the person of its head;—and the spread of a manufacturing system which has done so much to corrupt the whole framework of society. She is now about to enter once more into the conflict with popery, her inveterate and strongest enemy, against which she has hitherto stood alone and triumphed. She is entering on this by herself, not depending on foreign aid, nor even on the arm of her own natural supporter, the State. Within the last ten years she has roused herself, like one that has been paralysed from a bed of sickness, and is feeling for her weapons and planting herself for the combat, and stretching out her arms to the most distant countries, with an energy and strength which have astounded all who have beheld it. The Church on all sides is gathering round her. The East is willing that she should come and help it. Germany is seeking from her the great blessing of episcopacy. Four whole continents, India, Australia, Africa, and America, are, with small exceptions, open before her, in which England may plant the truth, as in her own peculiar province, without violating any Catholic principle, or exposing herself, as popery must expose itself, to a battle with existing rights, and to ultimate expulsion. Such a field was never before opened to any Christian Church, not even in the time of Constantine. And if, as yet, she is weak, and faltering, and unable to realize such a prospect, her weakness is from past disease: it is not inherent. Had we done everything we should do, then indeed we might despair. Had we taught men to love their Church, had we cherished obedience to our bishops, had we given alms and offerings as she exhorts; had we been diligent in her service, regular in her prayers, constant in seeking at her hands the strength and nourishment which she offers—had we brought out and acted up to her principles—and then failed—then we might have doubted if God had given to her power to guide and save us. But this has been neglected: let it be tried; and then we shall be able to estimate the enormous strength of Catholic truth as established in our own blessed Church. And let us fight the battle manfully and honestly, without those artificial aids and unnatural excitements, by which popery endeavours to stimulate morbid imaginations, and to force a hot-house piety. Let us fight it, as God himself has placed us here to fight with the world. It is better, it is a sign of more real and healthy strength, to be able to contend, however unsuccessfully, against myriads of enemies, than to enjoy peace without any. There

is more real unity¹ of faith in the adherence of ten men to a definite creed like our own, than in the acquiescence of ten millions in such a lax profession as popery. There is more true unity of heart in the free accordance of a few minds, permitted to differ, than in the subjection of the whole world to a yoke which it dares not shake off. And there is more true holiness in the discharge of a single duty in the midst of the temptations of the world, than in the flight from temptations and duties alike, in the artificial atmosphere of a monastery. But, above all, let us not commit treason to our Church, by accustoming the young and the ignorant to think of her with misgivings or contempt.

When he, who knew so well how to rule and mould the minds of the Athenian people, was called to rouse them to the conflict in defence of all they loved, while the enemy was ravaging their fields, and the plague devastating their homes, he spoke to them not in words of despondency, as if they had no strength to fight; nor disparagingly of their country and its fame, as if they had nothing worth contending for. He knew that, if one thought more than others can 'strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees'—if anything can make the bad to cast off his sins, and the coward to rush into danger, and the effeminate to steel himself for the stake, it is the sense that they are members of a body glorified in past time, full of hope to be glorified hereafter, and now beset with perils and distresses. He never turned their eye upon some dream of imagined peace and happiness—least of all on the pleasant fields which their enemies possessed in quiet. He never thought to nerve them in the cause of their country, by telling them how much happier they might have been, if it were other than it was; or bidding them stay by it now, merely because they could find refuge in no other. He told them rather of its greatness and its power. He bade them 'gaze on and feed their eyes with the sight of this greatness day by day;' that they might become 'enamoured of it,' as men devoted to some beloved being, and so sacrifice their lives and all to its service, like those

¹ 'What manner of peace and unity was that,' says Jackson, speaking of this boast of popery, 'any other than such as usually is found in any political Argus-eyed tyranny, before the sinews of it shrunk or the ligaments be dissolved? Where no man may move but he is seen, nor mutter but he is heard; where the least secret signification of any desire of freedom in speech, or liberty in action, is interpreted for open mutiny, and the least motion unto mutiny held matter sufficient for a cruel death. These were the bonds of your peace and unity in this point of your ecclesiastic monarchy. As for your peace in other speculative points of less use or commodity to your state, it was like the revellings or drunken consorts of servants in their night-sportings, when the master of the house is asleep in a retired room. Any schoolman might broach what opinion he list, and make his auditors drunk with it; others might quarrel with him and them, in as uncivil sort as they list, so no weapon were drawn against the Pope's peace, albeit in the mean time the Scripture suffered open violence and abuse.'—vol. i. p. 314.

who through suffering and toil had won for it its past glories.¹ And so long as this voice was heard, so long the Athenians triumphed. God forbid! let us repeat once more, that any other voice should be heard in the Church of England among us now! If indeed we are lying in darkness, under a curse from God, for some sin of ourselves, or of our forefathers, let the sin be wiped out—if for sacrilege, let the sacrilege be restored—if for rebellion, let us be more earnest in our allegiance—if for intemperance in asserting our Christian independence, let us pray more fervently for the peace and reunion of all Christian churches—if for neglect of the talent committed to us, in failing to bring our heathen empire into the fold of Christ, let us go forth more boldly and more heartily into that vast field of Christian labour. But let us not lay upon the parent the sins of the children; or think that Abraham is despised before God, because the Jews have been rejected. ‘*De ordine dico,*’ says Bishop Andrews, ‘*non de hominibus (nihil attinet) qui quales quales sunt Domino suo stant vel cadunt.*’²

III. There is one especial point in the constitution of the English Church, which requires to be guarded at present against a disposition to censure and mistrust her; which in any mind is sad, but in the young and ignorant is unspeakably unseemly. They have been awakened to a sense—a right and worthy sense—of the spiritual independence of the Church, as holding her spiritual privileges and spiritual being wholly and immediately from God. And it is difficult, without more thought and learning than it is possible for them to possess, to reconcile this always with the claims of the civil power to take a part in ecclesiastical affairs. That the line is hard to draw all must acknowledge—as hard as to distinguish the confines between mind and body; between the respective provinces of the husband and the wife; between the free agency of man and the influence of external causes; between the action and counteraction of any two bodies co-operating to the same work, in the mixed circumstances of all human relations. And the jealousy has undoubtedly been fretted in many minds by recent acts of a Parliament, no longer essentially bound to the communion of the Church. Into these specific cases it is unnecessary to enter. The general principle of the intimate association between the Church and the State, as maintained by the Church of England, derived from the ancient Church, and enforced by our greatest divines, is all that need be touched on. And the testimony of these last is of the greatest weight, because they spoke

¹ See the Speeches of Pericles. Thucydides, lib. ii.

² *Concio in discessu Palatini.* 1613.

under circumstances far more trying than any to which we are exposed.

The Church of England is not now in a worse position with respect to the State, than when Whitgift was compelled to remonstrate with Queen Elizabeth against sacrilege;¹ when Hooker bewailed the 'daily bruises that spiritual promotions used to take by often falling';² when Jackson remonstrated against Simony; when Hacket was compelled to plead before a House of Commons, not against a re-distribution, but an alienation of cathedral property; when the whole power of Parliament was in the hands of the Puritans; when the Monarch himself in his own person was the author of that lax toleration, through which heresies and Atheism first, and popery under their cloak at last, established themselves in the bosom of the empire; and when the Primate, five Bishops, and 400 Clergy, were suspended and deprived for refusing the oath of allegiance.³

If under such trials the loyalty of the suffering Church of England, and her devotion to the State, never forsook her, how would she now grieve over any outbreak of impatience, when the throne is still established and bound to her by the coronation oath, when the great majority of the Parliament is once more with her, and mainly sins against her by officious offers of assistance; and when every day she is obtaining a deeper hold on the affections of the people, and the respect of government?

Let us remember that these great men were the firmest asserters of the spiritual independence of the Church. With Nazianzen, they magnified the spiritual authority, as 'far more ample and excellent than that of civil princes, insomuch as it is fit the flesh should yield to the spirit, and things earthly to things heavenly.' With Chrysostom, they placed 'the priest's tribunal much higher than that of the king; who hath received only the administration of earthly things—but the priest's tribunal is placed in heaven, and he hath authority to pronounce sentence in heavenly affairs.'⁴ 'Our king,' says Bishop Andrews, speaking authoritatively,

'under the name of supremacy, introduces not a new papacy into the Church. As not Aaron the priest, so not Jeroboam the king, may set up a golden calf of his own for the people to adore; or frame new articles of faith, or new forms of worship. He claims not, he does not permit himself to possess, the power of burning incense with Ozhah, or of touching the ark with Uzzah. The office of teaching or of explaining the law he never assumes; nor of preaching, nor of leading in divine worship, nor of celebrating the sacraments, nor of consecrating either

¹ Walton's *Life of Hooker*.

² B. v. s. 31.

³ *Life of Sancroft*, vol. i. p. 447.

⁴ Field, B. v. p. 611.

persons or things; nor the power of the keys or of ecclesiastical censure. In one word, nothing does he assume to himself, and nothing do we hold it lawful for him to touch, which belongs to the priestly office or to the privileges of the priestly order.’¹

So Hooker.² So Bramhall.³ So Sanderson.⁴ And thus Bilson, with them, distinguished:—

‘The government of princes is public, of bishops is private; of princes is compulsory, of bishops is persuasive; of princes is lordly with rule, of bishops is brotherly with service; of princes is external and ordereth the actions of the body, of bishops is internal and guideth the motions of the mind. . . . And therefore, though bishops may be called governors in respect of the soul, yet only princes be governors of realms: pastors have flocks, and bishops have dioceses: realms, dominions, and countries, none have but princes and magistrates; and so the style, “governor of this realm,” belongeth only to the prince and not to the priest, and importeth a public and princely regiment with the sword, which no bishop by God’s law may claim or use.’⁵

Yet, with this solemn protest against Erastianism, they never swerve from their loyal and hearty recognition of the Civil power, as united with the Church. By Beveridge, side by side with the divine authority of the apostolical office, this loyalty is set as an especial proof of ‘the same spirit still working in our Church, which wrought so effectually upon the Apostles.’⁶—With Hooker so strong is the sense of the joint and inseparable functions of the State and the Church for ‘the preservation and safety’ of God’s people, that he proposes this as ‘the true inscription, style, or title of all churches, as yet standing within this realm:—*By the goodness of Almighty God and his servant Elizabeth, we are.*’⁷ So Bishop Mountagu connects them:—

‘Them, myself, whatsoever I have said or done, or shall hereafter do any way—“Libens, merito, more majorum”—now and ever I have, I do, I will refer and submit, and in most lowly, devoted, humble sort, prostrate upon bended knees unto this Church of England, and the true defender thereof, his most sacred Majesty; humbly craving that royal protection which sometime William Ockham did of Lewis of Baviera, the emperor, “Domine imperator, defende me gladio, et ego te defendam calamo.”’⁸

So Bishop Bilson:

‘The strife betwixt us (against popery) is not for bishoprics and benefices; but for Christ’s glory and the prince’s safety.’⁹

If in the convulsions of the Reformation the great blessing of

¹ Tortura Torti, p. 380.

² B. viii. vol. iii. p. 351., 8vo., 1793.

³ Works, pp. 25, 190, 191, 340.

⁴ Episcopacy not Prejud., s. xi.

⁵ True Difference, p. 238.

⁶ Sermon on Christ’s Presence with his Ministers.

⁷ Epist. Dedicat. to Eccl. Pol., vol. i., p. 125.

⁸ Appeal to Cæsar, p. 321.

⁹ True Difference, p. 8.

episcopacy was preserved to us, it was due, according to Bishop Andrews, under God, to the fact that 'our kings were propitious.'¹—So Bishop Hall.² So Hickes.³ So Stillingfleet.⁴

And this their obedience to the State was not a mere passive subjection, but a hearty reverence. They taught, with Bramhall, 'that the most high and sacred order of Kings is of Divine right, being the ordinance of God himself, founded on the prime laws of nature, and clearly established by express texts both of the Old and New Testament. Moreover, that this power is extended over all their subjects, ecclesiastical and civil.'⁵ They recognised 'that absolute and sovereign civil princes, [even] while they were infidels, had true dominion, rule, and authority, holding it as immediately from God, not depending on any ruler of the Church.'⁶ They acknowledged with Laud, that 'great and undoubted rule given by Optatus, that wheresoever there is a Church, there the Church is in the Commonwealth, not the Commonwealth in the Church:—*Non enim respublica est in Ecclesiâ, sed Ecclesia in republicâ est.*' With Laud also they alleged it as a proof against the claims of the Pope:—

'For if the Church be within the empire or other kingdom, it is impossible the government of the Church should be monarchical: for no emperor or king will endure another king within his dominion that shall be greater than himself; since the very enduring it makes him that endures it, upon the matter, no monarch.'⁷

They never took it for granted 'that the ecclesiastic power, as well directive as coercive, is entirely seated in the body of the clergy, as it is an order of men distinct from the laity.' They never invested 'the body of the clergy with all the privileges and prerogatives of an absolute independent commonwealth, able to make laws by itself;' not permitting 'the body or community of the laity (no, not as it consists of prince and people, of magistrates and private men) to be any parts or members of the Church, or of that society which hath power to make laws ecclesiastic.' Knowing, as Jackson continues, and he repeats the warning more than once, that 'these be the premises, which, once granted, will necessarily bring forth that dangerous conclusion' [the formation of some visible centre of unity in the Church] 'which will inevitably draw all states and kingdoms, as well heathen as Christian, into the Romish net.'⁸ They show no sympathy with Hildebrand,—

¹ Third Letter to Du Moulin; Wordsworth's Christ. Inst., vol. iii. p. 259.

² Vol. x. p. 281.

³ Sermon 13, vol. ii. p. 216.

⁴ Defence of Discourse concerning Idolatry. Epist. Dedicat. vol. v.

⁵ Answer to De la Mitrière, p. 28.

⁶ Field, book v. p. 609.

⁷ Optat. lib. iii. c. 3. Laud, Conference with Fisher, p. 132.

⁸ Vol. iii. pp. 906, 907.

that 'Firebrand,' as Brett calls him, 'both of Church and State;'¹—Casaubon's 'Hildebrandinæ hereseos auctor;'²—Usher's 'Fatale Portentum Prodigiumque Ecclesiæ';³—Bishop Patrick's 'First Great Troubler of the Christian World;'⁴—'That man of admirable pride,' says Bishop Overall, 'over whose heretical novelty, and most insolent attempt, many false colours have since been cast, to cover the lewdness and deformity of it.'⁵

Still less would they hold up Becket to reverence, or allow him to be a martyr:—

'We do abominate that murder, as lawless and barbarous,' says Bramhall. 'But we do not believe that the cause of his suffering was sufficient to make him a martyr; namely, to help foreigners to pull the fairest flowers from his prince's diadem by violence, and to perjure himself, and violate his oath. All his own suffragan bishops were against him in the cause, and justified the king's proceedings.'⁶

And Bishop Bilson goes still farther. His quarrel, he says, was one of those

'of their own nature wicked and irreligious; his pride was intolerable; his contention with the king detestable; his end miserable. We conclude him to be a shameful defender of wickedness, an open breaker of his oath, and a proud impugner of the sword which God hath authorised, as the Scripture teacheth. And albeit we like not the manner of his death, that private men should use the sword which is delivered unto princes, yet the cause for which he withstood the king was enormous and impious; and dying in that, though his death were violent, he could be no martyr.'⁷

If jealousy is felt of the appointment of bishops by the Crown, Bramhall pronounces that

'the nomination and investiture of bishops in England doth belong to the Imperial Crown, by law and custom immemorial;' and hath been so practised both before the Conquest and since—a practice approved by the canons and constitutions of councils, of Popes, and received into the body of the law—a power which the Christian emperors of the primitive times practised both in the eastern and western empires; which the most Christian King of France and other monarchs of the Roman communion do in effect retain at this day.'⁸

And so Bilson sums up this question, though not without first

¹ Church Govern., c. xviii. p. 403.

² Ded. to King James. Wordsworth's Christ. Inst. iv. p. 63.

³ De Eccles. Success. p. 58 *et seq.*

⁴ Devotions of the Romish Church, p. 212.

⁵ Convocation Book, b. iii. c. 8. Bishop Hall's quaint language is to the same effect, but far stronger. Works, vol. ix. p. 269.

⁶ Just Vindication, p. 95.

⁷ True Differ., p. 483. So, at great length, Stillingfleet. Answer to Cressy, vol. v. p. 710 *et seq.*

⁸ Tom. iv. Dis. vi. p. 989.

dwelling upon the answer to be made to God, 'if hands be hastily laid on;' and upon 'the burden of conscience,' which princes undertake, if in choosing those that shall guide the Church under them, they fail 'to provide, by the best means they can, that no venomous, nor unclean thing, so much as enter the House of God to defile it with his presence, or disorder it with his negligence.'

'If the allowance given at first to the ministers of each parish by the lord of the soil were matter enough in the judgment of Christ's Church to establish the right of patrons, that they alone should present clerks, because they alone provided for them, the prince's interest to confer bishoprics hath far more sound and sufficient reason to warrant it. For, besides the maintenance which the kings of this land yielded when they first endowed bishoprics with lands and possessions, to unburthen the people of the support and charges of their bishops, and in that respect have as much right as any patrons can have; the pre-eminence of the sword whereby the prince ruleth the people, the people rule not the prince, is no small enforcement, that in elections, as well as in other points of government, the prince may justly challenge the sovereignty above and without the people, God's laws prescribing no certain rule. And, lastly, though the people in former ages, by the sufferance of magistrates, had somewhat to do with the election of their bishops, yet now, for the avoiding of such tumults and uproar as the primitive church was afflicted with, by the laws of this realm and their own consents, the people's interest and liking is wholly submitted and inclosed in the prince's choice; so that whom the prince nameth the people have bound themselves to acknowledge and accept for their pastor, no less than if he had been chosen by their own suffrages. And had they not hereunto agreed, as by parliament they have, I see no let by God's law but in Christian kingdoms, when any difference groweth even about the election of bishops, the prince, as head and ruler of the people, had better right to name and elect than all the rest of their people. If they concur in judgment, there can be no variance; if they dissent, the prince, if there were no express law for that purpose (as there is with us), must bear it from the people; the people by God's law must not look to prevail against their prince.'

'And this,' says Field, 'can in no way prejudice or hurt the state of the Church, if bishops (to whom examination and ordination pertaineth) do their duties in refusing to consecrate and ordain such as the canons prohibit.'

If men, unversed in ecclesiastical history, hesitate at the deprivation of bishops, Sanderson does not scruple to pronounce that

'the king hath power, if he shall see cause, to suspend any bishop from

¹ Perpetual Govern., p. 362, 366. So Sanderson, *Episcop. not Prejud.* s. iii. 32.

² Field, b. v. p. 695.

the execution of his office, for so long a time as he shall think good; yea and to deprive him utterly of the dignity and office of a bishop, if he deserve it.’¹

He is speaking, of course, only of the external exercise of the episcopal office. The internal or spiritual authority he distinctly asserts to exist *jure divino*, and of this no one can deprive him but the power which conferred it. But he equally denies the principle that ‘bishops living under Christian kings may exercise [even] so much of their power as is of divine right, after their own pleasure, without, or against, the king’s leave, or without respect to the laws and customs of the realm.’²

If they scruple at the arrangement of dioceses by the Crown, ‘the length or breadth of them,’ says Bishop Bilson, and Cosin with him, ‘must wholly be referred to the wisdom and consideration of the state.’³

If they would exempt the clergy from the secular jurisdiction, Field will answer

‘that God hath given princes the sword to punish all offenders against the first or second table, yea, though they be priests or bishops; that neither the persons nor the goods of churchmen are exempted from their power.’⁴

‘That princes may command that which is good, and prohibit that which is evil in matters of religion, as well bishops as others, is,’ according to Bilson, ‘an evident truth, confirmed by the Scriptures, confessed by the Fathers, reported by the stories of the Church, and infinitely repeated in the laws and edicts of religious and ancient emperors, made for persons and causes ecclesiastical.’⁵

Even in matters of faith, says Field, there is indeed

‘no question but that bishops and pastors of the Church (to whom it pertaineth to teach the truth) are the ordinary and fittest judges; and that ordinarily and regularly princes are to leave the judgment thereof unto them. But because they may fail, either through negligence, ignorance, or malice, princes, having charge over God’s people, and being to see that they serve and worship him aright, are to judge and condemn them that fall into gross errors, contrary to the common sense of Christians, or into any other heresies formerly condemned. And though there be no general failing, yet, if they see violent and partial courses taken, they may interpose themselves to stay them, and cause a due proceeding, or remove the matter from one company and sort of judges to another. And hereunto the best learned in former times agreed, clearly confessing that when something is necessary to be done, and the ordinary guides of the Church do fail, or are not able to yield that help that is needful, we may lawfully fly to others for redress and help.’⁶

¹ Episcop. not Prejud. s. iii. 33.

² Ibid. s. ii. p. 12.

³ Perpetual Government, p. 320; Cosin’s Regni Angliæ Religio Cathol.

⁴ Book iii. c. 25.

⁵ True Difference, p. 206.

⁶ Field, book v. p. 681.

And so of the part which the Civil Power took in the Reformation of the Church of England :—

‘It is true,’ says even Thorndike, ‘it was an extraordinary act of secular power in Church matters to enforce the change without any consent from the greater part of the Church. But if the matter of the change be the restoring of laws, which our common Christianity as well as the primitive orders of the Church (of both which Christian powers are born protectors) make requisite, the secular power acteth within the sphere of it, and the division is not imputable to them that make the change, but to them that refuse their concurrence to it.’¹

And the blessing of such an interposition of the Civil Power in the work of our Reformation they fully recognised.

‘Do you not now,’ says Bishop Hall, ‘in all this which hath been said, see a sensible difference betwixt their condition and yours [the Scotch]? Can you choose but observe the blessing of monarchical reformation amongst us, beyond that popular and tumultuary reformation amongst our neighbours? Ours, a council; theirs, an uproar: ours, beginning from the head; theirs, from the feet: ours, proceeding in a due order; theirs, with confusion: ours, countenancing and encouraging the converted governors of the Church; theirs, extremely overawed with adverse power, or totally overborne with foul sacrilege: in a word, ours, comfortably yielding what the true and happy condition of a church required; theirs, hand over head, taking what they could get for the present. And what now? Shall we, instead of blessing God for our happiness, emulate the misery of those whom we do at once respect and pity?’²

And, to close this head :—

‘A special evidence,’ says Hammond, ‘which most men have used, to conclude the papacy to be *ὁ Αντιχριστος*, the Antichrist, is this, that the Pope exalteth himself above all that is called God, *i. e.*, the kings of the earth; that he, in case the king be not a Catholic, absolves subjects from their allegiance to him, that he pretends power over them in spiritual things, and in temporal *in ordine ad spiritualia*.’³

IV. One very serious evil of a departure from these Catholic principles of loyalty to the Civil Power is the disposition which it fosters to depart likewise from the true Catholic constitution of the Church itself. If in any country the Church feels herself engaged in a struggle against the Civil Power, or jealous of its authority, she will be tempted to look around for foreign help, and thus will introduce that principle, destructive ultimately even of the faith of Christianity, the establishment of some visible permanent centre of unity, for the whole of Christendom. *Permanent*, it is said; because no one contests the necessity of having such a centre occasionally, when the Church is gathered together under its true head upon earth, a General Council.

¹ Epilogue to the Tragedy of the Ch. of Eng. p. 234.

² *Episcop. by Divine Right*. Introd. s. 5, vol. x. p. 154.

³ *Of Resisting the Lawful Magistrate*, vol. i. p. 68.

The Almighty has set the bounds of the nations, and divided the earth, not to promote wars, but to preserve peace. It is by a balance of counteracting forces that equilibrium is maintained; by the independence and separation of witnesses that testimony is guaranteed; by a chain of many fibres that durability is secured, while perpetual reparation is made easy; by the distinctness of the functions of government that tyranny is prevented; by dividing the honey into cells that it is saved from corruption. And so it is with the great body politic of men, in the State as in the Church: unity, indeed, must be preserved in both; but unity reconcilable with a multiplicity of parts, and by that very multiplicity to be preserved, 'one body with many members.'

Love of our country, therefore, is as much a Christian virtue as love of our parents; National Churches are as much an integral element in the constitution of the Catholic Church as provinces and kingdoms are in the great family of man. The Church, from the earliest times, by 'a rule' which Thorndike calls 'as evident as the common Christianity is evident,'¹ has followed the divisions of the State, and moulded herself upon its sections; and it is only when enthusiasm, or rationalism, or disloyalty, or want of faith, or some ambitious theory has crept in, that minds have been tempted to abandon this law of God, and to dream of rallying Christians round some universal local centre of unity, distinct from the government of their country; in the place of their invisible Head in heaven; and in addition to that visible centre, which is supplied by each bishop in his own diocese, and by the patriarch in the civil province or kingdom.

Unity, indeed, an unity excluding diversity, is a tempting dream to a rationalizing mind; and the vision of a spiritual empire resorting to one local centre, bowing down to one visible head, binding together the most distant countries to the footstool of one man, and by forms all emanating from him, and so crushing all anarchy and rebellion with the rod of a priestly power—this vision is to the humble as well as to the ambitious a temptation scarcely to be resisted. It constitutes, with weak minds as with strong, the great charm of Popery. And though, as Barrow has so completely shown,² opposed to Scripture, to apostolical sanctions, to primitive antiquity, to the analogy of God's dealings, to true reason, to expediency, nay, to the very essence and object of the Church—though it has been found that in thus building all on one plank we hazard all—'*ecclesia universa corrui, si unus universus cadit*'³—and that by forcing too great an unity we only split the body into fragments,—there are not wanting persons in

¹ Due Way, p. 240. *Just Weights and Measures*, 2nd edit. 1680.

² *Treatises on the Supremacy and Unity*.

³ *Greg.*, lib. vi. ep. 24.

all ages who are led away by the seduction. But the Church of England has always stood firm. The independence of national churches, as linked hand in hand with their sovereign—the freedom of national life—is the very essence of the English Reformation. ‘God,’ says Stillingfleet, ‘hath intrusted every national church with the care of her own safety.’¹ That ‘they are formed into a national church, and are for national churches, and detest sovereign independent communions,’ is one of the chief apologies made by Hickes for the French Protestants.² And, as he says elsewhere,

‘It is good to know what kind of Christians and Churches they were, whom the brother of James so passionately exhorts to contend earnestly for the faith. They were free episcopal churches; neither churches without bishops, nor churches under bishops who were all subject to the authority of one; but churches under bishops who were all sharers or colleagues of one common Episcopat, and whereof none, as St. Cyprian said of the African bishops, made himself a bishop of bishops, or forced his brethren, by tyrannical terror, to a necessity of obedience. Such an apostolical primitive Episcopat has the Church of England long enjoyed, by the blessing of God, and the favour of her princes.’³

‘The Church of Rome,’ says Thorndike, ‘cannot hinder us of restoring ourselves to the primitive right of the church, by which a Christian kingdom duly may maintain the worship of God.’⁴ A remarkable acknowledgment from one, who laid so much more stress than other divines upon the ‘pre-eminence of the Church of Rome in the West,’ as, in his view, ‘the only reasonable means to preserve so great a body in unity.’

So Bishop Hall makes

‘all the particular National Churches, through the whole Christian world, no other than sisters, daughters of the same father, God; of the same mother, the spiritual Jerusalem, which is from above;’ of which none may ‘usurp a mistress-ship over the rest, or make herself a queen over them,’ without being ‘guilty of a high arrogance and presumption against Christ and his dear Spouse the Church.’⁵

If the Reformation had asserted no other principle but this, it would be entitled for this alone to our deepest gratitude; to be regarded as, under God, the saviour of our common Christianity. For Christianity is built upon the faith; and the faith upon the Bible; and the Bible, whether in its authenticity or interpretation, comes to us on the testimony of the Church; and this testimony is the historical testimony of independent branches, which cannot be

¹ Vindication of Laud, part ii. ch. iv. vol. iv. p. 362.

² True Notion of Persecution, Sermon iv. vol. i. p. 200.

³ Sermon. xiii., vol. ii. p. 215; Sermon. iv. vol. i. p. 190.

⁴ Just Weights, c. vii. p. 48.

⁵ Resolutions for Religion, vol. vi. p. 306. So Nicholson, Apology, p. 108.

merged in one, as Popery has endeavoured to merge them, without absolutely destroying the foundation of truth, and with truth, of all things.

Until this principle is heartily recognised, there will always be danger from Popery. It has been, to say the least, neglected of late; and to this neglect, humanly speaking, will be mainly due whatever mischief may arise within the bosom of the Church at the present day.

'The Church's unity,' says Tertullian, quoted by Stillingfleet, consists in the

'adhering to that doctrine which was first preached by the Apostles, who, having first delivered it in Judæa, and planted churches there, went abroad and declared the same to other nations, and settled churches in cities, from whence other churches have the same doctrine propagated to them, which are therefore called apostolical churches, as the offspring of those which were founded by them. Therefore so many and so great churches are all that one prime apostolical church from whence all others come. And thus they are all prime and apostolical in regard of their unity, as long as there is that communication of peace, title of brotherhood, and common mark of hospitality.'¹

Communion upon earth, union in heaven, is the great prayer of a catholic mind. Whatever may be hereafter, at present the Church is 'one house with many chambers,'² 'one family of many sisters, one continent with many cities,'³ 'one episcopacy of many bishops.'⁴

'Our ground,' says Bramhall, 'for unity of faith is our creed; and for unity of government, the very same form of discipline which was used in the primitive church, and is derived from them to us.'⁵

'The communion of saints,' says Bilson, 'and near dependence of the godly each of other, and all of their head, standeth not of external rites, customs, and manners, as you would fashion out a church observing the pope's canons, and deserving his pardons as his devote and zealous children; but in believing the same truth, tasting of the same grace, resting on the same hope, calling on the same God, rejoicing in the same spirit.'⁶

And that this unity was not preserved but destroyed by Popery is the unanimous agreement of all our greatest English divines:—

'I cannot choose but wonder,' says Bramhall, 'to see you cite St. Cyprian against us in this case, who separated himself from you, as well as we, in the days of a much better bishop than we, and upon much weaker grounds than we, and published his dissent to the world in two African councils. He liked not the swelling title of Bishop of bishops, nor that one bishop should tyrannically terrify another into obedience; no more do we. He gave a primacy, or principality of order to the chair of

¹ Works, vol. iv. p. 288.

² Theodoret.

³ Schism Guarded, tom. i. Disc. iv. p. 407.

⁴ Irenæus.

⁵ Cyprian.

⁶ True Diff. p. 223.

St. Peter, as *Principium Unitatis*; so do we. But he believed that every bishop had an equal share of episcopal power; so do we. He provided apart, as he thought fit, in a provincial council for his own safety, and the safety of his flock; so did we. He writ to your great bishop as to his brother and colleague, and dared to reprehend him for receiving but a letter from such as had been censured by the African bishops. In St. Cyprian's sense you are the beam that have separated yourselves from the body of the sun; you are the bough that is lopped from the tree; you are the stream which is divided from the fountain; it is you, principally you, that have divided the unity of the church.¹

And again, speaking of 'that presumptuous, and (if a pope's word may pass current) anti-christian, term of the *Head of the Catholic Church*:'—

'If the pope be the head of the catholic church, then the catholic church is the pope's body, which would be but a harsh expression to Christian ears; then the catholic church should have no head when there is no pope; two or three heads when there are two or three popes; an unsound head when there is an heretical pope; a broken head when the pope is censured or deposed; and no head when the see is vacant. If the church must have one universal, visible, ecclesiastical head, a general council may best pretend to that title.'²

This is a summary of the general declarations of the divines of England on that 'the prime and leading article of all popery, the pope's supremacy.'³ For as such, like the Romish controversialists, they always regarded it:—'Etenim de quâ re agitur,' says Bellarmin, 'cum de primatu pontificis agitur? Brevissime dicam, de summâ rei Christianæ. Id enim quæritur, debeatne ecclesia diutius consistere, an vero dissolvi et considerare.'⁴ And unless this point be strongly guarded, there can be no solid security against the seductions of Rome; especially when the too common mode of warring by vague abuse is wisely abandoned, and minds are led to think of it as still a true church, however corrupted—as retaining much that is venerable—as the church, to which in former times we were indebted in some degree for our second conversion—and as professing, though only professing, those Catholic principles, which have been so sadly neglected by sects calling themselves Protestant. Where this line of thought has been encouraged—particularly if at the same time any slur, or disparagement, or doubt has been thrown upon the Church of England—it will be in vain to warn ardent and unthinking minds against Rome by suggesting its doctrinal errors. For the error must always be tested by an appeal to authority; and as no private judgment, nor even a sister church, can pronounce authoritatively against another sister—as no general

¹ Answer to De la Milière, p. 38.

² Ibid., p. 26.

³ South, vol. vi. Sermon i.

⁴ Præfat. de Rom. Pont.

council has condemned, nor under the system of popery could be summoned to condemn it—as Rome has carefully guarded her authoritative statements, so as to secure herself some plausible defence against attacks on her formal system, while she reaps the full benefit of the errors which she privately encourages in her popular teaching—as truth is intimately mixed with error in all she professes—and as both Scripture and the language of the Fathers, forged and interpolated as they have been with this object, may be artfully wrested to confound the distinction—a mind therefore imbued with true *catholic* principles, little versed in the controversy, and knowing nothing of *popery*, may be easily led to pause; and suspect, that the erroneous principles charged against Rome may not really be professed by her; or, that they are exaggerated by enemies, and modified in practice; or, lastly, even that they are truths, which the extravagances of sectarians, and our own imperfect acquaintance with antiquity, had kept from our sight. And with the yearning which now prevails for more visible unity in the Church, the first question which will be asked, previous to any examination of doctrine, will be that which the Romish controversialists so ostentatiously put forward—the question of schism. If we are in schism, then the first step must be to place ourselves within the bosom of the true church, as it is called, and to think afterwards of reforming her. And whether or not we are in schism, depends on this one question of *the papal supremacy*, and by this is it to be tried. If controversialists are weak here—if they have doubts and misgivings, from whatever source arising—and teach others to entertain them likewise—every advance which they make and encourage in Catholic principles must lead them nearer to Rome; and every effort to hold their followers back when they reach the final barrier, must be powerless. They are teaching them to steer on a lee shore, and place no beacon on the rock to warn of danger.

But not so our old divines, who knew that on the firm repudiation of Rome, as a centre of unity, everything depended:—

‘In omnibus nostri temporis controversiis,’ says Bishop Andrews, ‘primas tenent illæ de ecclesiâ. In his de ecclesiâ, nihil magis quæritur quam de summo pontifice; in hac de pontifice, nihil magis quam de potestate quam vindicat.’¹

‘It will be to little purpose,’ says Bishop Morton, ‘for Protestants to dispute against Romanists from the judgment of ancient fathers, because in the end they make their own pope—“papam tanquam patrum patrem,” that is, the father of fathers, preferring one before all; or to oppose the authority of ancient councils; for they reject the ancient councils, account-

¹ Andrews, Præfat. ad Responsa.

ing them not legitimate so long as they were not allowed by the pope; or yet to produce any evidence out of Scripture, for when all is said, the supreme judge of the exposition of Scriptures must be the pope.¹

And thus with the same great man the supremacy is 'the chief arch, and that we may so say, the highest pinnacle of their Romish temple,' 'the beginning and head of our controversies,' the 'pillar and foundation of the Romish church.'²

'There can be no peace possible,' says Bishop Hall, 'unless they will be content to be headless, or we can be content to be the slaves of Rome.'³

'The difference between us,' says Clarendon, 'depends wholly upon the personal authority of the pope within the king's dominions. . . . It was that, and that only, that first made the schism, and still continues it, and is the ground of all the animosity of the English [Roman] Catholics against the Church of England. . . . This is the only argument I wish should be insisted on between us and our fellow-subjects of the Roman persuasion. . . . This is the hinge upon which all the other controversies depend. . . . This is the material argument.'⁴

'Upon that only point,' says Archbishop Usher, 'the Romanists do hazard their whole cause, acknowledging the standing or falling of their church absolutely to depend thereupon.'⁵

'To this one,' says Dodwell, 'are reduced all the disputes between us;' and he adds a warning which cannot be too strongly urged:—

'A fourth use,' he says 'of this hypothesis, is for the direction of peacemakers, to let them see what it is that renders our reconciliation impossible; and which, if it be not first accommodated, must render all their endeavours in particular questions unsuccessful; and therefore against which they ought more earnestly to strive by how much they are more zealous for catholic peace. The way hitherto attempted has been to endeavour to reconcile our particular differences. This has been either by clearing their respective churches from all those things for which they have not expressly declared, and of which express professions are not exacted from persons to be reconciled unto them: Or where the churches have declared themselves, there by allowing the greatest latitude of exposition, and putting the most favourable sense on their decrees of which they are capable. Thus Grotius has dealt with the Council of Trent, and S. Clara with our English Articles.'⁶

And then he proceeds to show that, although such a way of proceeding 'must needs be very acceptable to any who is more a lover of the catholic church's peace than of disputation,' yet 'it will fall very short of reconciling the different communions,' and that 'it

¹ Protestant Appeal, lib. v. 28, p. 677.

² Ibid., pp. 272, 665, 670.

³ No Peace with Rome, c. iii. s. ii. vol. xi. p. 310.

⁴ Animadversions by a Person of Honour (Earl of Clarendon), pp. 10, 13.

⁵ Preface to Speech on the Oath of Supremacy.

⁶ Two Short Discourses, Pref. s. 3, 19, 22.

will concern all hearty well-wishers to catholic peace to lay out their zeal and industry principally to discredit this one doctrine (the papal supremacy), which is so extremely pernicious to it.' To omit it indeed—to pass it by as a matter which common minds cannot understand, although there are none so intelligible to the meanest as the right of personal authority—to lead men to think it possible that any safe union can be effected with Rome, until she has retired from her present claims into her simple position as an ancient bishopric, honoured by the church of old with a degree of pre-eminence and precedency which the church might at any time withdraw—or to familiarise the minds of the young to thoughts and proposals of peace in a besieged city, while the enemy, instead of laying down their arms, are thundering at the walls—this is idle, and worse than idle. It encourages the assailants; it paralyses the defenders; it stirs sedition and defection within our own camp; it cuts away the very ground under our feet; it tempts the young to dreams which never can be realised; it makes them willing to palliate, and even deny the sins and errors which seem to stand in the way of reconciliation; it leads them away from their own blessed Church to a foreign centre of their affections and their duties; and it gives scandal to weak brothers, who cannot draw the subtle line between a primacy of order and a primacy of power, and who cannot understand why it should be needful to open a mere speculative question as to what the Church might do, if Rome were other than she is, while she shows not a symptom of change; unless indeed some thought be cherished of accepting her authority as she is. No, let us indeed, with Laud,¹ 'ever wish and heartily pray for the unity of the whole Church of Christ, and the peace and reconciliation of torn and divided Christendom,'—reconciliation with the great churches of the East, which now seems opening to us—reconciliation of our own strayed flocks to the bosom of their Mother Church, which our daily increasing labours, under God's blessing, may obtain—such union with other Reformed Churches as may be effected by giving them that great privilege of episcopacy, which they so deeply need: '*such union, as may stand with truth, and preserve all the foundations of religion entire.*'

But let us never wish (speaking once more with Laud) 'that England and Rome should meet together, but with forsaking of error and superstition; especially such as grate upon and fret the foundations of religion'—as 'God forbid, but that, if this were done, we should labour for a reconciliation.' *If this were done;* but not without. And if we doubt whether this be possible, we but agree with Laud and all our soundest divines.

¹ History of Troubles, p. 159.

'Princes,'

'Princes,' says Jackson, speaking of the Romish doctrine of infallibility, 'may conclude a peace, for civil and free commerce of their people, though professing sundry religions; and they and their clergy might perhaps procure a mitigation of some other points, now much in controversy; but *though all others might, yet this admits no terms of parley for any possible reconciliation.*' The natural separation of this island from those countries wherein this doctrine is professed, shall serve as an everlasting emblem of the inhabitants' divided hearts, at least in this point of religion. And let them, O Lord, be cut off speedily from amongst us, and their posterity transported hence, never to enjoy again the least good thing this land affords: let no print of their memory be extant, so much as in a tree or stone within our coast; or let their names, by such as remain here after them be never mentioned, or always to their endless shame, who, living here amongst us, will not imprint these or like wishes in their hearts, and daily mention them in their prayers.

"Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus undas

Imprecor, arma armis, pugnent ipsique nepotesque." ¹

Our ancestors knew that the essence of the Papacy was the claim to dominion, and her spirit the lust of power—and that when this spirit was exorcised, if ever by a miracle from God it were accomplished, she would be left so humbled, so stripped of authority, so penitent, yet so exposed to the fresh temptations of her past crimes, that it would be her wisdom and the wisdom of the Church that she should rather retire from the world, and sit apart in some post of shame, than once more be placed on the pinnacle of the temple of God, and be tempted again to throw herself down. Even of what the Church, and 'such as are by God intrusted with the flock to judge of this politic problem, i.e. princes, the nursing fathers of every Church,' ² in their wisdom might decide in fixing the patriarchal authority, under such distant or even impossible contingencies, they did not think it safe to speak 'except in the Syrian language—not in the Jews' language, in the ears of the people that are on the wall.' But of anything beyond a primacy of order and honour, they did speak most earnestly and constantly. Even the patriarchate character of Rome they only recognised as 'a human institution,' ³ as 'introduced by the canons or customs of the Church,' as 'depending on the concessions of princes,' ⁴ and therefore mutable by the Church. Even this they declared that she had '*lost by seeking to turn spiritual monarch.*' ⁵ Even if she could retain it, 'Britain was never rightly a part of her patriarchate.' ⁶ Even as patriarch 'the Pope hath

¹ Vol. i. p. 317.

² Hammond on Schism, c. viii. vol. i. p. 365.

³ Bramhall, Vindication of Grotius, p. 630.

⁴ Hammond, Dispatcher Dispatcht, c. ii. s. ii., vol. ii. p. 104.

⁵ Bramhall, Just Vindic. of the Church of England, Works, p. 211.

⁶ Ibid.; Johnson's Clergyman's Vade Mecum, part ii. p. 84; Lealie, True State.

not power to impose laws in his own patriarchate, nor power to innovate anything, without the consent of his bishops.¹ If any such title was supposed to be acquired upon the first planting of the Gospel here, yet, says Hammond, 'it is, and hath always been in the power of Christian Emperors and Princes within their dominions to erect patriarchates, or to translate them from one city to another.'² And, as Bishop Bull adds after the same assertion,—

'If it be objected, that our British Church afterwards submitted herself to the Bishop of Rome as her patriarch, which power he enjoyed for many ages, and that therefore our first reformers cannot be excused from schism, in casting off that power which by so long a prescription he was possessed of; we answer, we did indeed yield ourselves to the Roman usurpation, but it was because we could not help it: we were at first forced, awed, and affrighted into this submission.... When this force ceased, and we were left to our liberty and freedom of resuming our primitive rights, why might we not do it, as we saw occasion, without the imputation of schism?'³

Rather, how could we be justified in not doing so, when the question was not one of men's device, but of re-establishing the divine constitution of the Church, on which the faith of the Church depends? They went still further:—

'If a bishop acts as the Bishop of Rome has acted,' says Barrow, 'he by such behaviour *ipso facto* depriveth himself of authority and office; he becometh thence no guide or pastor to any Christian; there doth in such case rest no obligation to hear or obey him, but rather to decline him, to discast from him, to reject and disclaim him. This is the reason of the case—this the Holy Scripture doth prescribe—this is according to the primitive doctrine, tradition, and practice of the Church.'⁴

Even to acknowledge the Bishop of Rome as permanent president of a general council is, according to Bishop Cosin, criminal—'Porro summum concilii cujusvis præsidem alium quàm Christum querere aut agnoscere nefas ducimus.' 'To think the communion of Christ's Church,' says Bishop Bilson, 'dependeth upon the Pope's person or regiment, is a most pernicious fancy.'⁵ 'To make him chief pastor of our souls,' he says again, 'or to give him an episcopal or apostolical authority over the whole Church, though it be no treason, is yet a wicked and frantic heresy.'⁶ As for a 'union of all the Churches of Christ through-

¹ Bramhall, *Vindication of Grotius*, p. 630.

² *Of Schism*, ch. vi. s. 9, vol. i. p. 355.

³ *Corrupt. of Church of Rome*, sec. iii. vol. ii. p. 293. So Bishop Hall, *Resolut. for Religion*, vol. vi. p. 306.

⁴ See a very strong passage, *Treatise on the Suprem.*, vol. i. p. 744, Sup. vii. 9.

⁵ *Regni Angliæ Religio*, cap. iv.

⁶ *True Differ.*, p. 223.

⁷ *Ibid.*, Preface.

out the world, under one visible head, having a jurisdiction over them all, and that head the Bishop of Rome for the time being—such an union as this,' says Bishop Bull, 'was never dreamed of amongst Christians for at least the first six hundred years.'¹ And he adds a remark, of no little importance to those who indulge a dream of restoring an ecclesiastical supremacy apart from the political usurpations of Popery:—

'The universal pastorship and jurisdiction of the Roman bishops over all bishops and churches is now no longer a mere court opinion, maintained only by the Pope's parasites and flatterers, but is become a part of the faith of the church of Rome; it being one of the articles of the Trent creed, to which all ecclesiastics are sworn themselves, and which, by the same oath, they are obliged to teach the laity under their care and charge. So that now there is no reason for that distinction, wherewith some have soothed and pleased themselves, between the Church and court of Rome; for the court is entered into the Church of Rome, or rather the court and Church of Rome are all one.'²

Lastly, to admit in the Pope anything beyond a precedency of order and honour, has been the cause of 'horrible confusion in the Christian Church, and almost the utter ruin and desolation of the same':—

'For,' continues Field, 'after that this child of pride had in this Lucifer-like sort advanced himself above his brethren, he thrust his sickle into other mens harvests; he encroached upon their bounds and limits; he pretended a right to confer all dignities, whether elective or presentative, to receive appeals of all sorts of men, out of all parts of the world; nay, without appeal or complaint, immediately to take notice of all causes in the dioceses of all other bishops; so overthrowing their jurisdiction, and seizing it in his own hands. He exempted presbyters from the jurisdiction of their bishops, bishops of their metropolitans, and metropolitans of their primates and patriarchs; and, leaving unto the rest nothing but a naked and empty title, took upon him to determine all doubts and questions of himself alone, as out of the infallibility of his judgment; to excommunicate, degrade, and depose; and again to absolve, reconcile, and restore; and to hear and judge of all causes, as out of the fulness of his power. Neither did he there stay; but having subjected unto him, as much as in him lay, all the members of Christ's body, and trampled underneath his feet the honour and dignity of all his brethren and colleagues, he went forward and challenged a right to dispose of all the kingdoms of the world, as being Lord of Lords and King of Kings. To this height he raised himself by innumerable sleights and cunning devices, taking advantage of the ignorance, superstition, negligence, and base disposition which he found to be in many of the guides of the Church in those days, and by their help and concurrence prevailing against the rest that were of another spirit.'³

¹ Bull, *Corrupt. of Church of Rome*, sec. i., vol. ii. p. 243.

² *Ibid.*, s. ii. p. 248-9.

³ Field, book v., *Epistle to the Reader*, p. 407.

He prevailed, let it be remembered, *by degrees, step by step, line upon line*,¹ beginning with a complimentary title and a conceded power of arbitration, passing on from this to intrusive admonitions, and ending in a tyrannical usurpation; till this terminated, as a natural development, in 'that allegiance which the Jesuits seek to establish unto the Romish Church,' and which Jackson—the sound-minded, deep-thinking Jackson—does not hesitate to pronounce, upon 'irrefragable demonstrations,' to be 'a solemn apostacy from Christ; and the belief of it to be the very abstract of sorcery, the utmost degree of Antichristianism that can be expected';²—in which they make it, in their own words, 'sacrilege, to dispute of his fact; heresy, to doubt of his power; paganism, to disobey him; blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, to do or speak against his decrees and canons; and, that which is most horrible, presumption, not to go to the devil after him without any grudging.—Oh, shameful and sinful subjection,' exclaims Bilson, 'such as Lucifer himself never offered the bond-slaves of hell!'³

V. With this deep sense of the Christian duty of maintaining the independence of national churches, with this affectionate loyalty to their civil governors, and this firm conviction of the blessings of their own Mother Church of England, it is scarcely necessary to inquire what was the language of our divines on the English Reformation. As if they could not be too thankful for its blessings, or to its authors, under God, they scarcely ever mention it without some expression of admiration. It is with Jackson, that 'discreet and judicious,' 'that happy Reformation';⁴ with Hall, 'that blessed Reformation'; with Sanderson, a Reformation 'without constraint or precipitancy, freely and advisedly,' and 'brought to a happy end';⁵ with Hooker, wonderfully marked 'by Divine grace and favour,' and 'God's miraculous workings.'

'What can we less conclude,' he says, 'than that the thing which he so blesseth, defendeth, keepeth so strangely, cannot choose but be of him? Wherefore, if any refuse to believe us disputing for the verity of religion established, let them believe God himself thus miraculously working for it, and wish life, even for ever and ever, unto that glorious and sacred Instrument whereby he worketh.'⁶

'I earnestly exhort you,' says Ken, 'to a uniform zeal for the Reformation, that as, blessed be God, you are happily reformed in your faith, and in your worship, you would become wholly reformed in your lives.'⁷

¹ For an historical account of the degrees and practices by which the bishops of Rome attained their greatness, see Bishop Overall's *Convoc. Book*, b. iii. c. 2, &c.

² Preface to Book iii.

³ Bishop Bilson. See these assertions confirmed in Bishop Bilson's work by quotations. *True Differ.*, sec. v. p. 230; and Patrick's *Devot. of the Romish Ch.*, p. 217.

⁴ Vol. iii. pp. 685, 691.

⁵ Preface to *Sermons*, vol. i. s. 15.

⁶ Book iv. s. 14.

⁷ Sermon on Passion Sunday, at Whitehall.

'Its characters or discriminative marks,' says Hammond, 'are principally two—one, the conforming all our doctrines to the primitive antiquity, receiving all genuine apostolical traditions for our rule both in matters of faith and government; the other, in uniting that *καλην συνωρίδα*, fair, beautiful pair of Faith and Works, in the same degree of necessity and conditionality, both to our justification and salvation; and to all the good works of justice and mercy which the Romanist speaks of, adjoining that other most eminent one of humility; attributing nothing to ourselves, when we have done all, but all to the glory of the mercy and grace of God, purchased for us by Christ.'¹

And so of the Reformers themselves—'those illustrious men,' says Bishop Andrews, 'never to be mentioned without the deepest reverence, whose services God employed in the restoration of religion.'² So Jackson: 'the sage and reverend reformers of our Church.'³ So Stillingfleet: 'such holy, learned, and excellent men, as our first reformers; men of so great integrity, such indefatigable industry, such profound judgment.'⁴ So Hickes: 'the reformers were as eminent for virtue and learning as any of that age; their judgment was and is approved by millions of Christians.'⁵ So Bishop Morton: 'that goodly vine, which many Pauls, the industrious bishops and pastors, have planted by preaching; and many Apollos', the faithful martyrs of Christ, have watered with their blood.'⁶ So Sanderson: 'our godly forefathers, to whom (under God) we owe the purity of our religion.'⁷ So Bishop Nicholson, of Cranmer: 'that glorious martyr of our Church.'⁸ So Brett, also of Cranmer: 'truly styled that great reformer and glorious martyr'—'that great man and glorious martyr, who was the first and chief instrument in our happy Reformation.'⁹ So Bishop Bull, of Latimer: 'martyr constantissimus . . . sanctissimus . . . beatissimus pater.'¹⁰ So Bishop Hall: 'the composers of it (the Liturgy), we still glory to say, were "holy martyrs and confessors of the blessed Reformation of religion;" and if any rude hand have dared to cast a foul aspersion on any of them, he is none of the tribe I plead for; I leave him to the reward of his own merits.'¹¹ So the University of Oxford would not hear of a new Reformation, nor yield 'the cause which our godly bishops and martyrs, and all our learned divines, ever since the Reformation, have both by their writings and sufferings

¹ Hammond, *Parænesis*, ch. ii. sec. 25, vol. i. p. 378.

² *Illustres illi viri, nec unquam sine summâ honoris præfatione nominandi.* Concilio ad Cler. pro gradu Doct., *Opuscula*, p. 25.

³ Book x. c. 39, vol. iii. p. 187.

⁴ *Unreasonableness of Separat.* vol. ii. p. 473.

⁵ Vol. i. of *Cont. Lett.* p. 219.

⁶ *Defence of Ceremonies*, Epistle.

⁷ *Apology*, p. 102.

⁸ *Works*, vol. iv. pp. 428, 457, 459.

⁹ *Preface to Sermons*, vol. i. s. 15.

¹⁰ *On Church Govern.*, pp. 100, 104.

¹¹ *Defence of Remonstrance*, vol. x. p. 298. maintained.'

maintained.’¹ So Bancroft: ‘they were most learned men, and many of them godly martyrs, who were the chief penners and approvers of the Communion Book in King Edward’s time.’² So Whitgift, of the same first compilers: ‘they were singular learned men, zealous in God’s religion, blameless in life, and martyrs at their end.’³ And so Bishop Taylor:

‘The zeal which Archbishop Grindal, Bishop Ridley, Dr. Taylor, and other, the holy martyrs and confessors in Queen Mary’s time, expressed for this excellent liturgy, before and at the time of their death, defending it by their disputations, adorning it by their practice, and sealing it with their bloods, are arguments which ought to recommend it to all the sons of the Church of England for ever, infinitely to be valued beyond all the little whispers and murmurs of argument pretended against it.’⁴

Not only in this, but in many other points, is their language respecting the Reformation worthy of attention, and imitation by ourselves.

In the first place they do not boast of it with any thoughtless exultation. It was a rent, or rather the occasion of a rent, in the one undivided garment of Christ’s church. It was a publication, and in some sort a condemnation, of the sins of a sister church. And in neither of these lights can it be viewed by a truly Christian mind without sorrow.

‘As our separation,’ says Archbishop Bramhall, ‘is from their errors, not from their churches; so we do it with as much inward charity and moderation of our affections as we can possibly; willingly indeed in respect of their errors, and especially their tyrannical exactions and usurpations, but unwillingly and with reluctance in respect of their persons, and much more in respect of our common Saviour. As if we were to depart from our father’s or our brother’s house, or rather from some contagious sickness wherewith it was infected. Not forgetting to pray God daily to restore them to their former purity, that they and we may once again enjoy the comfort and contentment of one another’s Christian society.’⁵

But with this prayer they coupled no regret that peace had been sacrificed to truth.

‘Luther,’ says Jackson, ‘and all that followed him, did well, in preferring a most just, most necessary, and sacred war, before a most unjust and shamefully execrable peace; a peace, no peace, but a banding in open rebellion against the supreme Lord of heaven and earth, and his sacred laws, given for the perpetual government of mankind throughout their generations.’⁶

They believed that the Reformation ‘was a reformation, and not as our adversaries blasphemously traduce it, an heretical innova-

¹ Oxford Reasons, sec. 3.

² Survey, p. 357.

³ Defence, pp. 710, 711.

⁴ Preface to Apology for Authorized Form, vol. vii. p. 291.

⁵ Just Vindicat., c. vi. p. 100.

⁶ B. 2, c. xxvii. s. 3, vol. i. p. 315.

tion.’

tion.'¹ They had studied history far deeper than we have, and knew that that which was done 'was long before wished for, expected, and foretold by the best men that lived in former times in the corrupt state of the Church.'²

Was reformation not necessary?

'No tongue,' says Field, using the words of Gerson, 'is able sufficiently to express what evil, what danger, what confusion the contempt of Holy Scripture and the following of human inventions hath brought into the Church. So that the state of the Church is become merely brutish and monstrous; heaven is below, and the earth above; the spirit obeyeth, and the flesh commandeth... That the Evangelical Doctrine is not wholly fallen, and utterly overthrown, and extinct, is the great mercy of our God and Saviour.'³

Was reformation not to be longed and prayed for?

'You adore,' says Bishop Bilson, 'the creatures of bread and wine instead of Christ; you break the Lord's institution with your private and half communions; you pray in a strange tongue, that the people understand not; you keep the simple from reading the word of God, and make them bow their knees to painted and carved images; you join nature with grace, man's merits with God's mercies, unwritten verities with holy Scriptures, your own satisfactions with the blood of Christ; you take rent of stews and dispense with incests; you set to sale the devotions, discipline, keys, and canons of your church, yea the very sins and souls of men; and when we wish for the reformation of these pestilent errors and heinous impieties, you say we blaspheme.'⁴

They unite in one common voice in declaring that of the schism, not the Church and State of England, but

'the Church and Court of Rome are guilty—by intruding erroneous doctrines and superstitious practices, as the conditions of her communion; by adding articles of faith which are contrary to the plain rule of faith, and repugnant to the sense of the truly Catholic, and not the Roman Church; by intolerable encroachments and usurpations upon the liberties and privileges of particular churches, under a vain pretence of universal pastorship; by forcing men—if they would not damn their souls by sinning against their consciences in approving the errors and corruptions of the Roman Church—to join together for the solemn worship of God according to the rule of Scripture and practice of the primitive church; suspending communion with that church till those abuses and corruptions be redressed.'⁵

If we—in our comparative ignorance of history—are troubled with the seeming and sometimes real anomalies inseparable from such a convulsion of society, they also were aware of them, but knew how to explain them, and to bear them patiently, without

¹ Field, b. iii. c. 12, p. 92.

² Idem, p. 813.

³ B. iii. p. 90.

⁴ True Difference, p. 6; see Bramhall, *Just Vind.*, p. 92.

⁵ Stillingfleet, vol. iv. p. 325.

compromising the character of their church, or undervaluing the merits of those great and holy men by whom the work, under God's Providence, was accomplished.

'We cannot doubt,' says Sanderson, 'but that the business of Reformation under him (King Edward VI.) was carried on with such mixture of private ends, and other human frailties and affections, as are usually incident unto the enterprising of great affairs . . . that such sacrileges were acted, and that under the name and pretence of reformation, as have cast a very foul blemish upon our very religion, especially in the eyes of our adversaries, who have ever showed themselves forward enough to impute the faults of the persons to the profession. And under the same pretence of Reformation were also masked all the bloodshed, mischiefs, and outrages committed by Kett and his seditious rabble in the same king's reign. . . . Now what defects or excesses there might be in the Reformation of religion and the Church within these realms during the reigns of King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., and Queen Elizabeth, it doth not become me, neither is it needful, to examine. But sure it is, they that had the managery of those affairs were *ὁμοιοπαθεῖς ἡμῖν*, made of the same clay with other men, subject to the same infirmities and passions.'¹

Yet all this does not prevent the same wise and humble bishop from confessing that

'it was a very pious care, and of singular example in so young a prince,' (that "religious and godly young king," as he elsewhere calls him,) 'to intend, and endeavour the reformation of religion and the church within his realms;' nor from acknowledging "the good providence of Almighty God in raising him up to become so blessed an instrument of his glory and our good;" nor from concluding that "we have far greater cause to bless God that in their then reformation in very many things they did not a great deal worse, than to blame them that in some few things they did not a little better than they have done."²

'If Henry VIII. had any private, sinister grounds,' says Bramhall, 'they do not render the Reformation one jot the worse in itself, but only prove that he proceeded not uprightly, which concerneth him, not us.'³

'No man who truly understands the English Reformation,' says King Charles, 'will derive it from Henry VIII., for he only gave the occasion.'⁴

Englishmen of the present time may be inclined to complain of the turbulence of the Reformation. But, says King Charles, in common with the greatest divines,

'No one thing made me more reverence the Reformation of my mother the Church of England, than that it was done (according to the apostles'

¹ Episcopacy not Prejud., S. iii. s. xvii. xix. xx.; so Laud, Confer. with Fisher, p. 101; and Stillingfleet, Disc. concerning Idolatry, Ep. Ded., Works, vol. v. p. 265.

² Ibid.

³ Bramhall's Just Vindicat., p. 240.

⁴ King Charles's Works, p. 164.

defence—Acts xxiv. 18,) *neither with multitude nor with tumult*, but legally and orderly, and by those whom I conceive to have the reforming power, which, with many other inducements, made me always confident that the work was very perfect as to essentials.”¹

If the Church remonstrated too faintly against the plunder of her property, Andrewes apologises for the

error of those illustrious men, never to be mentioned without the deepest reverence, whose services God employed in the restoration of religion, and who, too anxious for the restoration of the doctrine, paid less attention to the patrimony of the Church, and said almost as the king of Sodom said to Abraham, “Give us the souls, and take the goods to thyself.”²

Even as to the plunder of the Church property, and the violent suppression of monasteries, Bishop Andrewes, and Jackson with him, do not scruple to say that the former had increased to an excess, ‘*excreverat in immensum*,’ and that the latter in too many instances ‘had become nothing less than monasteries, but rather lurking holes of sloth and wickedness, “*desidiæ, nequitiaque latibula* ;” and that the crime was not so much in taking from the Church superfluous wealth, “*nimum quod erat, quod modum excessit*,” as in not transferring it to pious and charitable uses.’³

Our old divines, understanding truly and deeply the relative rights and operations of the Church and the State, could distinguish between the part which our princes, and that which the clergy bore, in a Reformation, of which the essence was at once ‘to cast off the Pope’s usurpation, and, as much as lay in the Church, to restore the King to his right.’⁴ In the former part indeed of the schism England was active. It did cast off and reject a yoke which had been laid upon it. But how little can those men know of history—even of the history of their own country—who require to be told that this yoke had never been formally submitted to; that the laws denying the papal supremacy were only declaratory; that, instead of receding from the practices and principles of our ancestors, they only confirmed them; that in this point at least the State had been, as Field declares and elaborately proves of the Church, from the beginning Protestant.⁵ There are indeed men so docile and gentle, so

¹ Papers between King Charles and Henderson, Works, p. 156, vol. i. s. xv. See also Stillingleet, Div. Right of Ch. Gov. examined, Works, vol. ii. p. 396.

² Concio ad Clerum pro Gradu Doct. Opuscula, p. 25.

³ Respon. ad Apolog. Bellarm., c. 6. pp. 137, 172; Jackson, vol. iii. p. 686.

⁴ Laud, Confer. with Fisher, p. 100.

⁵ Field, p. 886. See also the whole of the Appendix to his third book, which Thorndike allows has never been answered, ‘proving that the Latin church was and continued a true orthodox and Protestant church, and that the maintainers of Romish errors were only a faction in the same at the time of Luther’s appearing.’ So Usher’s Treatise of the Religion of the Ancient Irish.

fearful of offending against anything which seems to be tolerated by God, or to be a punishment of his providence, that they would hesitate to resist even an unjust power once established, lest it should prove rebellion. But this question of the providential right of popery has been satisfactorily answered by Kettlewell,¹ from the decisions of the ancient as well as of the English Church. And Bramhall, with the concurrent voice of our greatest lawyers, after enumerating all the ecclesiastical powers and privileges possessed and exercised by the Kings of England from time immemorial, will satisfy them that there was no new act in the secular part of the Reformation:—

‘What did King Henry VIII. in effect more than this? He forbad all suits to the court of Rome by proclamation, which Sanders calls the beginning of the schism; divers statutes did the same. He excluded the Pope’s legates; so did the law of the land, without the King’s special license. He forbad appeals to Rome; so did his predecessors many ages before him. He took away the Pope’s dispensations; what did he in that but restore the English bishops to their ancient rights, and the laws of the country, with the canons of the fathers, to their vigour? He challenged and assumed a political supremacy over ecclesiastical persons in ecclesiastical causes; so did Edward the Confessor govern the Church as the Vicar of God in his own kingdom; so did his predecessors hold their crowns, as immediately subjected to God, not subjected to the Pope. On the other side, the Pope by our English laws could neither reward freely, nor punish freely, neither whom, nor where, nor when he thought fit, but by the consent or connivance of the State. He could neither do justice in England by the legates without controlment, nor call Englishmen to Rome without the King’s license. Here is small appearance of a good legal prescription; nor any pregnant signs of any sovereign power and jurisdiction, by undoubted right, and so evident uncontroverted a title as is pretended.’²

And so ‘the learned’ Sir Roger Twisden, closing that elaborate historical proof of the same facts, which Hammond³ refers to as a ‘full and satisfactory’ account:—

‘Thus was religion reformed, and thus by the Queen established in England, without either motion, or seeking of any new way not practised by our ancestors, but using the same courses had been formerly traced out unto them for stopping profaneness and impiety, whenever they peeped in the Church. And certainly, to my understanding, there can be none that will with indifference look upon those times, but he must (however he mislike the thing done) approve the manner of doing it.’⁴

Neither in the purely ecclesiastical part of the Reformation did the Church of England commit any act of schism: for schism is the denial of a lawful, not of an unlawful, authority:

¹ Works, vol. ii. p. 259.

² Bramhall, *Just Vind.*, tome i. Disc. ii. c. 4, p. 77.

³ Works, vol. ii. p. 211.

⁴ *Historical Vindication*, ch. ix. s. 30, p. 196.

‘And

'And the Pope's Vicarship to Christ,' says Bishop Bilson, 'must be proved by stronger and plainer evidence than yet you have showed, before we may grant it. As to his Patriarchship, by God's law he hath none: in this realm for 600 years after Christ he had none; for the last 600, as looking to greater matters, he would have none; above or against the sword which God hath ordained, he can have none; to the subversion of the faith and oppression of his brethren, in reason, right, and equity, he should have none. You must seek farther for subjection to his tribunal: this land oweth him none.'¹

We did indeed claim the right of acting as a free and independent Church—'αὐτόνομος, αυτοκεφαλός, ανυπευθυνος'—'fortified with its own privileges, supported on its own pillars, subject to no foreign tribunal';² but we were not guilty of 'that injurious uncharitableness and presumption to shut those out from the Church of Christ who can truly plead their just claims for their undoubted interest in that holy society.' 'Amongst whom,' continues Bishop Hall, 'we can confidently say, all the water of Tiber cannot wash the Church of Rome from the heinous guilt of this double crime.'³ We did not excommunicate Rome, but Rome excommunicated us. 'We that were cast out,' says Hammond, 'cannot be said to separate.'⁴

Again—do men complain that the legislature took part in modelling our formularies? Bishop Taylor thought it

'no small advantage to our liturgy that it was the offspring of all that authority which was to prescribe in matters of religion; that 'the king and the priest, which are the *antistites religionis*, and the preservers of both the tables, joined in this work; and the people, as it was represented in parliament, were advised withal.... And then, as it had the advantages of discourse, so also of authorities—its reason from one, and its sanction from the other, that it might be both reasonable, and sacred, and free, not only from the indiscretions, but (which is very considerable) from the scandal of popularity.'⁵

'In the reformation which came after,' says Laud, 'our princes had their parts, and the clergy theirs; and to these two principally the power and direction for reformation belongs. That our princes had their parts is manifest by their calling together of the bishops and others of the clergy, to consider of that which might seem worthy of reformation. And the clergy did their part: for being thus called together by regal power, they met in the National Synod of sixty-two; and the articles there agreed on were afterwards confirmed by Acts of State, and the Royal assent.'⁶

Is it complained that the reform was negative?

¹ True Differ., p. 235. See Hammond, Of Schism, vol. i. c. 4, *et seq.*

² Hammond, Epist. Præfat. ad Dissertation. 4, contra Blondell.

³ The Peace-Maker, s. iv. vol. vii. p. 51.

⁴ Of Schism, vol. i. p. 366.

⁵ Preface to Apology for Set Forms, vol. vii. p. 286.

⁶ Conf. with Fisher, § 24, p. 100. See Stillingleet's Vindicat., vol. iv. part ii. ch. 4.

Laud continues in the same place,—

‘In this Synod the positive truths which are delivered are more than the polemics: so that a mere calumny it is that we profess only a negative religion. True it is, and we must thank Rome for it, our confession must needs contain some negatives. For we cannot but deny that *images are to be adored*; nor can we admit *maimed sacraments*; nor grant *prayers in an unknown tongue*. And, in a corrupt time or place, it is as necessary in religion to deny falsehood, as to assert and vindicate truth. Indeed, this latter can hardly be well and sufficiently done but by the former; an affirmative verity being ever included in the negative to a falsehood.’

‘For the subject of Reformation,’ says Bramhall, ‘as it was not other Churches but their own...so it was not Articles of Faith, but it was of corruptions, which were added of later times, by removing that hay and stubble which the Romanists had heaped upon the foundation. Always observing that rule of Vincentius Lyrinensis, to call nothing in question which hath been believed always, everywhere, and by all Christians. Yea, further, these turbulent persons who have attempted to innovate anything in saving faith, who upon their arising were censured and condemned by the Universal Church, we reckon as nobody, nor doth their opposition hinder a full consent. Hence it is that the Romanists do call our religion a negative religion. Because in all the controversies between us and them we maintain the negative, that is we go as far as we dare, or can, with warrant from the Holy Scriptures and the Primitive Church, and leave them in their excesses, or those inventions which themselves have added. But in the mean time they forget that we maintain all those articles and truths which are contained in any of the ancient creeds of the Church, which I hope are more than negatives.’¹

If some things are missed from our liturgy which may be found in the ancient Church, where they might be used without danger of abuse, Hooker, and with him, one after another, the greatest authorities, will unanimously reply,—

‘True it is that neither councils nor customs, be they never so ancient and so general, can let the Church from taking away that thing which is hurtful to be retained. Where things have been instituted, which, being convenient and good at the first, do afterward in process of time wax otherwise, we make no doubt but they may be altered, yea, though councils or customs general have received them.’²

Are our services thought too informal?

‘If Mr. Mason,’ says Bramhall, ‘did commend the wisdom of the English Church, for paring away superfluous ceremonies in ordination, he did well. Ceremonies are advancements of order, decency, modesty, and gravity in the service of God, expressions of those heavenly desires

¹ Bramhall, *Protestant's Ordination Defended*, 1017, 1018, tome iv. D. vii. See also Dodwell's *Reply to Six Queries*; and Sir H. Lynde's *Via Tuta*, 12mo., 1628, p. 75.

² Hooker, b. iv. s. 14, p. 502.

and dispositions, which we ought to bring along with us to God's house, adjuncts of attention and devotion, furtherances of edification, visible instructors, helps of memory, exercises of faith, the shell that preserves the kernel of religion from contempt, the leaves that defend the blossoms and the fruit; but, if they grow over thick and rank, they hinder the fruit from coming to maturity, and then the gardener plucks them off. When ceremonies become burthensome by excessive superfluity, or unlawful ceremonies are obtruded, or the substance of divine worship is placed in circumstances, or the service of God is more respected for human ornaments than for the divine ordinance, it is high time to pare away excesses, and reduce things to the ancient mean. These fathers are quite out when they make it lawful at sometimes to add, but never to pare away: yet we have pared away nothing which is either prescribed or practised by the true Catholic Church. If our ancestors have pared away any such things out of any mistake (which we do not believe), let it be made appear evidently to us, and we are more ready to welcome it again at the fore-door, than our ancestors were to cast it out at the back-door.'—*Errare possumus, hæretici esse nolumus.*¹

Is a jealousy entertained of the influence of the foreign reformation?

If the Church of England did join, as Bishop Taylor says, to their own star 'all the shining tapers of the other reformed churches, calling for the advice of the most eminently learned and zealous reformers in other kingdoms, that the light of all together might show them a clear path to walk in,'² is this a fault? Or, rather, is it not a wonderful proof of strength and wisdom, that, with willingness to consult,³ there was independence to refrain from submitting to any other rule than 'that word of God and ancient judgment of Christ's Church,'⁴ 'in whose steps the reformed Church of England hath trodden, in her doctrine and discipline legally constituted.'⁵

Of Luther, indeed, and Calvin, our great divines uniformly speak with respect.

'Touching Luther,' says Field, 'we answer that he was a most worthy divine, as the world had any in those times wherein he lived, or in many ages before; and that, for the clearing of sundry points of greatest moment in our Christian profession, much obscured and entangled before, with the intricate disputes of the schoolmen and Romish sophisters, (as of the power of nature, of free will, grace, justification, the difference of the law and the gospel, faith and works, Christian liberty, and the like,) all succeeding ages shall ever be bound to honour his happy memory.'

¹ Consecrat. of Protest. Bishops Defended, p. 488, tome i., D. 5.

² Preface to Apology for Set Forms, vol. vii. p. 287.

³ See Preface to Dr. Cardwell's Liturgies of Edward VI., note, p. xxvii.

⁴ Bilson, True Differ., Part iii. p. 545.

⁵ Bishop Nicholson, Apology for Discipline, Epist. to Reader.

And then apologising for the variations and errors in his doctrine:—

‘Let not our adversaries,’ he concludes, ‘insult upon Luther, for that he saw not all the abominations of popery at the first; but let them rather consider of, and yield to the reasonableness of the request, which in the preface of his works he maketh to all Christian and well-minded readers, to wit, that they would read his books and writings with judgment, and with much commiseration, and remember that he was sometime a friar, nourished in the errors of the Romish church, so that it was more painful to him to forget those things he had formerly ill-learned, than to learn anew that which is good.’¹

‘A founder it had,’ says Hooker, writing in condemnation of the discipline of Calvin, ‘whom, for mine own part, I think incomparably the wisest man that ever the French church did enjoy, since the hour it enjoyed him.’² ‘Calvin I truly honour,’ says Bishop Bilson, ‘for his great gifts and pains in the Church of God; but I may not take him for the founder of Christian religion, and therefore where he dissenteth from the worthy pillars of Christ’s Church I dissent from him.’³ ‘Mr. Calvin,’ says Bishop Morton, ‘is always worthy of the first place among the innumerable company of late divines.’⁴

‘Worthy instruments,’ says Sanderson, ‘they were both of them of God’s glory, and such as did excellent service to the Church in their times, whereof we yet find the benefit; and we are unthankful if we do not bless God for it; and therefore it is an unsavoury thing for any man to gird at their names, whose memories ought to be precious. But yet, were they not men?’⁵

And while we of this day acknowledge that they were men, and can see more clearly the sad effects of their faults and errors, it may be humble and pious for us also to guard against any intemperance of censure; anything unbecoming that respect which Christians owe to those whom God has blessed with great gifts, and made instruments in great designs.

Of the foreign Protestant reformers generally Field thus speaks, in a passage where he disclaims, in the most energetic manner, either sympathy or communion with ‘all sectaries whatsoever’ :—

‘It so fell out by the happy providence of God, and force of that main truth they all sought to advance, that there was no material or essential difference amongst them, but such as, upon equal scanning, will be found rather to consist in the divers manner of expressing one thing, and to be but verbal upon mistaking, through the hasty and inconsiderate humours of some men, than anything else. Yea, I dare confidently

¹ B. 3, c. 42, p. 166.

² Preface to *Recl. Pol.*, s. 2, p. 129.

³ *Sufferings of Christ*, p. 267; so also p. 77, and *Perpetual Govern.*, p. 282.

⁴ *Defence of Ceremon.*, p. 87.

⁵ *Ad Populum*, *Serm.* 7th, vol. i. p. 295.

pronounce,

pronounce, that after due and full examination of each other's meaning, there shall be no difference found touching the matter of the sacrament, the ubiquitary presence, or the like, between the churches reformed by Luther's ministry in Germany and other places, and those whom some men's malice called Sacramentaries; that none of the differences between Melancthon and Illyricus, except about certain ceremonies, were real; that Hosiander held no private opinion of justification, howsoever his strange manner of speaking gave occasion to many so to think and conceive. And this shall be justified against the proudest Papist of them all.¹

And such is the general language of the English divines. They claimed and acted upon their own liberty; but they did this in a respectful and kindly spirit towards those who were engaged in the same battle with themselves against a common enemy, with far less advantages, and, as we have lived to see, with far greater risk to the cause of Christian truth among them, because they were deprived by God of our two great blessings, a monarchical and an episcopal reformation.

But whatever were their personal feelings towards the foreign reformers, Luther and Calvin were not the authors nor the modellers of our English Reformation. 'Melancthon, indeed,' says Heylin, 'states that he was sent for by Edward VI., but was stayed on some occasion, and, had he come, had come too late to have had any share in the Reformation, the articles of the Church being passed, the liturgy reviewed and settled in the year before.' 'Calvin offered his assistance to Cranmer; but Cranmer,' pursues Heylin, 'knew the man, and refused the offer, and he did very wisely in it.' Peter Martyr and Bucer were 'placed at Oxford and Cambridge, rather as private doctors, than any way made use of in the Reformation.'

'God,' concludes the same historian, 'certainly had so disposed it in his heavenly wisdom; that so this Church, without respect unto the names and dictates of particular doctors, might found its reformation on the prophets and apostles only, according to the explications and traditions of the ancient fathers; and, being so founded in itself, without respect to any of the differing parties, might in succeeding ages sit as judge between them, as being more inclinable by her constitution to mediate a peace amongst them, than to espouse the quarrel of either side.'²

It

¹Book iii., chap. 42, p. 165. So Andrews, *Ad Bellarm. Apolog. Resp.* p. 328. For the agreement of the Reformed Churches concerning the Sacrament of the Eucharist, see Bishop Cosin's *History of Transubstantiation*, c. ii.

² *Ecclesia Vindic.*, part ii. pp. 68, 69. It is not necessary to inquire how far the foreign reformers really influenced the Reformation. (See Preface to Dr. Cardwell's *Liturgies of Edward VI.*) Some influence they must have possessed, though evidently less (see especially notes, pp. 14 and 27) than is sometimes asserted, when it is wished to disparage the Reformation. The fact that the divines of the seventeenth century repudiate

It may be, that some 'Lutheran or Calvinian fancies crept into the writings of private men, but they were not decrees of the Church.'¹ It may be, that crimes were committed, and principles put forth under cover, as it were, of a new spirit rising up: but the same men who opposed popery opposed dissent as earnestly; and there is not a crime or principle of dissent which had not previously been sanctioned by the old spirit of popery, and grew out of it as a legitimate development. Violent transferences of Church property, insult to the civil magistrate, overthrow of episcopacy, tampering with the sacraments, subjection of ecclesiastics to lay canonists and chancellors, departure from primitive antiquity, disrespect to the fathers, these and other excesses of the kind, which those who do not understand the affinity between popery and dissent charge upon the Reformation, are in reality to be charged upon popery. Popery had prepared the soil and sown the seeds, and by express missionaries had matured them and called them out, and the harvest is its.²

And it may be that evils have followed since the Reformation, which, from a neglect of history, we are unable to balance with the evils which preceded it. But to follow in point of time, and as cause and effect, are two different things.—

'Our Reformation,' says Bramhall, 'is just as much the cause of the ruin of our Church and commonwealth as the building of Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin's sands, or the ruin of the country thereabouts, because they happened both much about the same time.'

"Carent successibus opto."

May he ever want success who judgeth of actions by the event! Our Reformation hath ruined the faith, just as the plucking up of weeds in a garden ruins the good herbs. It hath ruined the Church, just as a body full of superfluous and vicious humours is ruined by a healthful purgation. It hath ruined the commonwealth, just as pruning of the vine ruins the elm. No, no, Sir! Our sufferings for the faith, for the Church, for the monarchy, do proclaim us innocent to all the world of the ruin either of faith, or Church, or monarchy. . . . It is your new Roman creed that hath ruined the faith. It is your papal court that hath ruined the Church. It is your new doctrines of the Pope's omni-

ciate any such interference, when incompatible with true Catholic principles, as much as we should, and consider the Reformation free from censure on this head, is all that it is wished to point out. Thus Andrews: 'Calvinistæ convitium, protritum jam est. Nemo hic addictus jurare in verba illius. Tanti est, quanti rationes quas affert pro se, nec pluris.' Tort. Torti, p. 309. And again, Resp. ad Apolog. p. 162. So Hickes: 'Luther was none of our Reformers;' 'Ours and the Lutheran are different Reformations.' Controv. Letters, vol. i. p. 44. And Hammond: 'I must tell you that the Church of England always disclaimed the being called by the names, or owning the dissensions of Lutheran and Calvinist, and professeth only the maintaining of the primitive Catholic faith, and to have no father on earth to impute their faith to.' View of the Apol. for the Infallibility of the Church of Rome, vol. ii. p. 621.

¹ Ibid.

² Brett, Church Government, *passim*.

potence over temporal persons, in order unto spiritual ends, of absolving subjects from their oaths of allegiance, of exempting the clergy from secular jurisdiction, of the lawfulness of murdering tyrants and excommunicated princes, of equivocation and the like, that first infected the world, to the danger of civil government.¹

VI. And now, when, wearied and unsatisfied with the coldness, and worse than coldness, into which as individuals we may have sunk, (not by following the Church of England, but by neglecting and despising her,) young and ardent minds have been led to think that another reformation may be needful; let them learn from our great and good father of the English Church, what are the principles to be adhered to in such a 'going on to perfection,' and there will be no fear either of Popery, or of heresy, or of schism.

In the first place, our Reformation was safe and good, because it proceeded upon an old and existing foundation. It did not startle men's minds by some sudden proclamation that the system under which they were living was to be abandoned; that the ground on which they trod was hollow: it did not commence upon the principle of unsettling their attachment to their church as it existed, even with all its corruptions. Unsettlement there was, and must be with every change: but it was not aimed at; it was strenuously resisted, even in thought, by the authors of our Reformation:—

'They dealt,' says Bishop Bull, 'with our Church as they did with our temples or material churches. They did not pull them down, and raise new structures in their places; no, nor so much as new consecrate the old ones; but only removed the objects and occasions of idolatrous worship, (at least out of the more open and conspicuous places,) and took away some little superstitious trinkets, in other things leaving them as they found them, and freely, and without scruple, making use of them.'²

'The Church of England,' as Jackson describes her, 'was not willing to dissent from the Romish Church, save only in matters of great consequence.'³

So Bramhall, eulogizing her moderation in the same proceedings,—

'It is a rule in prudence, not to remove an ill custom when it is well settled, unless it bring great prejudices. . . . Needless alteration doth diminish the venerable esteem of religion, and lessen the credit of ancient truths. Break ice in one place, and it will crack in more. Crooked sticks, by bending straight, are sometimes broken into two.'⁴

¹ Answer to De la Mititière, tome i. Disc. i. p. 30.

² Bull, *Vindicat*, sec. 26, vol. ii. p. 210.

³ Jackson, vol. ii. p. 529.

⁴ Bramhall, *Answer to De la Mititière*, p. 29.

So Andrewes :

‘Ubi mutatum quid, id eo factum, quod in ritu vestro discessum est à casto integroque Dei cultu; et quod “ab initio non fuit sic.”’¹

And giving this praise to the Reformation, and believing, as our divines did, that the Church of England is ‘the most excellently instructed with a body of true articles, and doctrines of holiness, with a discipline material and prudent, with a government apostolical, with everything that could instruct or adorn a Christian church’²—what would have induced them, were they now living, to contemplate any change in her system, which would be felt or perceived to be a change, and not a natural development and practical application of principles already acknowledged? What would they have thought to hear young men—full of earnestness and zeal indeed, but only just awakened by the teaching of others, and as yet unlearned themselves—as Whitgift describes the Puritans, ‘so far from acknowledging this singular and unspeakable benefit [the purity of religion taught in the Church of England, and, not least, of its establishment by the State], proceeding from the mere mercy of God; so far from being thankful for the same, from desiring the continuance of it with hearty prayers,—seeking rather to obscure it, and to deface it, because in certain accidental points they have not their fantasies and proper devices?’³

Surely anything which encourages such a spirit ought to be carefully avoided; all needless complaints; all suggestions of possible changes under more favourable circumstances, which only irritate and discontent, however the intimation may be guarded; all disposition to regard the Church that bore us, critically and curiously, by a standard other than her own; all despondency as to her prospects; all censure of her own authorised character, as distinct from warnings to individuals.

‘Dearly beloved,’ says Jackson, ‘let us, in the bowels of Christ Jesus, I beseech you, content ourselves with the Reformation already established by authority. It is no time to sally out against the adversary in single bands or scattered companies; but rather with the joint forces of our united affections, of prayers, and endeavours, either to batter the foundation of their Churches’ walls, or manfully to defend our own; keeping ourselves within the bounds whereunto authority hath confined us.’⁴

‘Never,’ says Bramhall, speaking of Grotius’s plan of reconciliation—‘never were there any genuine sons of the Church of England who thought upon any change either in doctrine or discipline.’⁵

‘Surely,’ says Hooker, ‘I cannot find any great cause of just complaint that good laws have so much been wanting unto us, as we to them.’

¹ Tortura Torti, p. 309.

² Bishop Taylor, Preface to the Doctrine of Repentance, vol. viii. p. 244.

³ Whitgift, Preface to the Defence of the Answer, fol. 1574.

⁴ Tom. iii. p. 694.

⁵ Vindication of Grotius, c. iii. p. 612.

To seek reformation of evil laws is a commendable endeavour; but for us the more necessary is a speedy redress of ourselves. We have on all sides lost much of our first fervency towards God; and therefore, concerning our own degenerated ways, we have reason to exhort with St. Gregory, *ὅπερ ἡμεν γενομεθα*, let us return again unto that which we sometimes were; but touching the exchange of laws in practice with laws in device, which they say are better for the state of the Church, if they might take place, the farther we examine them, the greater cause we find to conclude, *μένομεν ὅπερ ἐσμὲν*, though we continue the same we are, the harm is not great.¹

VII. Secondly, the divines of the seventeenth century were placed by Providence, like ourselves, to contend against the principles of sectarianism and dissent, which cover themselves under the common name of Protestant. But this never made them either insensible to those seeds of good, of which, as in every case of error, those errors were the rank and unchecked growth; nor distrustful of the name of Protestants; nor suspicious of the safety of their own ground, on which, in the deluge of evil which Popery had spread round them, so many creeping things and noxious animals had come to seek shelter by their side, with them, but not of them. They did not think to check puritanism by encouraging Popery. Rather they knew that both are, under different forms, one and the same spirit of evil—here gathered into a tyranny—there let loose in a democracy; and that they could not depart from the straight path of their own blessed Church, without involving themselves in a circle, in which, step by step, they would unconsciously return back to the very point from which they were flying.

‘ Redit labor actus in orbem,
Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur error.’

‘He,’ says Hooker, again and again, ‘that will take away extreme heat, by setting the body in extremity of cold, shall undoubtedly remove the disease, but together with it the diseased too.’² ‘And if,’ as Jackson says, ‘to oppose the Romish Church by way of contrariety, is but to seek the overthrow of a tyranny by the erection of an anarchy,’³ to oppose puritanism on the same principle will only overthrow an anarchy to erect a tyranny.

Though the Bible had been abused by the licentiousness of private interpretation, they never omitted the opportunity of magnifying it, in its true interpretation, as ‘the only infallible rule of faith;’ as ‘containing all the principles of faith and points of salvation,’ as needing no associate, no addition of any authority as equally infallible, nor more perspicuous than itself to supply what it wants.’⁴ Though the service of the Church was threatened to

¹ Eccl. Pol., the Epistle Dedicat.

² Jackson, vol. iii. p. 692.

³ Book iv. s. 8.

⁴ Jackson, vol. i. p. 226.

be stripped of all decency and order, they speak soberly and cautiously of ceremonies. Though Episcopacy was made a badge of Antichrist, they do not reduce all religion to a matter of church discipline. Though the doctrine of faith had been perverted to the wildest excesses, there is no mention in them of justification by works, or of works at all, without immediate and solemn reference to the faith which alone can sanctify them. These points, and many others of their doctrinal teaching, might be advantageously examined. For much of this caution and comprehensiveness of view they were undoubtedly indebted to the proximity of Popery, and to their thorough acquaintance with its nature, and dread of its poison. Yet apparently they had more to fear from Puritanism than from Popery; and if we in this day might be reluctant to retain the name of Protestant, from the fear of being confounded with sectarians, much more might they. And yet, Catholic as they were both in language and in spirit, they use it boldly and prominently. As the believing Jews, when other Jews refused to believe, were compelled to distinguish themselves as Christians; and as the Christian Church, when heretics also called themselves Christians, was compelled to add the name of Catholic; so Catholic Christians, when one great branch of the Church, retaining the same title, is spreading the grossest errors, must distinguish themselves as Protestants. They are Protestant, as the 'Latin or West Church' (so Field has proved), 'wherein the Pope tyrannised before Luther's time, and was continued a true Protestant Church, condemning those profane and superstitious abuses which we have removed; and groaning under that tyranny, the yoke whereof we have now cast off.'¹ They are Protestants, as the Church Catholic itself is Protestant against the sins and follies of heathenism; as every Christian in every age and every country is appointed by God himself to be a witness and protester against evil. If, indeed, the acts we rebuke are no sins, then to protest is a crime. If they are sins, yet sins of the past, now buried and forgotten, to rake them up unnecessarily may well be condemned. If we judge them by our own private judgment, we intrude on the rights of our superiors, and so we sin. And if they be distant and weak, and no danger exist of infection, we may well spare ourselves and others the pain of declaring against them. But whether the deeds of Popery be sins or not—whether they be dead and buried, or alive and in full vigour—whether our Church has spoken on them, and we are bound to speak with her voice—whether in the silence and debility of the Church Catholic she was not bound to speak, when no other voice could speak so

¹ Appendix to Third Book, p. 187.

strongly—

strongly—and whether there is not danger from Popery now in the very heart of the country; danger, which calls on us all to rouse the weak and the strong together to vigilance against their greatest enemy—unhappily need not be asked. We are not, and dare not be, Protestants, in the sense which some few may wrongly affix to the word, as discarding all guides to truth but our own self-will: in this sense Protestantism is worse than folly; it may be worse than Popery: but as remonstrating and warning all around us against the corruptions of Popery, we cannot cease to be Protestants, without ceasing to do our duty as Christians. It is our glory and our happiness to be Christians—our safeguard and consolation to be Catholics—our sad and melancholy duty, a duty which we never can abandon till Rome has ceased to work among us, to be Protestants.

‘My Lords,’ said Laud, ‘I am as innocent in this business of religion, as free from all practice, or so much as thought of practice, for any alteration to Popery, or any way blemishing the true Protestant religion established in the Church of England, as I was when my mother first bare me into the world.’

‘If I had blemished the true Protestant religion’—‘The number of those persons whom, by God’s blessing upon my labours, I have settled in the true Protestant religion established in the Church of England’—‘I pray God, his truth (the true Protestant religion here established) sink not’—‘God of his mercy preserve the true Protestant religion amongst us’—

This was the common language of Laud, the martyr of the Puritans.

So Bramhall, while rightly denying that ‘Protestancy is of the essence of the Church,’ any more than the weeding of a garden is the essence of the garden, does not scruple throughout the whole of the same treatise to use the word as the right denomination of men, whom he describes in the same place as ‘endeavouring to conform themselves in all things to the pattern of the Primitive Church,’ as ‘ready to shed their blood for the least particle of saving truth.’¹

So Hammond, speaking of those who preached resistance to the lawful magistrate:—

‘Such as these, if they must be called Protestants, are yet in this somewhat more than that title ever imported, I may say, perfect Jesuits in their principles.’—This doctrine [of non-resistance] purely Protestant—the contrary of which, ‘by God’s Providence, hath formerly been timeously restrained, and not broken out to the defaming of our Protestant profession,’²

¹ *Troubles*, pp. 225, 311, &c.

² *Protestant Ordination*, p. 1013.

³ Hammond, *Of Resisting the Lawful Magistrate*, pp. 68, 69.

So Nicholson:—

‘The laws are now silent, and any man may be now anything, so he be not an old Protestant of the Church of England.’¹

So Sanderson is not afraid to say—

‘When we have wrangled ourselves as long as our wits and strength will serve us, the honest, downright, sober English Protestant will be found in the end the man in the safest way, and by the surest line.’

Nor is he ashamed to avow his

‘zeal for the safety and honour of my dear mother, the Church of England, which hath nourished me up to become a Christian and a Protestant (that is to say, a *pure pite* Christian, without any other addition or epithet).’²

‘Protestants,’ says Laud, ‘did not get that name by protesting against the Church of Rome, but by protesting (and that when nothing else would serve) against her errors and superstitions. Do you but remove them from the Church of Rome, and our protestation is ended, and the separation too. Nor is protestation itself such an unheard-of thing in the very heart of religion. For the Sacraments, both of the Old and New Testament, are called by your own school “visible signs protesting the faith.” Now, if the Sacraments be protestantia, signs protesting, why may not men also, and without all offence, be called Protestants, since by receiving the true Sacraments, and by refusing them which are corrupted, they do but protest the sincerity of their faith against that doctrinal corruption which hath invaded the great Sacrament of the Eucharist and other parts of religion? especially since they are “men which must protest their faith by visible signs and sacraments.”’³

‘They are the Protestants,’ says Stillingfleet, ‘who stand for the ancient and undefiled doctrine of the Catholic Church against the novel and corrupt tenets of the Roman Church. And such kind of protestation no true Christian, who measures his being Catholic by better grounds than communion with the Church of Rome, will ever have cause to be ashamed of.’⁴

So Hickes, though fully alive to the ‘wicked, absurd, and unchristian doctrines, which atheistical, heretical, and other seducing teachers taught in his day, under the name of Protestants,’ does not therefore repudiate the name, but declares that

‘the Protestant religion of the Church of England is but another name for primitive Christianity, and a Protestant for a primitive Christian, who protests against all the corruptions of the gospel by popery.’⁵

We may not indeed distinguish ourselves solely as Protestants, or without express declarations of Catholic principles, especially

¹ Apology, p. 155.

² Letters of Sanderson; D'Oyley's Life of Sancroft, vol. ii. p. 443; Sermons, vol. i., Pref. s. xxiv.

³ Confer. with Fisher, p. 87.

⁴ Works, vol. iv. p. 320.

⁵ Sermon before the Lord Mayor, vol. i. pp. 216, 277.

where

where the name is likely to confound us with sects, and doctrines, which a Catholic Christian repudiates. The word has been used too carelessly, and a false meaning popularly given to it, which must be condemned and corrected. But as yet, while no other badge exists to mark to the world, and especially to the poor and the weak, the duty of guarding against Popery, instead of dallying with its temptations, and palliating its corruptions, we cannot proscribe it. It is a sign—a little sign, but one most looked to—by which a large number of Christian minds within the Church, in a time of natural alarm and jealousy, test our attachment to the Church, and our repudiation of errors which they have been taught—and taught most rightly—to regard with dread.¹ For their sakes we are bound to be sparing of our own liberty, and tender of their consciences. If a French army is closely besieging a town in which we live, we have no right to dress ourselves up as French soldiers and walk about the streets, or to refuse to give our English pass-word, though by this refusal we may alarm none but women and children. We have no right to alarm any one. He who really desires the restoration of Christian unity will desire, most of all, to recall to the fold of the Church her own sheep. If he dreads to offend Papists by the word Popery, he will dread to offend Puritans by rejecting the word Protestant. If he fears that it will confound him with Dissenters, he must fear alike lest the word Catholic should confound him with Popery—unless, indeed, he be wholly insensible to the evils of Popery, while keenly alive to the evils of Puritanism—unless the presence of Church government in the one is to cloak over all errors of doctrine, while the neglect of it in the other is to blot out all truth of doctrine—unless Popery in his sight be only holy, and Puritanism only sinful—unless he close his eyes to all the wickedness which the one has essentially produced, and to all the goodness with which the other has been accompanied—such as earnestness, energy, personal piety, study of the Scripture, prayer, self-denial, charity, zeal for what it believes to be truth, jealousy of all that seems to trench on the supremacy of God, or to substitute the creature for the Creator.

Such would not be the spirit of our old divines towards individual Protestants, where error in separating from the Church could be palliated, as it may be in these times, in numbers of hereditary Dissenters, by the very principles which we wish to encourage—of reverence for parents, docility to teachers, attachment to existing institutions; or by ignorance of the real claims

¹ There is a remarkable letter of Evelyn's to Archbishop Sancroft on the danger resulting from the omission of the word, and the advantage taken of the omission by the Jesuits. *D'Oyly's Life of Sancroft*, vol. i. p. 350.

which

which the Church has upon their obedience. It was not their feeling towards foreign Protestant communions. With their resolute persuasion that the government of the Church by bishops was 'ordained of God'—and to be honoured not merely 'upon ancient custom,' but 'as a true apostolical, heavenly, and divine ordinance;'¹ it is yet interesting to see the caution with which they speak of other reformed bodies, 'which, *without any fault of their own*, were driven to want that kind of polity or regiment which is best, and to content themselves with that which either the irremediable error of former times, or the necessity of the present, had cast upon them.'² 'This, their defect and imperfection,' says Hooker, in the same passage, 'I had rather lament in such a case than exagitate.' And so, in no unfriendliness, 'blessed Bishop Morton did often bewail their infelicity for want of bishops':³—

'You demand then,' says Bishop Andrews, 'whether your churches sin against the Divine right? I did not say it: this only I said, that your churches wanted somewhat that is of Divine right; wanted, but not by your fault, but by the iniquity of the times; for that your France had not your kings so propitious at the reforming of your church as our England had.'⁴

And again:—

'He must needs be stone-blind that sees not churches standing without it; he must needs be made of iron, and hard-hearted, that denies them salvation. We are not made of that metal, we are none of those iron-sides; we put a wide difference betwixt them. Somewhat may be wanting, that is of Divine right, (at least in the external government), and yet salvation may be had. . . . This is not to damn anything, to prefer a better thing before it: this is not to damn your church, to recall it to another form, that all antiquity was better pleased with, *i.e.* to ours; and this when God shall grant the opportunity, and your estate may bear it.'⁵

So Bishop Cosin, in his last will:—

'Wheresoever in the world churches bearing the name of Christ profess the true, ancient, and Catholic religion and faith, and invoke and worship, with one mouth and heart, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, if from actual communion with them I am now debarred, either by the distance of regions, or the dissensions of men, or any other obstacle; nevertheless, always in my heart, and soul, and affection, I hold communion and unite with them—that which I wish especially to be understood of the Protestant and well-reformed Churches.

¹ Hooker, b. vii. s. i. xi.

² Idem, b. iii. s. xi.

³ Basire, *Life of Cosin*, p. 62.

⁴ Answer to Du Moulin's 3rd Epistle. See Wordsworth's *Christian Institutes*, vol. iii. p. 257.

⁵ Answer to Du Moulin's Second Epistle.

For the foundations¹ being safe, any difference of opinions or of ceremonies—on points circumstantial, and not essential, nor repugnant to the universal practice of the ancient Church, in other churches (over which we are not to rule)—we in a friendly, placid, and peaceable spirit, may bear, and therefore ought to bear.’²

‘I cannot assent,’ says Bramhall, ‘that either all or any considerable part of the episcopal divines in England do unchurch either all or the most part of the Protestant churches. . . . They unchurch none at all, but leave them to stand or fall to their own master. They do not unchurch the Swedish, Danish, Bohemian churches, and many other churches in Polonia, Hungaria, and those parts of the world which have an ordinary, uninterrupted succession of pastors—some by the names of bishops, others under the name of seniors, unto this day. (I meddle not with the Socinians.) They unchurch not the Lutheran churches in Germany, who both assert episcopacy in their confessions, and have actual superintendents in their practice, and would have bishops, name and thing, if it were in their power. . . . Episcopal divines do not deny those churches to be true churches, wherein salvation may be had. We advise them, as it is our duty, to be circumspect for themselves, and not to put it to more question, whether they have ordination or not, or desert the general practice of the Universal Church for nothing, when they may clear it if they please. Their case is not the same with those who labour under invincible necessity. . . . The mistake proceedeth from not distinguishing between the true nature and essence of a Church, which we do readily grant them, and the integrity or perfection of a Church, which we cannot grant them, without swerving from the judgment of the Catholic Church.’³

How would such minds as these : how would Sanderson :⁴ how would the martyr Charles :⁵ how would Laud, whose ‘worst thought of any reformed Church in Christendom was to wish it like the Church of England’—whose deepest intention ‘was how they might not only be wished, but made so’—‘whose continued labours for some years together were to reconcile the divided Protestants in Germany, that so they might go with united force against the Romanists—who joyed with a joy which he would never deny, while he lived, when he conceived of the Church of Scotland’s coming nearer, both in the canons, and the liturgy, to the Church of England’⁶—How would these

¹ Life by Basire. See also Hickee [True Notion of Persecution, vol. i., Sermon iv.], and a remarkable passage in Brett on Church Government [c. v. p. 118 *et seq.*], in which he shows that the foreign Protestant communions were excluded from the privilege of episcopacy by the machinations of popery, acting on its conviction ‘that, if it came to pass that heretic bishops be so near, Rome and the clergy utterly falls’ [p. 119].

² Vindication of Grotius, p. 613; see a passage to precisely the same effect, especially as regards the Lutheran churches, in Laud, Troubles and Trials, p. 141.

³ See Episcopacy not prejudicial, S. II. s. xv.

⁴ Icon Basilice, c. xvii.; Clarendon Papers, vol. ii. p. 433, 434.

⁵ Hist. of Troubles, pp. 131, 355, 419, 100.

great minds, who never confounded the case of schismatics within England with that of reformed Churches without it, have been gladdened in the hour of their trials with the prospect of a time, when, by the same monarchical reformation, to which we owe the blessing of episcopacy, a hope was once more held out of restoring to the Reformation of Germany that great apostolical ordinance; without which the Christian communion must fall to pieces, and all heresies spring up; and of once more binding together, without compromise of Christian truth—if so God grant—the reformed Churches throughout all the world!

VIII. One more salutary warning we must mention in conclusion, which may be derived from the example of our old divines.

That catholic antiquity must be studied, and studied deeply—that all modern churches, as they are engrafted, so should also be modelled on it—that it is the trunk from which all the branches spring forth—that a profession of disregard and contempt for it invalidates the authority of any religious teachers—that to it a writ of error lies from subordinate tribunals in the Church, they all with one voice proclaim, and this without the least disparagement to the supremacy of scripture. It is the glory and the beauty which they delight to trace in the Church of England, that she is so primitive, so ancient, so apostolical. She herself leads us always to the ‘apostles and ancient catholic fathers,’ to ‘the ancient bishops and primitive church;’¹ to ‘the primitive Church which was most holy and godly,’ ‘most pure and uncorrupt,’ ‘to the 300 years after our Saviour Christ, when Christian religion was most pure, and indeed golden,’ to ‘ancient and godly use;’² ‘always eschewing innovations and new-fangledness;’³ to ‘the old councils and canons;’⁴ to ‘the apostles, doctors, and prophets in the Church of Christ, as to be listened to no less than the Lord himself if he were present, so long as they deliver (tradant) those things only which they received from the Lord.’⁵ This is a fundamental law of the English Church. It is the salt of the English Reformation.⁶

And the judgments of the English divines to the same effect

¹ Jewell’s Apology, p. 13, ed. 1838.

² Preface to Common Prayer.

³ Cardwell’s Document, Annals, vol. i. p. 418.

⁴ Latin Catechism, p. 15.

⁵ See this fact elaborately and satisfactorily established in a small but very valuable publication of the Rev. W. Beadon Heathcote, ‘Documentary Illustrations of the Principles to be kept in View in the Interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles’—(Oxford, 1841), especially pp. 67, 76. Of the many works which the recent controversy has produced, it is perhaps the only one of general and permanent utility to the theological student; and we cannot but hope that it may be followed up by the publication, by the same hands, of Archbishop Cranmer’s ‘Commonplace Books, or Collections from the Fathers,’ illustrating the same fact.

⁶ Homilies, *passim*.

are collected in a noble passage of Bishop Bull's '*Apologia pro Harmonia*:' but their doctrine is too clearly established to require quotation.¹

What, then, is the danger to be apprehended in this appeal to catholic antiquity, which has recently been revived among us?

It is, in the first place, lest, in honouring our ancestors, we should learn to despise our parents; lest, in recognising them as a court of appeal, we should violate the obedience due to that authority which immediately presides over us, our own mother Church. It is, in the second place, lest, in pretending to recur to the judgment of the fathers, we should in reality be appealing to our own judgment, and to our own private opinion, and false interpretation of their language, not to their real teaching. And it is, in the third place, lest we should assume them as models for our imitation, and tie ourselves down to their rules, beyond not only the reasonable duty of Christians, but their own express declarations of our liberty to depart from them.

Whether our old divines, with their deep reverence for antiquity, failed in their reverence for the judgment of their 'dear mother Church of England,' may be estimated from what has previously been said. Not Bramhall, who,

'until a general council can be procured, submits himself to the Church of England, wherein he was baptized, or to a national English synod.'²

Not Whitgift, when he dedicates his book to his 'loving nurse, the Christian Church of England,'

'protesting that if he has affirmed anything therein that by learning and good reasons may be proved erroneous, he will reform the same: for he wholly submits it to the rule of God's word, and the judgment of those that be learned, discreet, and wise.'³

Not Laud, who

'was willing to have his work pass as silently as it might, because he could not hold it worthy of that great duty and service which he owed to his dear mother the Church of England;' and who 'wholly submits it to her with his prayers for her prosperity, and his wishes that he were able to do her better service.'⁴

Not Hammond, with whom

'a meek son of the Church of Christ will certainly be content to sacrifice a great deal for the making of the purchase of peace and communion; and when the fundamentals of the faith and superstructures of Christian practice are not concerned in the concessions, will cheerfully express his readiness to submit or deposit his own judgment in reverence and deference to his superiors in the Church where his lot is fallen.'⁵

¹ S. i. § 4, Works, vol. iv. p. 309.

² Preface to Replication, Works, p. 142.

³ Defence of the Answer, p. 17.

⁴ Dedication of Conference.

⁵ Hammond, Of Schism, vol. i. p. 336.

Not Bishop Cosin,¹ where he speaks of his

‘having no other aim in his work than to be serviceable to the truth of God, set forth and professed by the Church of England; which truth we endeavour, in these wavering and lapsing times, to preserve entire and upright among us.’

Not Bishop Mountagu, when, in one of many passages to the same effect,² he indignantly repels the

‘imputation, that he not only agrees with the Council of Trent, but disagrees from the Church of England,—“I deny this absolutely: prove it, and take all. If I disagree from the Church of England, promote, inform against me; spare not. *In morboniam* all the Councils of Trent in the world, if there were ten thousand of them. I forsake them all respectively: such regard and awful respect do I bear unto my mother the Church of England.”’³

Not Bishop Bull, when he declares—

‘Whatever here or elsewhere I have written, I do most willingly, and with the profoundest humility (*summa cum animi demissione*), submit unto the judgment of my holy mother the Church of England; as one who have thus far proved myself to be unto her a most obedient son; and, so long as I continue among the living, by God’s help, intend to continue such.’⁴

Not Hooker:—

‘We had rather glorify and bless God for the fruit we daily behold reaped by such ordinances as his gracious spirit maketh the ripe wisdom of this national Church to bring forth, than vainly boast of our own peculiar and private inventions, as if the skill of profitable regiment had left her public habitation to dwell in a retired manner with some few men of one livery: we make not our childish appeals, sometimes from our own to foreign churches, sometimes from both unto churches ancients than both are, in effect always from all others to our own selves; but, as becometh them that follow with all humility the ways of peace, we honour, reverence, and obey, in the very next degree unto God, the voice of the Church of God wherein we live.’⁵

Not Jackson, when next to that

‘glory of God, which is the supreme cause of causes, the main end of all other ends, intended by good men or angels, his second aim, subordinate to this, was to give satisfaction to his longing desires of discharging his duty to the Church his mother, by doing her such service as he was able in setting forth the true worship of God, and in maintaining the truth professed by her.’⁶

Not Bishop Hall, when he exclaims—

‘In all those verities which are disputable and free for discourse, let

¹ Preface to Scholastic History.

² Appeal to Cæsar, p. 183.

³ Eccles. Pol., b. v. s. 71.

⁴ Appeal to Cæsar, pp. 48, 60, 111, 321.

⁵ Examen Censuræ, vol. iv. p. 6.

⁶ Dedication of Book ix., vol. ii. p. 937.

me ever be swayed by the sacred authority of that orthodox Church wherein I live.'

Not Bishop Buckeridge, when he could sadly own,

'If the spirits of the prophets were subject to the prophets among us, as in right they ought to be, every private man should lay down his own self-conceit, and submit himself to the more mature and ripe judgment of the Church wherein he liveth.'¹

Not Stillingfleet, where he is showing the concurrent declaration of our divines, that Rome is guilty of idolatry:

'I cannot see,' he says, 'why the authority of some very few persons, though of great learning, should bear sway against the constant opinion of our Church ever since the Reformation; since our Church is not now to be formed according to the singular fancies of some few (though learned men), much less to be modelled by the caprichios of superstitious fanatics, who prefer some odd opinions and ways of their own before the received doctrine and practice of the Church they live in. Such as these, we rather pity their weakness than regard their censures; and are only sorry when our adversaries make such properties of them, as by their means to beget in some a disaffection to our Church. Which I am so far from, (whatever malice and peevishness may suggest to the contrary,) that, upon the greatest inquiry I can make, I esteem it the best Church of the Christian world; and think my time very well employed (whatever thanks I meet with for it) in defending its cause, and preserving persons in the communion of it.'²

Not Brett, in whose admirable words their spirit may well be summed up:

'Wherefore having given, as I trust, a faithful and impartial account of the government and governors of the primitive church and our own, having showed how near our Church has been reformed to the pattern of the primitive, apostolical, and catholic church in the point of government and discipline, and also how it might yet be brought a little nearer to that most excellent pattern, I heartily and humbly submit the whole to the judgment of my much-honoured and entirely beloved mother, the Church of England. And if I have unfortunately let slip anything that may seem to derogate from the honour of this most excellent Church, or to reflect on any of the governors of it, further than a general complaint of some abuses, with which I conceive I have charged no particular person or body of men, but only mention them as corruptions crept in by degrees, I heartily wish it unsaid, and shall be ready to ask pardon for it.'³

¹ Christ. Moder. vol. vi. p. 433. See also the pathetic dedication of his 'Common Apology'; to our 'gracious and blessed mother, the Church of England,' from the 'meanest of her children, wishing her all peace and happiness.'—vol. x.

² Discourse concerning Kneeling at the Communion, p. 245.

³ Preface to Discourse on Idolatry, Works, vol. v.

⁴ As by the substitution of clerical for lay chancellors—the formation of councils of presbyters for bishops—of both which improvements germs may be traced in some recent ecclesiastical arrangements.

⁵ Church Government, p. 451.

And those who act in this spirit, whether they search in Scripture, or in antiquity, to find in them what they have been taught by their own mother church, will in each case alike walk in their search by her guidance, not wholly by their own eyes; and will give to her view and interpretation of catholic antiquity as much weight as to her view and interpretation of Scripture. Let young men be assured, that to go back by themselves to the ancient church; to talk boldly of the fathers; to venture rashly on conforming their opinions and practice to some imaginary standard of perfection, picked out by themselves from some peculiar age or class of teachers, probably from some one or two insulated writings of some single father, beyond which their reading cannot have extended, is a very dangerous delusion. It is only a repetition of Puritanism. Substitute 'Catholic antiquity' for 'God's Spirit,' and the words of Hooker are as applicable to one as to the other:—

'If the Church did give every man licence to follow what himself imagineth that *Catholic antiquity* doth reveal unto him, or what he supposeth that it is likely to have revealed to some special person, whose virtues deserve to be highly esteemed, what other effect could hereafter ensue but the utter confusion of his Church, under pretence of being taught, led, and guided by *Catholic antiquity*?'¹

Is not the danger of private interpretation even greater in the fathers than in the Scriptures? They who appealed to the Bible as interpreted by their own private judgment, appealed to a small book, of which all was known to be inspired, infallible, and framed by God himself for the purpose of making known the truth; a book which the church threw open to all her children, and insisted on their studying; and which all could study, and even the humblest, with a teachable spirit, might fairly understand. If even here guidance is required, the guidance not of some self-chosen teacher, but of the 'Church in which we live,' how much more in launching on the great sea of antiquity—in reading works uninspired, voluminous, uncommented on, untranslated, and which as they come down to us have passed through the hands of Romamists, who, in Bishop Taylor's words, by 'their innumerable corruptings of the fathers' writings:' by 'their thrusting in that which was spurious, and, like Pharaoh, killing the legitimate sons of Israel,' and at last, by their expurgatory index, have 'corrupted the witnesses, and rased the records of antiquity, that the errors and novelties of the Church of Rome might not be so easily reprov'd.'²

¹ Eccl. Pol., b. v., s. 10.

² Dissuasive from Popery, vol. x. pp. 135, 136.

This fact alone, the extent of which has been shown by James,¹ as by others, ought in itself to deter a student from venturing on the study of the Fathers, especially as regards the Romish controversy, except under the direction of those great divines who have before this examined and detected the forgeries of popery. But moreover, the Fathers have 'an idiom and propriety of speech,' without familiar acquaintance with which, 'how,' says Bishop Morton, 'shall we children know our Father's doctrine? How shall we not by our ignorance of their tongues build up some towers of Babylonish and confused conceits?' Again, 'when the Church was established in the truth of doctrine, the Fathers,' adds the same great Bishop, 'might presume to take a greater liberty of speech, knowing that they should be understood of Catholic hearers catholicly;' and this occasioned in after-times 'a prodigal error in doctrine.'² Again, 'being ignorant,' says Field, 'of the Hebrew tongue, they did rather strive with all their wits and learning to devise allegories, and to frame the manners of men, than to clear the hard places of the Law and the Prophets;'³ and thus he says, though 'touching the interpretations which the Fathers have delivered, we receive them as undoubtedly true in the general doctrine they consent in, and so far esteem them as authentical, yet do we think that, holding the faith of the Fathers, it is lawful to dissent from that interpretation of some particular places which the greater part of them have delivered, or perhaps all that have written of them.'⁴ Again, 'In the sway of disputation,' says Bishop Jewell, 'they use oft-times to enlarge their talk above the common course of truth; but specially when they intreat of the nature and effect of the holy sacraments; to the end to withdraw the eyes of the people from the sensible and corruptible creatures to the contemplation of things spiritual that be in heaven. . . . Thus the Holy Fathers have evermore used upon occasion to force and advance their words above the tenor of common speech.'⁵

And therefore, says Bishop Mountagu,⁶ than whom, in his own words,⁷ 'no man living carried a more awful regard and reverend respect unto antiquity,'—

'We should weigh and consider what and how we read in the Fathers, touching points in controversy at this day. "Non eadem, de iisdem, ab eodem dicuntur," upon experience we find it, that the same

¹ In his 'Treatise of the Corruptions of Scripture, Councils, and Fathers, by the Prelates, Pastors, and Pillars of the Church of Rome, for Maintenance of Popery and Irreligion.' 4to. London, 1611.

² Protestant Appeal, p. 105.

³ Ibid. p. 166.

⁴ Jewell's Answer to Harding, vol. ii. p. 343.

⁵ Treat. on the Invocat. of Saints, p. 155.

⁶ B. iv. c. 17.

⁷ Appeal to Cæsar, p. 129.

man of the same thing speaketh differently in divers places: with some imputation perhaps of uncertainty and contradiction, yet not deserved, if we consider divers and different circumstances. In heat of opposition, by way of contention, some things fall from them now and then, which will not hold weight at the beam of the sanctuary, and the men that take advantage at them in one point will soon fall off from them in another. S. Hierome is much in this head, according to the vehement choleric nature and disposition of the man. Secondly, in public and popular collations, very often to move affection, and gain action in point of practise piety, they lavish by way of exaggeration in large hyperboles and amplifications. So the Grecian Homilists, and Chrysostom especially above them all: not in this, but in many other passages also. Thirdly, much is found in them of which they are reporters, and no more: they relate unto us the opinions of others and not their own: they tell us what was done, but do not intermeddle by way of censure or opinion for their parts.⁷

Does this dishonour the Fathers? Does it invalidate their testimony to Catholic truth? Does it set them aside as doctors and teachers in the Church, most honoured and most holy? God forbid!

‘What think we of the Fathers?’ says Bishop Jewell. ‘What shall we think of them, or what account may we make of them? They be interpreters of the word of God. They were learned men, and learned Fathers: the instruments of the mercy of God, and vessels full of grace. We despise them not, we read them, we reverence them, and give thanks unto God for them. They were witnesses unto the truth, they were worthy pillars and ornaments in the Church of God. Yet may they not be compared with the word of God. We may not build upon them: we may not make them the foundation and warrant of our conscience: we may not put our trust in them. Our trust is in the name of the Lord. . . . Some things I believe, and some things which they wrote I cannot believe. I weigh them not as the holy and canonical Scriptures. Cyprian was a Doctor of the Church; yet he was deceived: Hierome was a Doctor of the Church; yet he was deceived: Augustine was a Doctor of the Church; yet he wrote a book of Retractations, he acknowledged that he was deceived. God did therefore give to his Church many Doctors, and many learned men, which all should search the truth, and one reform another, wherein they thought him deceived.’ And so he concludes: ‘They are learned: they have pre-eminence in the Church: they are Judges: they have the gifts of wisdom and understanding; yet they are often deceived. They are our Fathers, but not Fathers unto God: they are stars, fair, and beautiful, and bright; yet they are not the sun: they bear witness of the light, they are not the light. Christ is the sun of righteousness, Christ is the light, which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world.’¹

And if Jewell’s voice is not sufficient, Jackson may be added:—

' But what if the most reverend and ancient Fathers of former times were of a contrary mind? O Lord, they were faithful servants in thy House, and yet faithful but as servants, not as thy Son; and it may be thou didst suffer those thy worthy servants to go awry, to try whether I, thy most unworthy servant, would forsake the footsteps of thine anointed Son to follow them: but Lord! teach me thy statutes, so shall I (in this point wherein I differ from them) have more understanding than the ancient. Thy name hath been already glorified in their many excellent gifts, all which they received of thy bounteous hand; and it may be that now it is thy pleasure, in this present difficulty, to ordain thy praise out of such infants' mouths as mine. They out of this thy fertile and goodly field have gathered many years' provision for thy great household, thy Church, but yet either let somewhat fall or left much behind, which may be sufficient for us thy poor servants to glean after them, either for our own private use, or for that small flock which thou hast set us to feed. And let all sober-hearted Christians judge, yea let God that searcheth the very heart and reins, and Christ Jesus, the Judge of all mankind, give judgment out of his throne, whether in reasoning thus we are more injurious to the ancient Fathers deceased, than they (the Romanists) unto the Ancient of Days, and Father of the world to come, in denying the free gifts and graces of his Holy Spirit unto succeeding as well as former ages.'¹

And thus, if, following these our natural teachers, we thought that early Christianity, most pure and most trustworthy as it was in maintaining simply the truths committed to it, yet in things beyond, in pious opinions, might err or be deficient—if we thought that, though nothing can be added by length of time to the definite creed once revealed, longer experience may yet warn us against practices indifferent, which have since been seen to give occasion to grievous corruptions—if, while we reverently acknowledged the teaching of the Fathers to be holy, and their collective historical testimony to be the great evidence of our faith, we yet balanced their personal authority by holiness and wisdom, wherever they can be found in the Church—if, assured that all the lines of the foundation of the Church are marked out in the midst of their accumulated materials, we yet doubted whether a common eye can distinguish these without aid, and for this aid preferred the old and tried Doctors of our own Church to any modern teachers—and if we dreaded lest a rash and presumptuous appeal to the Fathers should lead in many cases to positive errors, and so ultimately to the general contempt of their authority—would there be in this any irreverence to their memory, any wish to depart from those old paths in which our ancestors walked before, and in which we must walk also? Let us follow their footsteps gladly, but not without the guidance of our own Church; and of

¹ Tome i. b. ii. p. 307.

those who, reverencing them no less, knew and understood them better, than this generation can do.

And the same must be said of any attempt or wish, whether expressed or implied, whether secretly encouraged in our own minds, or suggested indirectly to others, of reforming the Church of England by any change in her system, after a more ancient and primitive model, selected by ourselves. When we have seen, as clearly as our old Reformers and those divines of whose opinions we are now speaking—the real nature of popery, its workings, its artifices, and its power—when we have searched as deeply into its history, and watched its gradual growth from the seeds of imperceptible errors, until they shot up and ‘rent and tore the very walls of Christ’s temple’¹—when we have read both the Scriptures and the Fathers, as the martyrs of our Church read them, by the light of the fires in which their own bodies were to be burnt, then to think of abandoning their model for a model of our own may not be presumption—not presumption in those who are placed in authority in the Church, with power to decide on such questions—but presumptuous and dangerous it always must be for any but the heads of the Church even to deliberate on such matters.

‘The restoration of the English Church,’ says Bishop Hall,² ‘and eversion of popery, next under God and our kings, is chiefly to be ascribed and owed to the learning and industry of our bishops.’ It was ‘an episcopal as well as monarchical reformation,’ and therefore safe.

‘This was the form of Church government,’ says the Judgment of the university of Oxford, ‘under which our religion was at first so orderly, without violence or tumult, and so happily reformed, and hath since so long flourished with truth and peace, to the honour and happiness of our own, and admiration of other nations.’

And it will be the great test that we not only profess but have imbibed the true spirit of the ancient church as well as of our own, and that we have taken up that ‘white belt and badge of humility,’ which, in Hammond’s words, ‘she binds on all her sons and exemplifies to all,’³ if, in the midst of that feverish irritation which must accompany every revival of religious feeling, we adhere steadily to our bishops. It is easy to talk and write of this, but hard to practise it. And the refractory spirit will show itself and work to mischief in many subtle forms without avowed disobedience.

The true obedience will be to receive their warnings and rebukes not only with submission, but thankfulness; to distrust

¹ Jackson, vol. i. p. 313.

² Defence of Humble Remonst., vol. x. p. 355, quoted from Du Moulin.

³ Hammond’s Works, vol. ii. p. 93.

ourselves when they distrust us; to interpret their words, even when they seem to us in error, with the most favourable construction possible, and to hide the error, if it be one, rather than drag it forth to light; to do nothing which may provoke an expression of public feeling in opposition to their expressed sentiments; to form no centre of action except subject to their control and sanction; to abstain from remonstrances against their acts, unless it is demanded from us in our own official position; not to think that we are walking in the faith of Abraham, because we follow wherever we are led, without knowing whither we are going, unless the voice that leads us be that of our appointed living rulers under God, not the mere echo of our own self-will, or of our own private interpretation, whether of history or of scripture. The true obedience will be to co-operate with them cordially and zealously in their efforts for the good of the Church; to save them, as far as we may, from the anxiety of witnessing the growth of a restless discontented spirit among the young; to join with them, and to strengthen their hands, in repressing and condemning it, at whatever sacrifice, either of personal or party feeling; to inculcate a dutiful reference to them in all conscientious difficulties; not encouraging, either in others or ourselves, any alteration whatever in the customary forms of the Church, without their consent; ¹ least of all, like silly minds that dote on ceremonies, (as, Sanderson says, 'no true son of the Church of England' can do,) ² permitting ourselves to startle the weak and offend the strong by introducing so-called ancient novelties of dress, or gesture, or mode of reading, or bowing, or crossing, or turning to the east, or any like external acts, which, if of moment, ought not to be altered without a superior authority; and, if of no moment, only betray the frivolity of our own minds, and perplex and unsettle the minds of others.

If this dutiful spirit be shown in the clergy, the Church of England will soon begin to develop its wonderful strength. When the body is prepared to follow, the head may venture to lead, but not before. And a battle is before them—a battle not so much against dissent, which every day is losing ground, but against popery, which is rising up among us with renewed vigour, and affecting

¹ 'Forasmuch,' says the Preface to the Prayer Book, 'as nothing can be so plainly set forth, but doubts may arise in the use and practice of the same, to appease all such diversities, if any arise, and for the resolution of all doubts, concerning the manner how to understand, do, and execute the things contained in this book, the parties that so doubt, or diversely take anything, shall always resort to the Bishop of the Diocese; who by his discretion shall take order for the quieting and appeasing of the same; so that the same order be not contrary to anything contained in this book. And if the Bishop of the Diocese be in doubt, then he may send for the resolution thereof to the Archbishop.'

² Preface to Sermons, vol. i. § xii.

to cherish the hope that the revival of the true principles of the English Church—its principles of order, reverence, and truth—is a friendly approximation to its own corruptions, because some few minds, of neither age nor weight, have rashly and wrongly spoken of union, in language which the Church of England would little tolerate, and one or two others, never nurtured in her principles, have, avowedly in the spirit of dissent, forsaken her communion. What the Church generally would think of such a meditated union, unless preceded by a thorough retraction of Romish errors, cannot be expressed better than in the words of Jackson :¹—

‘ England, for that blind and slavish obedience which in respect of other nations she did perform unto the see of Rome, was by Italians and other foreigners not unaptly termed the “Pope’s ass.” Howbeit the brutish ignorance of our forefathers in the mysteries of their salvation did make that measure of obedience to the Romish Church partly excusable in them, which in us (to whom the gospel hath long time shined) would be altogether damnable. But it would be ignorance more than brutish, ignorance so far from excusing other sins, that itself would be a sin inexcusable, if we should hope or presume that the Romish yoke would not be made ten times heavier unto us than it was upon our forefathers, if God in his just judgment should strengthen the enemies of our peace to lay it again upon this island’s neck. For the Church of Rome, since our forefathers’ departure from her, hath multiplied her doctrines of devils, and mingled her cup with such abominations as would make the taste of it to such as have been accustomed to the sincere milk of the gospel altogether deadly ; and yet hope there is none that we should not be urged to drink more deep of it than our forefathers were, if this cruel stepmother should once recover her pretended title of dominion over us. No choice would be left, but either torture of conscience or torment of body : we must make account to sit down with loss either of present possessions, or of our hopes of inheritance in the world to come.’

And if, looking to the acts of our governors, whether in the State or in the Church—whether as encouraging Popery directly, by supporting its priests, or indirectly, by encouraging dissent—we are inclined, in the pride and presumption of our hearts, to say, ‘ Had we been, or were we in the place of authority or command, the necessity of this miserable choice had ere this time been removed, or should quietly be prevented,’ the same great man will answer in words with which we will conclude ; speaking, as we have wished to speak throughout—not as of ourselves, but rather to show how others have spoken before, whose voice may come to us from the grave with all the authority of departed

¹ Book xii. c. v. s. 13.

goodness, and tell us of peace and order, of humility and mutual love.

‘ If I should here take upon me so far to apologise for higher powers, as not to attribute a great part of the misery which hath lately befallen this land, and yet hangs over it, unto their errors or oversight, I should undergo the censure (without apology or appeal) of a parasite or time-server. As I will not therefore speak anything against higher powers, so neither will I at this time speak for them. Only give me leave to tell you, that God in his providence doth never suffer higher powers to be at any gross default, of negligence, oversight, or wilfulness, but for the like gross defaults in those that are subject and should be obedient to them. If the eyes of state be at any time weak or dim, it is a certain sign that the whole body is either feeble or much distempered. The best advice that I can give unto you is, that every one of us, so oft as we shall, though but in heart or secret thought, repine or murmur at the negligence, oversight, or wilfulness of higher powers, would presently and peremptorily inflict this penance upon himself, to multiply his sorrow for his own sins past; to multiply his prayers and alms’ deeds, with all other practices of piety, that so we may at all these our public meetings lift up pure hearts and hands unto the Father of Spirits, and God of all power and wisdom, that he would so enlighten the eyes and head of our State that they may find out the special sins which have procured his wrath against this land, and so inspire their hearts with resolution and constant courage that they may crush this serpent’s brood wheresoever it nestles.’¹

POSTSCRIPT.—As the quotations have necessarily been made without reference to the order of the writers, it may not be uninteresting to subjoin the following tolerably accurate table of their dates and titles :—

	Born	Died	
John Jewell . . .	1522	1570	Bishop of Salisbury.
John Whitgift . . .	1530	1603	Bishop of Worcester and Archbishop of Canterbury.
Richard Bancroft . . .	1544	1610	Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury.
Thomas Bilson . . .	155-	1616	Bishop of Worcester and Winchester.
Richard Hooker . . .	1544	1600	
Lancelot Andrewes . . .	1555	1626	Bishop of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester.
John Overall . . .	1559	1619	Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and Norwich.
Francis Godwin . . .	1560	1633	Bishop of Llandaff and Hereford.
Sir Edwin Sandys . . .	1561	1629	
Richard Field . . .	1561	1616	Dean of Gloucester.
Thomas Morton . . .	1564	1659	Bishop of Chester, Lichfield and Coventry, and Durham.
John Buckeridge . . .	156-	1631	Bishop of Rochester, and Ely.
George Carleton . . .	1559	1628	Bishop of Llandaff, and Chichester.
Francis Mason . . .	1566	1621	Archdeacon of Norfolk.
Thomas James . . .	1571	1629	First Librarian of the Bodleian.

¹ Jackson, b. xii. c. v. s. 13.

	Born	Died	
William Laud . . .	1573	1644	Bishop of St. David's, Bath and Wells, London, and Archbishop of Canterbury.
Joseph Hall . . .	1574	1656	Bishop of Exeter, and Norwich.
Richard Mountagu . .	1578	1641	Bishop of Chichester, and Norwich.
Thomas Jackson . . .	1579	1640	President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and Dean of Peterborough.
Sir Humphrey Lynde .	1579	1636	
James Ussher . . .	1580	1655	Bishop of Meath and Archbishop of Armagh.
Robert Sanderson . .	1587	1662	Bishop of Lincoln.
John Bramhall . . .	1593	1663	Bishop of Derry and Archbishop of Armagh.
John Cosin . . .	1594	1672	Bishop of Durham.
Sir Roger Twysden . .	1597	1672	
William Nicholson . .	1599	1672	Bishop of Gloucester.
Peter Heylyn . . .	1600	1662	Prebendary of Westminster, and Chaplain to King Charles I.
Herbert Thorndike . .	160 -	1672	
Henry Hammond . . .	1605	1660	Canon of Christ Church.
William Sancroft . . .	1616	1693	Archbishop of Canterbury.
Simon Patrick . . .	1626	1707	Bishop of Chichester, and Ely.
Isaac Barrow . . .	1630	1677	Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.
George Bull . . .	1634	1709	Bishop of St. David's.
William Beveridge . .	1636	1704	Bishop of St. Asaph.
Thomas Ken . . .	1637	1710	Bishop of Bath and Wells.
Henry Dodwell . . .	1641	1711	Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford.
George Hickes . . .	1642	1715	Dean of Worcester.
Charles Leslie . . .	164 -	1722	
John Kettlewell . . .	1653	1695	
Robert Nelson . . .	1656	1715	
Thomas Wilson . . .	1663	1755	Bishop of Sodor and Man.
Thomas Brett . . .	1667	1743	

on,

nd

to

i.